December 21, 1940

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Collier's

THE NATIONA

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Dec. 21, 1940

HE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING
PANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S
E AMERICAN MAGAZINE—
MAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE QUEEN OF TIJUANA

a Short Story by

G

◆

PARKER Imperial, richest of all matched Pen and Pencil Sets, men's and women's, encased in a Presentation Box of utterly new beauty—a setting they richly deserve. Some styles laminated Pearl with 14 K Gold mountings; others (*as illustrated*), *with Gold-Filled* monogrammed caps, or 14 K Gold caps; still others, all-over 14 K Gold, engine turned, and chased, forming two-tone patterns of yellow gold over rose gold. **Prices: $17.75, $19.75, $27.50, $30, $32.50, $37.50, $70, $80, and $150.**

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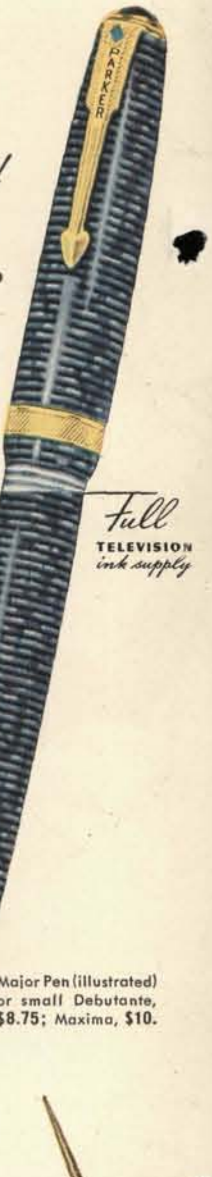
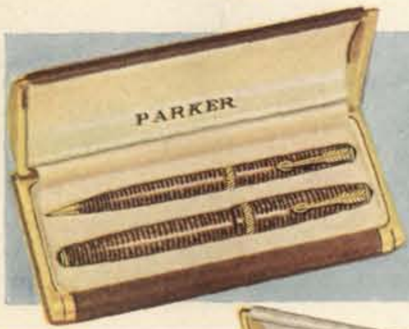
You Give the *Jewels of Pendom* when You Give Parker Pens and Sets

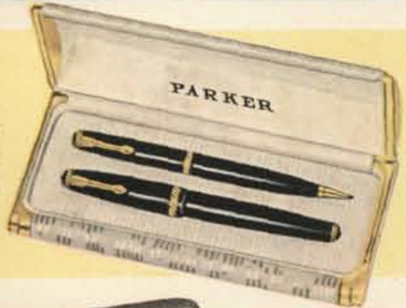


Guaranteed for Life
BY PARKER'S BLUE DIAMOND

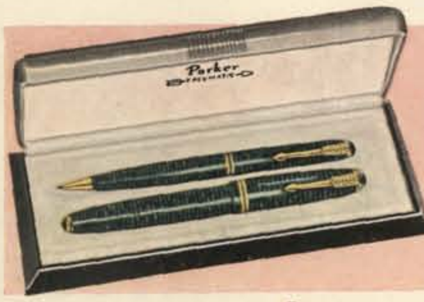
Major Pen (illustrated) or small Debutante, **$8.75**; Maxima, **$10.**



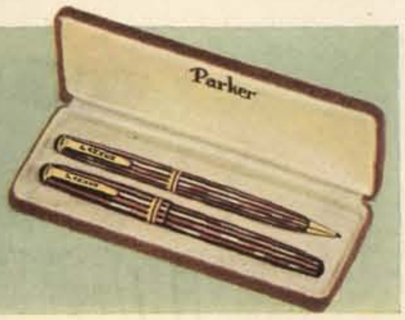
Men's Vacumatic Set, **$12.75.** Blue Diamond Major Pen, **$8.75.** Streamlined Writefine Pencil, **$4.00.**



White Boxed Debutante Set, **$12.75.** Small Blue Diamond Debutante Pen, **$8.75.** Slender, new Writefine Pencil, **$4.00.**



Parker Vacumatic Set, **$8.50.** *Junior or Sub-Deb* Pen, **$5.00.** New Writefine Pencil, **$3.50.**



Parker Duofold Set, *$6.45 value*, only **$5.00.** Sold separately, Brand-new *Sacless* Duofold Pen, **$3.95.** New Writefine Pencil to match, **$2.50.**

GUARANTEED for LIFE

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Like jewelry, the Parker Vacumatic Pen or Set is a handsome personal adornment, yet it's more—*it's a Gift the owner will use every day for life!* It will keep you alive in *his* thoughts—or in *hers!*

Richly wrought of precious metals—combined with luminous Pearl and Jet Permanite—*ring upon ring*—as shimmering as velvet, a wholly original and exclusive style.

You cannot expect to obtain such inspiring performance in any other pen, due to our new non-brittle 14 K Gold Points, finer-grained, utterly resilient and tipped with "oil-smooth" Osmiridium that *won't wear scratchy as long as you live!*

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U. S. Army regulations require that pocket flaps be buttoned, and the Parker Pen or Pencil Clip is Army men's favorite because it permits this. It holds the Pen low, flush with the pocket, and unexposed. A greater choice among Navy men, too, than any other 3 makes combined, reports "Our Navy" magazine. The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

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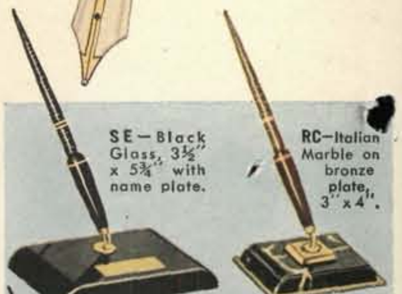
◆ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance, and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

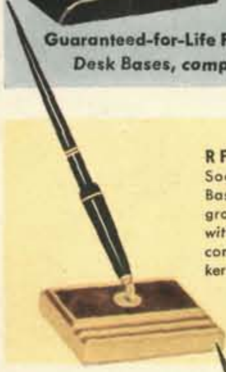
PARKER'S EXCLUSIVE SEALOMATIC DESK SET SOCKET AUTOMATICALLY SEALS PEN POINT AIR-TIGHT, TO KEEP IT EVER MOIST AND INSURE INSTANT STARTING



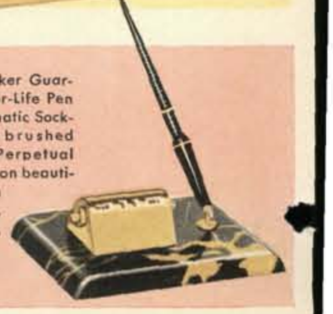
SE—Black Glass, 3½" x 5¾" with name plate.

RC—Italian Marble on bronze plate, 3" x 4".

Guaranteed-for-Life Pens in Sealomatic *Desk Bases, complete, only $10.*



RF—Sealomatic Socket on Bronze Base, with pencil grooves, top inlaid *with rich leatherette*, complete with Parker Challenger Pen, only **$5.**



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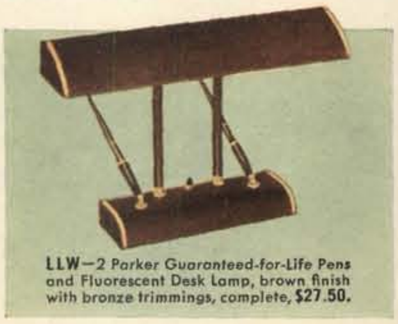
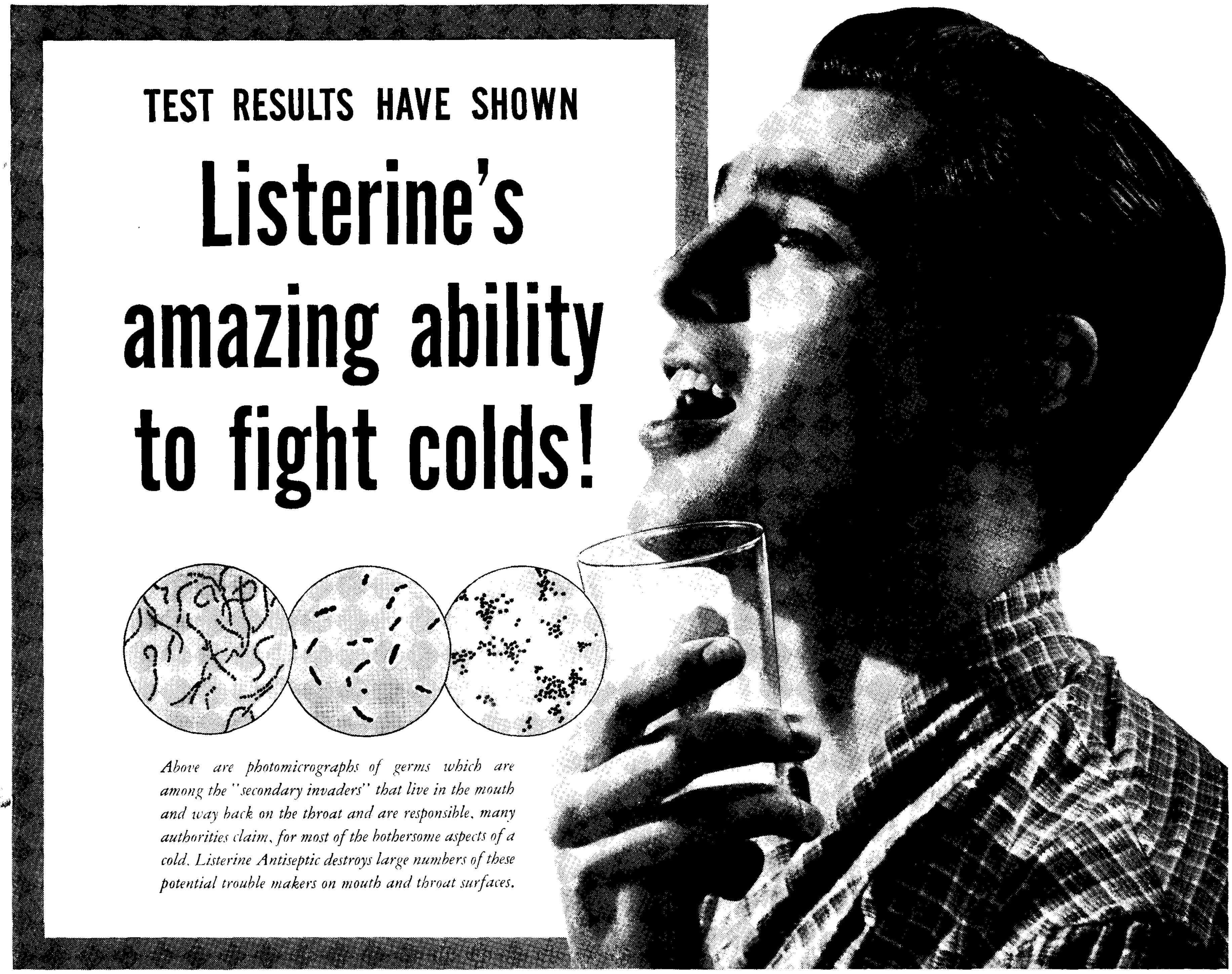


LLW—2 Parker Guaranteed-for-Life Pens and Fluorescent Desk Lamp, brown finish with bronze trimmings, complete, **$27.50.**



TEST RESULTS HAVE SHOWN

Listerine's amazing ability to fight colds!

Above are photomicrographs of germs which are among the "secondary invaders" that live in the mouth and way back on the throat and are responsible, many authorities claim, for most of the bothersome aspects of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic destroys large numbers of these potential trouble makers on mouth and throat surfaces.

Year after year, evidence from painstaking research with test groups continues to pile up supporting this impressive fact:

That those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. Moreover, Listerine users experienced fewer cases of sore throat.

Kills Associated Germs

The reason for Listerine Antiseptic's success, we believe, must be this:

That it kills millions of surface germs associated with colds, known as the threatening "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above.

These prevalent types of germs, unless combated, may invade the tissue and accelerate infection. Many an authority gives them credit for causing most of the distress of the common cold.

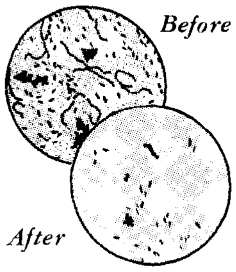
How thoroughly Listerine Antiseptic attacks them has been recorded by tests that showed that even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranged as high as 96.7%—an hour after, as high as 80%. Yet Listerine Antiseptic is so safe, so gentle in its action, that it does not irritate the tissue.

Fight Colds Intelligently

Get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning as a precaution against catching cold, and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle. This emergency treatment may spare you a nasty siege.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED SURFACE GERMS AS MUCH AS 96.7% IN ACTUAL TESTS! The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions ranging to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



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DECEMBER 21, 1940

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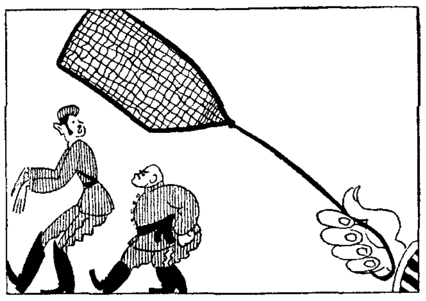
COVER ROBERT O. REID

ANY WEEK

WE'RE not supposed to be out of patience with our fellow man however much of a nuisance he may make of himself. Nevertheless, we're feeling a trifle bitter, in a fly-swatter humor. We've been reading the latest cheepings of those two colossuses Il Duce and El Caudillo. If we were Mr. Mussolini our mind would be occupied to its scuppers with what to do about those ruffianly Greeks and how to keep our Navy out of range of those British guns. And if General Franco asked our opinion we'd advise him to rustle up a few rations for his adoring people. We know they adore him because his press agents tell us so. Instead, Il Duce is telling the United States what he'll do to us if we aren't more axis-minded. And the general vows that Mexico and the Philippines must return to Spanish rule. It's pretty small of us to let such double talk irritate us. Besides, we know that the Glorious Caudillo and the Caesarian Duce are being poked around a lot by Der Fuehrer's cane. But we're still thinking of buying a fly swatter and stopping their foolishness. Listen, you political gamins. Suppose Adolf discovers that he can't lick England. Got your bags packed?



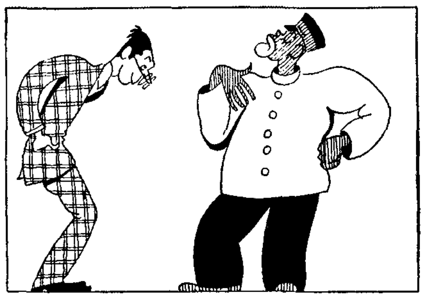
OR MAYBE we're this way because of a letter we got this morning from a fellow who took our picture a couple of years ago. He flattered us into that sitting, saying that a large number of important people and publications wanted our photograph. We should have known better. Lacking other customers, he tried to sell the photographs to us. But we didn't buy, having no wish to be reminded of what we look like. And now he's written us to say that he has turned it all into a "gold-tone miniature of yourself." This miniature is worth seventy-five dollars, being "an exceptionally handsome piece of workmanship." However we can have it for twelve dollars and fifty cents and it would be a "very much appreciated gift." But it's his last sentence that weakened us almost, but not quite enough. Writes he: "We would appreciate hearing from you before dismantling this valuable miniature." That noise you've been hearing is doubtless the wrecking crew at work. Our thoughts and a little of our heart are with those brawny fellows. But, somehow, it makes us feel a little like an old courthouse or post office.

WE'VE been talking to a British naval reserve officer who, at the outbreak of the current war, was given command of a huge luxury yacht. It had been the property of one of England's most opulent multimillionaires. Our naval officer told us that he'd been a sailor for thirty years and, man and boy, he'd never seen anything like this ocean-going château. Besides its palatial comforts it was rich in romantic story, its former owner having been quite a blade. But now it was England's, given as a token of the sacrifices the rich were only too glad to make. It was during the naval officer's first night of command that he noticed, while lying abed in the master's cabin, a row of push buttons at the bedside. He studied them briefly and then experimented. "I selected one at random," he told us. "I touched it. There was a fearful upheaval and a hearty heave-ho and, bang, I was lying in bed next door with the subleftenant."

HOWEVER, we have a letter from two English young women, Miss Janet Baker and Miss Paula Savage. Each is fourteen years old. They are living, for the duration, in New Haven, Connecticut. They have written to say that they regard as "unjust and untrue" Roger Garis' story "Little Refugee." "It is perfectly obvious," writes the Misses Baker and Savage, "that the author knew nothing or little about the state of affairs. We admit that the clothes of the English are somewhat in keeping with English conditions . . . But that such an enormous comparison between English and American clothes should be made is quite ridiculous. We, as British subjects, are fully convinced of English victory and we are not afraid of listening to news bulletins on the wireless. Very young children do not listen, as some of it might worry them without warrant. In the story, Robert was obviously over ten since his knowledge of Greek and Roman architecture was so very great, to say nothing of his chemistry. . . . Everybody has been extremely kind to us and we are more than grateful for all that has been done for us. We hope that we have given no offense by this letter but we wish to put you, and any people who might read this letter, right on the subject of the Oxford Party. We remain, Yours Very Sincerely."

"THE excessive amount of froth in your section of an otherwise commendable magazine," writes Mrs. Add Crain of Lubbock, Texas, "indicates that you suffer from distemper. Please stand on your head in a pan of warm water for five minutes before each meal for a month. Also before taking a drink."

IT'S a little late for election stories, but we're beyond caring about trifles like that. Therefore you're about to be told that Mr. Otto Liveright of New York engaged a Pullman porter in conversation on the morning after fifty million of us exercised our sacred privilege more or less intelligently. "I suppose," said Mr. Liveright, "that you voted for Mr. Roosevelt." Said the porter: "Nossir, most decidedly nossir, I did not. I voted for Mr. Willkie. And I'm right sorry the way it come out. The masses beat us."



WE'RE disconcerted by an announcement from Mr. Henry Godcheaux of Memphis, Tennessee, that he is "getting sick and tired of intolerable conditions here in America." Mr. Godcheaux reports that he went "into a department store to cash a check for three dollars. I was forced," he goes on, "to stand in a line of about a hundred husky workmen cashing their weekly pay checks. One fellow's check was for $101.50. He told me that the line was composed of workers from the Du Pont powder factory recently opened here. Others had similar checks. When I realized that these were weekly pay checks and when one of the men told me that he had made $475.75 in one month, I began to see red. But when one of them laughed, 'Not bad for a guy with no education,' I walked out with my paltry check uncashed. I was graduated from one of the Big Three Eastern universities. I wish that I too might be uneducated. Intolerable America! The uneducated get richer and the educated poorer. No wonder Hitler has been burning books and castigating college professors. Ignorance is at last factual bliss."

ANY reasonable person will admit that it's not our fault that a few of our correspondents have unusual and even amusing names. Mr. Kobo Zsmak, for example. Or Mr. Liftlillie. Or Mrs. Owney Rinse. It's not our fault. Moreover, we suspect that they are wholly honorable names, to be defended vigorously by their owners. Therefore, we have little sympathy with the writer of a letter just received questioning the authenticity of the ridiculously common names of Zapfelwitz, Silk and Dewsie, the possessors of which have been quoted lately in this column. Moreover, we challenge the writer's right to speak on the subject at all. He lives in Spartanburg, South Carolina. His name:

THEODORE N. FLUGGY . . . W. D.

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Why are so many low-priced car owners changing to Pontiac?
Why are so many high-priced car owners changing to Pontiac?

Because it's fine enough for anybody *and priced within the reach of all!*

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

MANY OF PONTIAC'S sensational sales gains are coming as the result of two important discoveries by two important groups of car owners.

One of these groups is made up of owners of *high-priced* cars—people who buy what they want first, and then ask the price afterward. They tell us they changed to Pontiac simply because they found Pontiac had what they wanted—in fact had *everything* they could ever want in *any* car!

The other group is made up of owners of *low-priced* cars who, after years of *wishing* they could afford a Pontiac, now discover they *can.* They tell us that, despite the fact that Pontiac is a *big* car in every way . . . big in size, big in comfort, big in performance—their new Pontiacs are actually just as *easy to buy* and just as *economical to own and operate* as their former low-priced cars!

Why don't you take the friendly advice of these happy new Pontiac owners and "discover" Pontiac for yourself? No matter whether you're a low-priced car owner or a high-priced car owner, you're bound to agree that Pontiac is truly *the fine car with the low price.*

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Only $25 more for an Eight in any model!

Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

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The days of the early pioneer are ended on the land and on the sea. But there is still a new realm open—the air.

Aviation is, definitely, the career of the future. Its opportunities have just begun!

The U. S. Army offers, without expense to you, the best aviation training in the world. This instruction prepares you for a professional career, either civilian or military.

You will earn as you learn. The Flying Cadet receives $75 a month, plus uniforms, equipment, board and lodging. Upon graduation, he is commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve, and placed on active duty with the Regular Army Air Corps with pay ranging from $205.50 to $245.50 per month.

How to qualify? You must be between 20 and 27 years of age, unmarried, sound physically. You must have completed two years of college, or pass a written examination covering equivalent work.

"Keep 'em flying!" Here is the chance of a lifetime to build your career in the air. Apply today! (See addresses below.)

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Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to the Commanding General of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area, Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area, Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area, Baltimore, Md.
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Fifth Corps Area, Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area, Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area, Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area, Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or apply to your local Junior Chamber of Commerce

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Human beings, like cats, have been known to possess "night-shining eyes," or eyes that glow in the dark when illuminated by a beam of light. This reflection can be observed only in certain types of eyes.

The book Lorna Doone, a failure when it was first published in 1869, became a best seller two years later, upon the engagement of Queen Victoria's daughter, Louise, to the Marquis of Lorne. The intensely curious public, eager to discover everything about him, read "Lorna" because it sounded like "Lorne."

Interest on postal savings is paid at the rate of two per cent in all states but New Jersey, where it is reduced to one per cent so it will not be higher than the maximum rate established for banks and trust companies.—*By Dr. Allen D. Rebo, Scott, Arkansas.*

When animals are alive, their English names are usually of Saxon derivation, but when they are prepared as food, their names are Norman. For example, the words cow, calf, sheep, swine, deer and fowl are Saxon, while the words beef, veal, mutton, pork, venison and pullet are Norman.—*By Richard Sneddon, Glendale, California.*

Ireland is believed to be the first country to send missionaries throughout the lands that eventually became the main part of the Christian world. As early as the sixth century, hundreds of Irish monks were preaching the gospel in England, Wales, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and even Italy.—*By Lois Jameson, Branford, Connecticut.*

Because Prince George of England so admired his wife's right eye, she had a miniature of it painted for his Christmas present in 1785. The caprice swept society and soon thousands of eyes were staring from brooches, lockets, rings and snuff boxes.

A horticulturist in Island View, New Brunswick, Canada, recently grafted the cions of 145 different varieties of apples onto one tree, and seventy produced fruit.—*By Elaine Eldridge, New York, New York.*

Siamese cats, unlike the Persian and domestic species, often develop into excellent "watch dogs," notifying their owners with a peculiar cry when strangers are prowling about at night.

Shapur II of Persia was the only king who was crowned before birth, the coronation, which consisted of placing the royal circlet on the head of his waiting cradle, taking place three days before he was born in 310; and Inez de Castro of Portugal was the only queen who was crowned after death, the coronation, for which her body was exhumed and set on the throne, taking place two years after she was murdered in 1355.

Certain West African tribes still use their own unique "special delivery" method of communicating with the dead. The sender tells the message to some unsuspecting stranger and then starts the "postman" on his way by stabbing him to death.

The inability of the average person to identify a corpse was forcibly illustrated in the case of a young woman found shot to death on a Kansas highway in 1934. This body, which had several unusual characteristics, was taken to the morgue where, before it was actually recognized, forty individuals positively identified it as that of their daughter, sister, sweetheart, wife or roommate, all of whom turned out to be alive.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

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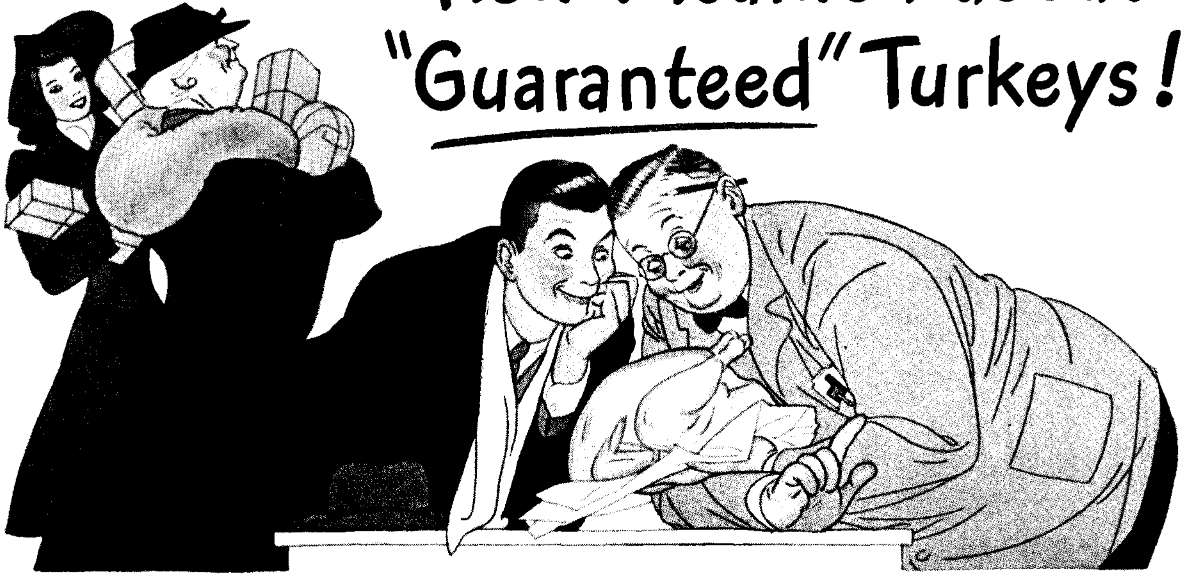
How I learned about "Guaranteed" Turkeys!



1. Last year, our butcher sent us the scrawniest spook of a turkey that ever lived till Christmas. When I reminded him of it last week, he winced and said, "So help me, *this* year I'll give you a turkey *guaranteed* the finest you ever tasted . . . or you'll get your money back!"

2. And he showed me an already-cleaned-and-drawn bird . . . bulging with meat! "This," he said, "is a Birds Eye Turkey! And *all* Birds Eye Turkeys are northern birds—specially fed—and then graded to insure you 10% more white meat than on an ordinary turkey!"

3. He told me that *every* Birds Eye Turkey is government-inspected and approved. Right after killing, it's cleaned, drawn, plucked . . . and *Quick-Frozen.* Country-fresh flavor is completely *sealed in.* When you buy it, every Birds Eye Turkey is *all ready* to stuff for the oven!

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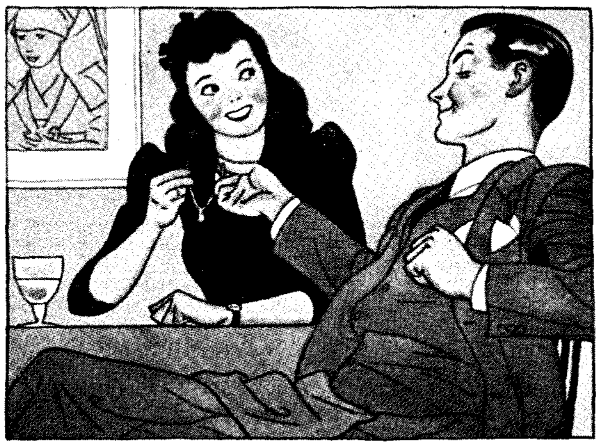

5. Man, *what* turkey! Basted a rich, glowing brown and with a farm-sweet flavor I can't put on paper! Tender, too . . . and downright beautiful with *all* the Birds Eye fixin's. It was so easy to fix (and so easy on our budget!) that we're having another Birds Eye feast for Christmas! Yum!

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The Queen of Tijuana

By Guy Gilpatric

The cure of a romantic, like that of a drunk, is not always pleasant. But think of the fun they have had

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

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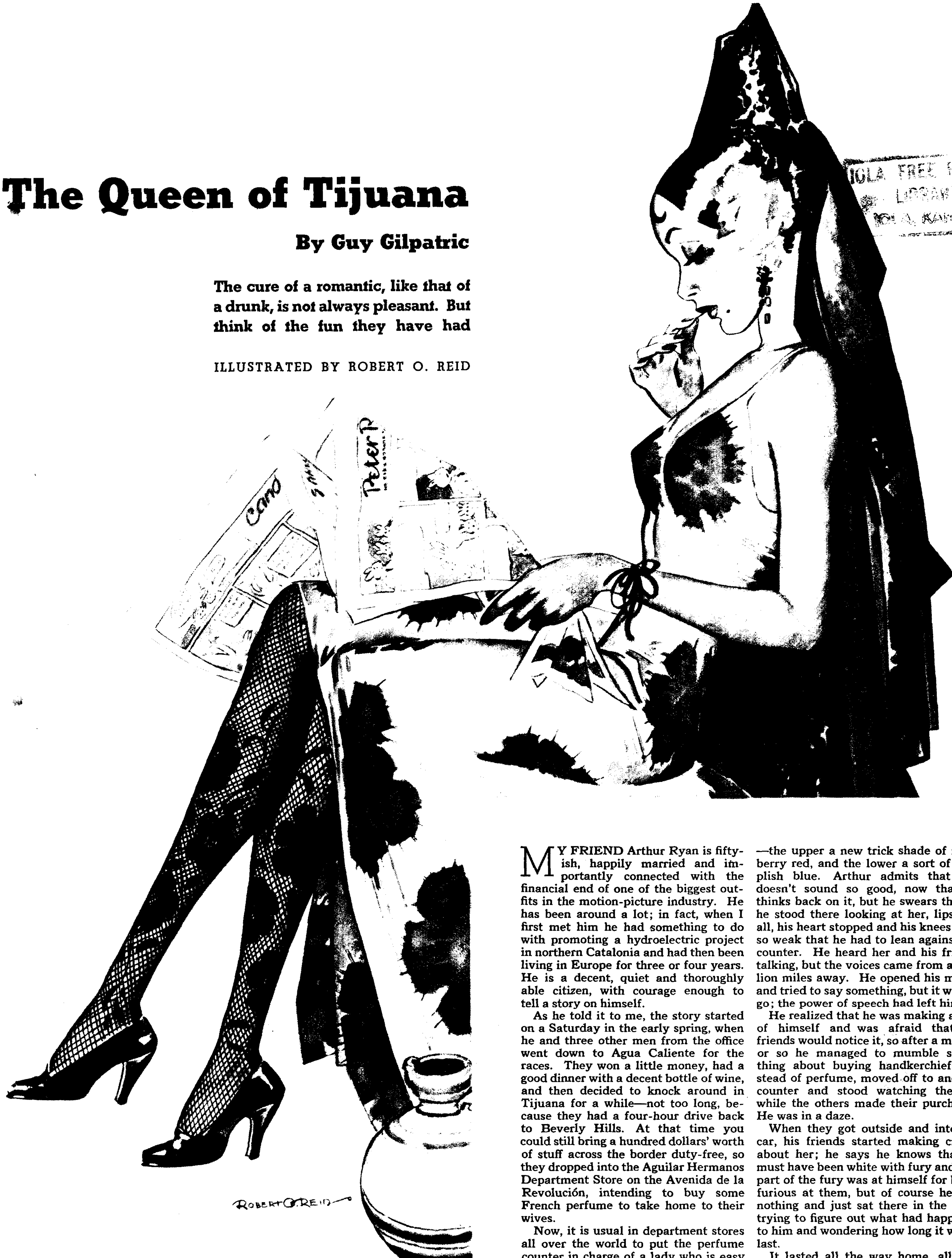


Even before she glanced up at him, Arthur knew who she was. The next thing he knew, he was sitting where he could look at her

MY FRIEND Arthur Ryan is fifty-ish, happily married and importantly connected with the financial end of one of the biggest outfits in the motion-picture industry. He has been around a lot; in fact, when I first met him he had something to do with promoting a hydroelectric project in northern Catalonia and had then been living in Europe for three or four years. He is a decent, quiet and thoroughly able citizen, with courage enough to tell a story on himself.

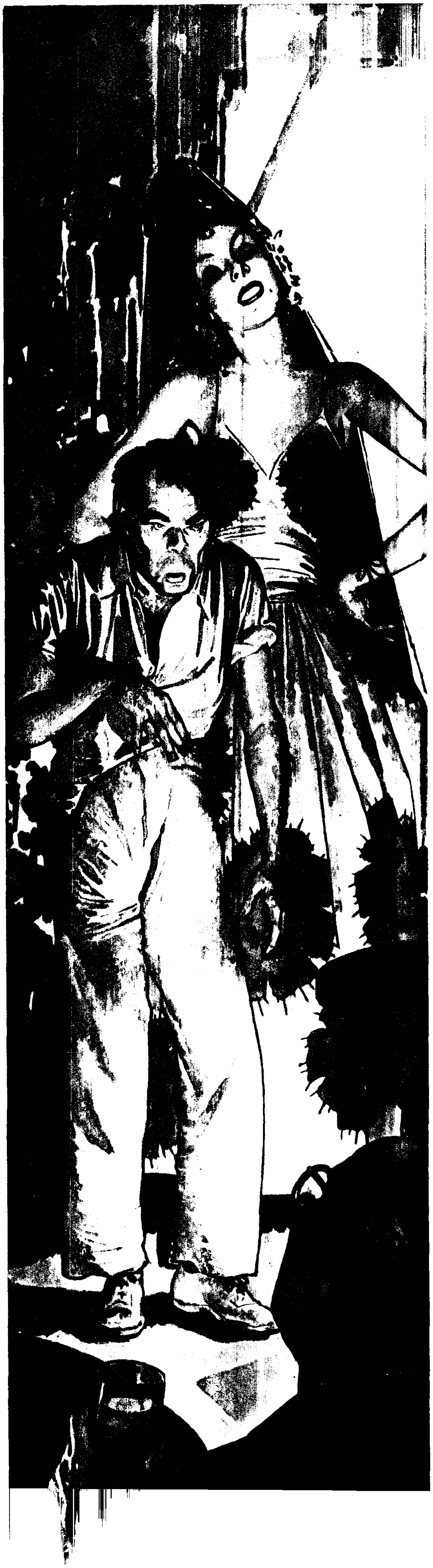
As he told it to me, the story started on a Saturday in the early spring, when he and three other men from the office went down to Agua Caliente for the races. They won a little money, had a good dinner with a decent bottle of wine, and then decided to knock around in Tijuana for a while—not too long, because they had a four-hour drive back to Beverly Hills. At that time you could still bring a hundred dollars' worth of stuff across the border duty-free, so they dropped into the Aguilar Hermanos Department Store on the Avenida de la Revolución, intending to buy some French perfume to take home to their wives.

Now, it is usual in department stores all over the world to put the perfume counter in charge of a lady who is easy on the eyes but, according to Arthur, the one in Aguilar Hermanos was of a beauty almost blinding. Her hair was jet, her skin alabaster and her eyes a deep brown tortoise shell. Her lips were made up with different-colored lipsticks—the upper a new trick shade of raspberry red, and the lower a sort of purplish blue. Arthur admits that this doesn't sound so good, now that he thinks back on it, but he swears that as he stood there looking at her, lips and all, his heart stopped and his knees grew so weak that he had to lean against the counter. He heard her and his friends talking, but the voices came from a million miles away. He opened his mouth and tried to say something, but it was no go; the power of speech had left him.

He realized that he was making a fool of himself and was afraid that his friends would notice it, so after a minute or so he managed to mumble something about buying handkerchiefs instead of perfume, moved off to another counter and stood watching the girl while the others made their purchases. He was in a daze.

When they got outside and into the car, his friends started making cracks about her; he says he knows that he must have been white with fury and that part of the fury was at himself for being furious at them, but of course he said nothing and just sat there in the dark, trying to figure out what had happened to him and wondering how long it would last.

It lasted all the way home, all that night, all the next day. And then it started getting worse. He couldn't get that girl out of his mind. He found himself feeling humble and ashamed in the presence of his wife, and even when he thought about her; for always she was



"And so I am dead," said El Chino, with conviction. "Noots," scoffed the Queen of Tijuana, with a tinkling laugh. "Noots, Gregorio"

obscured to him by visions of the little jet-haired Mexican with the trick lips. By the middle of the following week he kept catching himself thinking wild thoughts about leaving his wife, chucking up his job, going down to Tijuana and seeing it through—whatever "through" might mean; and though he has never told me so I suspect that he even had some thought of suicide. He was utterly disgusted with himself. He took to addressing himself, mentally, as "damned fool." He says he would wake up in the morning after an hour or so of fitful sleep and say, "Well, damned fool, how are you today? You've a conference with so-and-so at ten, damned fool. Then, damned fool, you mustn't forget that luncheon appointment at one!" and so on.

At the end of the month he was in a terrible state; then he had an invitation, it was really a summons, to spend a social-and-business week end with a group of cinema big shots, down at Ensenada. To get there and back, he would have to pass twice through Tijuana and he doubted that he had the courage to do it. This angered and disgusted him more than ever and so he said, "Damned fool, you're going, you're going, you're going—and you're going right through Tijuana without a stop!"

He did go, too, and he didn't stop, although he says that when he was passing the Aguilar store he felt so weak and dizzy he could scarcely drive the car.

He spent a miserable week end and started back on Monday morning. He kept telling himself that he wasn't going to stop, but he knew all along that he would. The Ensenada highway was in bad shape and he didn't get to Tijuana until after one o'clock. He was surprised to find the Avenida de la Revolución, usually deserted at this time, full of cars, heat, dust and the smell of cooking; flags were hanging limp above the stores and saloons, and crowds of Americans from San Diego, National City and Chula Vista, wearing serapes and two-bit straw sombreros, were having their pictures taken in the quaint, solid-wheeled burro carts constructed by the guileless peasantry for that very purpose. Every now and then, Mexicans in national costume would swoop by on horseback, their silver spurs and trappings jingling, and though it was fake it was fine. A rusty old truck chugged along through the dust, draped with homemade signs advertising a bullfight; sitting inside it on beer cases, half a dozen elderly Mexicans with trombones and trumpets were playing El Relicario in a dejected manner. There was no fake about them. They were real Tijuana.

AS SOON as Arthur could find a place to park, he got out and hurried through the crowds to Aguilar Hermanos'. There was a different girl at the perfume counter. He walked all through the store but the girl he was looking for wasn't there. He felt blackly despondent and, at the same time, vastly relieved. And suddenly he felt weak and tired. He decided to stop in some place, sit down for a while and have a drink and something to eat. Wondering what all the crowds were about, he paused to read one of the red-white-and-green government posters plastered on the walls and electric poles. It was headed *Patria y Libertad* and from it he learned that today was a national fiesta, the Cinco de Mayo, commemorating that date in 1862 when the dauntless Don Porfirio and the zealous Zaragoza licked the French at Puebla; *Viva Mexico!*

All the eating joints on the *avenida* were jammed to the doors and had their juke boxes going, so he turned into the quiet Calle Argüello and walked along the shady side till he came to a little place with a sign, *Lonchería de Pío Martinez.* It was open in the front to let in the flies; except for them, the proprietor behind the counter and a girl at a table in the corner, the room was empty.

The man, says Arthur, was a stocky bird with one of those long, solemn upper lips you see on priests in Spain; although clean-shaven, his beard was so black that it showed through the skin on his jaws and made him look as though he had sideburns. The girl wore a high comb and a lace mantilla, for the fiesta. She was reading the comic section of the San Diego Union and picking her teeth. Even before she glanced up at him, Arthur knew who she was. The next thing he knew, he was sitting at a table where he could look at her. He doesn't know how he got there, because his legs were paralyzed.

"Hello," said the proprietor, leaning with his elbows on the counter. "Pretty hot day, hey? What you want to eat?"

"What have you got that's good?" asked Arthur, but in somebody's else's voice. He was looking at the girl's lips. Today, the upper one was bright red, the lower bright green; with the white of her face they constituted the Mexican national colors. Obviously, this, too, was for the fiesta.

"Well," he heard the man saying, "The tacos is pretty good. What you say about some nice tacos and some nice beans with chili, hey?"

"All right. And a bottle of Mexicali."

The fellow slid open a little wooden window in the wall and in cackling Spanish called the order through to the kitchen; then he took a bottle of beer from the icebox and clicked the cap off it.

"Nice cold," he said, coming around and filling Arthur's glass. "Look how it sweat. Hey, Trini!" he called to the girl. *"Te gusta una cerveza fría, querida?"*

"Okay, Pío, *gracias,"* she said. While he went for another bottle, she rolled up the comic section and took a swipe at the flies, smashing a full squadron of them. Arthur says the gesture was like lightning, if you can imagine lightning moving in a graceful, fluid curve. Just then, from the kitchen, came a voice upraised in El Relicario—not singing the words but imitating the flourish and fanfare of the band. There was even an effect of drums, produced by fingers and elbows thumped on a table.

"Oh—is that lousy?" demanded Pío, rhetorically. He slammed open the wicket and bade the musician desist. The musician did so under voluble protest which tapered off into muttering.

THE girl smiled at Arthur. "Ees Gregorio sing, the cook," she explained. "Gregorio ees noots."

"Not noots, nuts," Pío corrected her. "Say it nuts, Trini."

"Nots, nots, nots," she said. "Okay?"

"Well, pretty okay." Then, to Arthur: "She is right about this poor guy is nuts, but he is good cook. Say, are you going to the bullfight, Mister?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, you do not miss anything. Today is first a comic fight, with a Charlie Chaplin and clowns, then is trick riding by *El Escuadrón de la Muerte*—they are the motorcycle police from Mexico City—and finally two little bulls are kill by this Manuelito de Valladolid. Very bad! Very stupid! No, I shall not go, either."

"But I—I go," said Trini. "I sit in box for everybody to look me. I am the Queen of Tijuana. I am Miss Baja California, the most beautiful girl of the Distritos del Norte y del Sur. I am so very beautiful I must soon to be Miss Republica de Mexico. I am so very beautiful I must then to be Miss Latin America, Miss Pan America, Miss Mundo, Miss Universo. You think I am very beautiful to look, Mister?"

"Yes," said Arthur, putting heart and soul into it.

"Ah, but I am more very beautiful when I streep!"

"Not streep, strip," said Pío. "Of course," he added, hastily, "she mean in a bathing suit, like when she is winning the beauty contests."

"Sstrp, sstrp, sstrp, okay," chirped Trini. "You must to come to look me at the bullfight today, Mister."

"You ever see a bullfight?" asked Pío.

"Why, yes," said Arthur, "in fact, I saw one too many. I saw a pretty awful accident and after that I quit going."

"Accident? Ha, not here in Tijuana! Why," and Pío sniffed, "here, the bulls are only so high—*becerros* no more bigger than gophers!"

"No, I mean in Spain. In Barcelona."

"Barcelona?" Pío repeated it eagerly. "You saw an accident in Barcelona?" He unhooked a framed photograph from the wall and rubbed it against his shirt to remove the fly specks. "The accident was maybe—this one?"

It was that one, all right—a famous accident, made more famous still by this gruesome photograph which had appeared in newspapers and magazines pretty much all over the world. There was the matador draped across the bull's head, the horn stuck clear through him; there were the other two matadors and the *peones,* all frantically flapping their capes, trying to make the bull toss him loose. But—and Arthur shuddered as he thought of it—he hadn't tossed him loose until they made two awful, nightmare circuits of that ring.

"Yes," he said. "That's the accident. I'll never forget it. El Chino, the poor bird's name was. I was in a *contrabarrera,* right about here under the *T* in the Citroen sign.

"Was El Chino, sure! And this man here with the cape—you know him?"

(Continued on page 59)

High Spot

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

An evening of rare excitement is reward for one hour of grudging heroism

IN THREE hours Socko George Andrews, local boy, would enter the ring with Torpedo Ames, former—very much former—welterweight champion. Tumult and shouting would accompany the foreordained triumph of Socko George Andrews. Johnny Chambers had a ticket for a ringside seat.

Meanwhile, dusk fell swiftly, with a blizzard forecast by the weather bureau. Johnny stood on a narrow steel girder twenty-eight stories above the ground and waited for the hoist to come up to put him down on solid earth again. It was cold up here. This was the bare, stark framework two levels from the top of what would some day be an office building. There was no shelter of any sort. Far below, the streets showed sharp-edged paths of black, which were traffic lanes, between banks of snow the street-cleaning department had not yet removed.

Johnny hunched his coat collar closer about his throat. All about him were the gaunt I-beams of the building's skeleton. There was no relief anywhere from the naked angularity of structural steel, unless you counted in the derrick scaffold two levels higher. Even the ladders normally used by steel men for climbing to their work were missing. A barge load of stair material had sunk downriver some weeks back, and the steel stairs were fourteen floors behind the frame instead of the usual four or five. And the steel men considered fourteen floors too far to climb by ladder, so an amiable campaign of ladder sabotage had driven the erection superintendent to frenzied profanity and final surrender. The recently raised hoist head, now, went all the way to the top of the riveted steel, and now the steel men rode the hoist blandly to and from their work, in defiance of normal safety regulations.

But the building was not mere skeleton all the way to earth. A certain distance from the top there was a temporary floor of two-inch planking, to catch stray objects—or men—which might fall from the working level. Some fourteen or fifteen stories down there were the concrete floors. But the goulashers were late on the concrete work, too, because of bad weather and chiseling on form lumber. Still lower there were wall panels of brick, and the lowest levels of all were completely walled in and even had windows. But between Johnny's eyrie and the fifteenth floor, there was nothing but a maze of open steel and the rough planks of the temporary flooring.

The cables of the hoist were still. Four men had gone down on the last trip. Johnny was left, and Mike Giskra, who was merely a helper and at the moment, had a badly burned and bandaged hand. But Mike, being both a Hunkie and a helper, was not to be treated as more than vaguely human, in Johnny's view. He wasn't company. The greased wire cables swayed from the hoist block. They ran a long, long way down. If your eyes followed them, you'd notice a sort of hypnotic effect. They dwindled startlingly and writhed with a surprisingly complicated motion among themselves. Johnny noted it, but without interest. He waited for the hoist to come up for him.

The dusk deepened. Nothing happened. Lights began to flick on in hotels and apartment houses. Johnny fumbled out a cigarette. He lighted it, shielding the match with the expertness of a steel man. The wind was cold. It seemed to have the smell of snow in it. So far, it bore out the weather-bureau prediction of a blizzard in the offing. Street lights began to appear down in the city. Johnny saw them come on in huge, rectangular areas, one section of the city after another. The hoist still didn't move.

MIKE GISKRA blew on the fingers of his unscorched hand and shuffled his feet. Johnny glanced at him. Mike grinned bashfully and said, "Plenty cold, hey?" He waited on the same narrow girder, twenty-eight stories above the ground. There was no use trying to hurry up the electrician on the hoist. Electricians were temperamental guys, always arguing about something. The last load to go down had nearly yanked the signal bell from its fastenings, calling down for service. Maybe he was still arguing about that, and making Johnny wait just out of peevishness.

The cables swayed. Presently the wind moaned in the grille of girders that reached upward toward the sky. Johnny felt the presence of the ticket in his hip pocket as a small boy will feel a new jackknife even when it is unused and unopened during school hours. A little stream of sparks moved somewhere. Johnny identified it as a passenger train, crawling across a bridge into town. On the riverside parkway he was able to see the headlights of cars. It was still merely deep dusk, up here, but on the ground it was night. Mike Giskra looked uncomfortable. Johnny felt expansive because of what he would see Socko George Andrews accomplish this night. He unbent so far as to offer Mike—a mere punk—a cigarette.

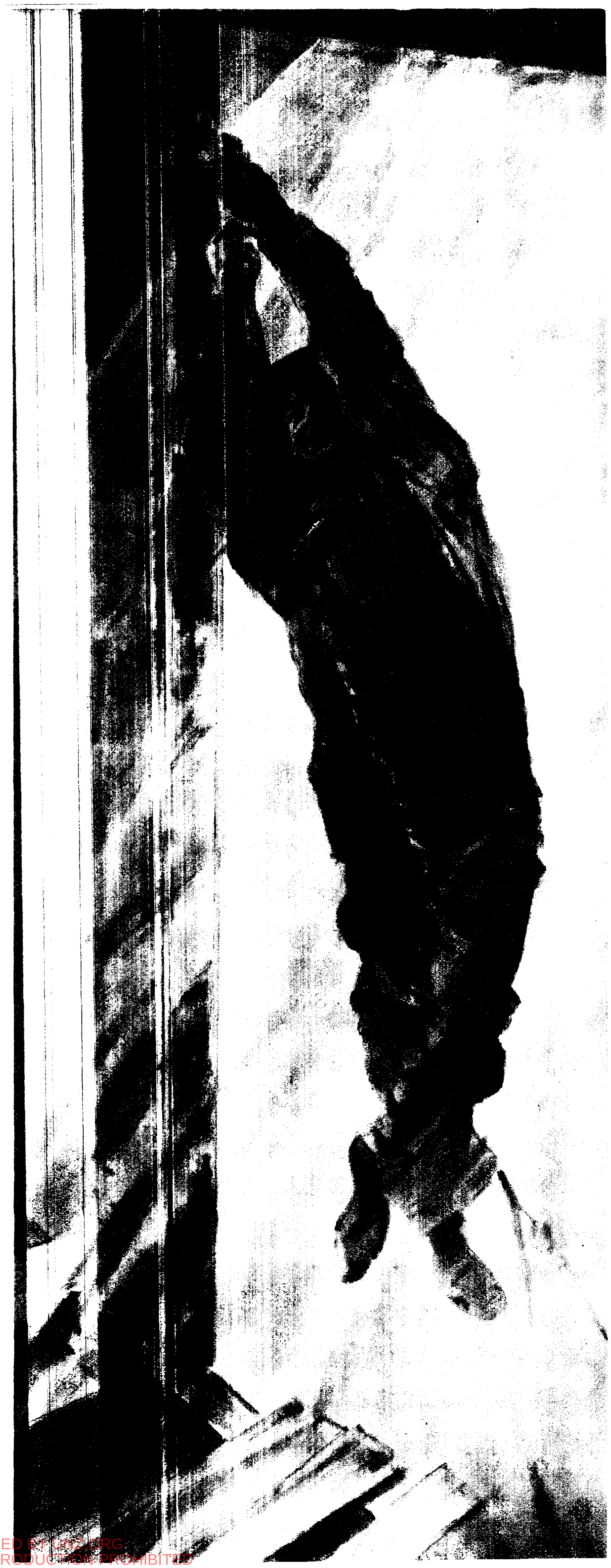
"Takin' their time," he observed, referring to the hoist.

"Yeah," said Mike. He lighted the cigarette clumsily. "Plenty cold, hey?"

Johnny's mind went back to the coming fight. Columns of strictly local expert dope were stored away in his mind. He was quite unconscious of himself as one of two tiny human figures on a narrow girder, high above earth. Time, though, began to pass slowly. It was cold. The wind moaned again. The deep dusk grew deeper yet.

"Say!" said Johnny. "What the hell's

(Continued on page 29)



The wind hurled itself at him. He swung crazily and lost his leg grip on the column and then was smashed savagely against it

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY CHARLES KERLEE STUDIOS

LEEPING BEAUTY

By Kyle Crichton

The metamorphosis of Ruth Hussey, who was a bit on the hefty side and certainly not a glamor girl, would be a miracle anywhere but in Hollywood

AT THE end of a year M-G-M and Ruth Hussey looked at one another with an air of bewilderment. What M-G-M was saying was, "How did that dame ever get in here?" Miss Hussey was saying nothing because she never said anything.

This rather placed Mr. Billy Grady on the spot. It had been Mr. Grady, talent scout, who had discovered Miss Hussey in the third company of Dead End and signed her. Since that moment Mr. Grady had maintained a stubborn interest in the young lady and had suffered painful hours as a result. Not only did Miss Hussey fail to look like a movie actress but she insisted on acting like a dope. On the screen she was all right, but off the screen she acted like somebody who was addicted to sleeping pills.

Faced by this crisis, Mr. Grady apprehended Miss Hussey one day when she was passing his office and dragged her in by the nape of the neck.

"If you please, Miss Hussey," he said gently, "just stand well back there in the corner away from the light. While you're back there take these pins and fix up the hem of your skirt. Also remove that hat you're wearing and carefully tramp on it. And while I'm on the subject, where did you get that suit?"

This was Mr. Grady's way of saying that Miss Hussey looked like something left over on the front porch after the Salvation Army wagon went past. It would have been inaccurate to say that she was careless about her dress; she merely used dress as something to keep the bees from stinging her. What social graces she possessed were left undiscovered because no human dared venture near this apparition. In brief, no less promising Hollywood star ever existed than the aforesaid Hussey lady.

"I never could figure out what it was all about," she says now that the metamorphosis has occurred and she is the dapper young thing who is getting all the choice assisting roles at M-G-M and is being touted as one of their coming greats. Her performance in Susan and God was followed by a juicy role in Philadelphia Story and she will be so busy in the coming year that Mr. Grady would have no chance to belabor her with insults even if there were need, which there is not any longer.

Since Miss Hussey was an extremely intelligent college girl with a good family background and sufficient experience on the stage to get around without the need of a Seeing-Eye dog, her experiences on the Metro lot were all the more amazing. It is exactly true to say that she didn't know what was going on.

"They meant all right and I meant all right but somehow nothing ever seemed to happen. I never had the right answers for anything and never quite knew what went on. The place had me stopped."

Education Always Helps

It may have been her college background that stymied her. She lived in Providence and eventually went to Pembroke. She tried acting there without much success and also puttered around in art and a course in writing. After graduation she went up to Boston and took a business course, six weeks of shorthand, typing and secretarial work. It was easy for a Hussey (pronounced Huzzey) to get a job in Providence and she was with a dress shop for three weeks. What stopped that was a visit from her old pal, Betty Allsop, who had been out at the University of Michigan finishing up in music and brought back reports of the good dramatic courses there.

She did all right at Michigan and was signed by Ruth Ann Oakes, business manager for the Aimee Loomis stock company at Northport, a summer resort. That summer was made noteworthy by the occasion when she forgot her lines, walked back to a door at the rear of the stage and poked her head out to get the matter straight with the prompter.

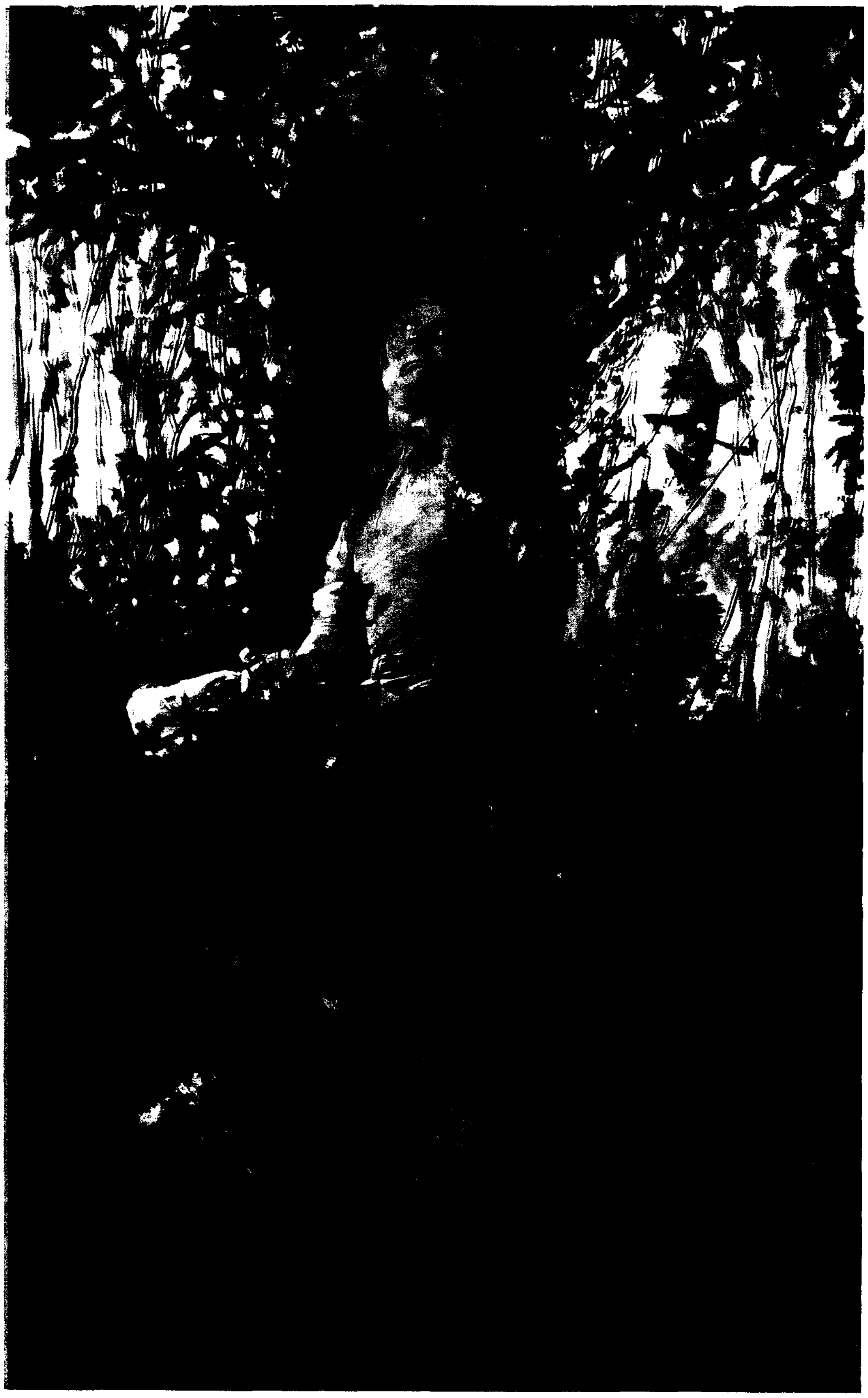
"That showed great presence of mind," said the director glumly, "but next time go all the way out the door rather than allow that caboose to hang there in the rear."

She came back to Providence and took a job doing a daily radio broadcast for Cherry and Webb's, a department store. On her vacation she went off to see friends in Milford, Connecticut, and

(Continued on page 44)

One Piece Too Many

By Hugh MacNair Kahler



Through the vines, as Hadley passed him, he swung the padded wrench

AT FIRST wooden-faced at the wheel of Hadley's car, Vinton was only a bored, neutral listener to the quarrel.

He hated Hadley for being a rich, overbearing, bullying employer; he despised him for having been born in this dead backwater in the hills and for coming back to it when he gave himself a holiday, instead of choosing a playground where there were better things to do than fishing for bullheads in a muddy creek and keeping alive a silly line-fence feud with a hillbilly appleknocker like Lud Rucker.

Those two names were reasons enough for despising Rucker. Vinton had better reasons for hating him—a hillbilly girl with bright, copper hair, for instance, a sudden cast-iron hand on his arm and a slow, quiet voice advising him to be careful what he said to Effie Wheeler.

That same voice was talking now, "All right, Hadley. I can't prove it was you that left the gate open, but you'd better do your fishing somewhere else, from now on. Give you fair warning to stay off my land."

Hadley only laughed, the brassy, rich man's laugh that Vinton hated. As the car slid forward in obedience to his careless gesture Vinton's eye caught a sidelong glimpse of Rucker's lantern jaw and guessed that Rucker also hated that laugh and was hoping that Hadley might disregard his warning and come back to that forbidden fishing hole.

Vinton hoped so too, as he drove up the steep dirt road to the old farmhouse that Hadley used as a camp. Those two would hurt each other plenty in a rough-and-tumble. At first Vinton's wistful thought stopped there. Then, suddenly, it went a long way further.

All at once a lot of separate things seemed to fit together, like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, and make a picture.

The old feud was one of those pieces, and this latest quarrel was another; the half-dozen witnesses on the post-office porch, listening to that quarrel, fitted into the picture, too. So did the long footpath through the scrub to the fishing hole and the short cut to it, from the road, if a man used a car to get there. So did that swell hiding place, behind the thick tangle of matted vines, where a man could lie in wait. . . .

Cooking dinner on the cranky wood stove, waiting on Hadley as he ate it at the oilclothed kitchen table, Vinton kept putting the puzzle-picture together in his mind. A piece for every place, a place for every piece.

"Too bad you got to quit fishing over at Rucker's."

"Who says I've got to quit?"

HADLEY swaggered over to the corner where he kept his bamboo rod. He laughed as he went out with it. He was hardly out of sight in the scrub before Vinton was out at the car, wrapping a light wrench in cheesecloth polishing rags. That took long enough for Hadley to get out of earshot of the starter. The road was empty, as he'd known it would be. Another piece fitted into place, and still another, when he'd left the car in a timber track and, sneaking along the creek under cover of the willows, saw Rucker at the doorway of his lean-to kitchen. No alibi for Rucker, as long as he'd got back from the village.

The hiding place was even better than he'd remembered. A low, steep bank, with the path at its foot and the vines growing thickly up the side of it, interwoven with the brush. He crouched where the vines were thickest. . . .

There wasn't long to wait before he heard Hadley's step. Through the vines, as Hadley passed him, half an arm's length away, he swung the padded wrench.

Once was enough. Hadley pitched forward and lay still, sprawling in the vines. He was breathing, though, when Vinton bent over him, and Vinton laughed, contentedly, as that piece, too, fitted into his picture. He'd wanted not to kill.

Vinton left the trouser pocket inside-out when he had worried the bills out of it. The willows hid him as he ran back to the car; the road was still empty for his swift drive back to the house. He hid the money in the barn, put the wrench back in the tool kit, burned the cheesecloth wrappings in the stove. He washed the dinner dishes. He wrote a note to a girl in the city, so as to have an excuse for going back, so soon, to the post office. He waited, though, for two slow hours, before he started.

Some of the men who'd been there this morning were on the post-office porch. He stopped to talk.

"Rucker picked the wrong man to bluff." He chuckled. "The boss went over to that fishing hole the minute he got through dinner. It takes something better than talk to scare him."

"He'll get something better if Lud catches him." Old Doc Averey, in a splint chair by the wall, wagged his head. "Lud meant just what he said."

Vinton managed to look worried. "You think he might start something? Maybe I ought to be up there." He stopped. "Say, Doc, how about riding out with me?"

Averey took a moment to think. Then he stood up and went out to the car. Vinton had hard work to keep his face sober. One more bit of his picture fell into place—a doctor'd be with him when he found Hadley, *and a witness.* He drove fast. At the house he remembered to stop and call Hadley's name. He wasn't supposed to know that Hadley hadn't come home.

"Must be over there still. Let's go."

HIS nerves drew a little tighter as he led the way along the path. Small things seemed to fret them unreasonably—the old man's slow pace, the branches that slapped at him, worst of all the mosquito bites that kept him scratching savagely at wrists and face. The bites took some of the feeling of luckiness and cleverness away from him. He dug at them; there was blood on his finger tips.

"Better not scratch," Averey said. "Only makes the itch worse. What you ought to do—"

"Look." It was all Vinton could do to keep his voice steady. His finger shook as he pointed through the scrub at Lud Rucker, scything weeds in his pasture, close to the gate he and Hadley had quarreled over. Almost too perfect, Vinton thought.

"Where's Hadley?" His voice went up a little higher than he'd meant it to.

"Been wondering," Rucker said. "Didn't figure it would take him this long to be over here, after I as good as dared him to come."

"He did come." Vinton's voice stayed high. "Right after dinner. He—"

Rucker scowled. "He must have gone by before I got down here, then."

He started toward the line of willows. Vinton opened the gate for Averey and shut it after him. No need to hurry. Nothing to worry about. Nothing but those mosquito-bitten wrists and cheeks. His nails drew blood again.

"Making it worse, I told you," Averey said. "Just—"

"Hi, Doc!" The shout came back through the trees. "Hurry up. He's hurt—hurt bad."

Averey's hand, surprisingly strong, pushed Vinton out of his way. Surprisingly fast he went down the path. When Vinton overtook him he was on his knees beside Hadley.

"No fracture, I'd say. Bad concussion, though."

The eyes that moved slowly to meet Vinton's didn't look like an old man's eyes. Suddenly, absurdly, Vinton was afraid of them.

"What—what happened?"

"Somebody clubbed him—from behind." Averey glanced at the trampled place in the vines. Rucker's eyes followed his, narrowing a little. Slowly both faces turned back to Vinton.

"Somebody that knew he'd be coming down this path," Averey said.

"Rucker!" Vinton shouted it. "He knew! And he was right here! He—"

"It's no use, Vinton. One look at Lud's hands and face and one look at yours is all anybody'd need to be dead sure which of you two had been lying around in a nice, thick mess of poison ivy!"

He shook his head as Vinton's nails clawed uselessly at wrist and cheek. "Only make it itch worse, scratching. You help Lud carry Hadley up to the house and I'll ease it up—after you tell us where you hid the money."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

He'll Exchange it Anyway

Buying a man a Christmas present is not as tough as it's cracked up to be. Red Skelton, stage and radio comic, shows how to handle the male-gift nuisance. Just figure out the type of man for whom you're buying the gift, look underneath Collier's Christmas tree and pick it out. Everything's practical, the clothing's wearable—the sort of things he'd pick himself

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THE SPORTSMAN. Get him a leather jacket, a wool shirt, heavy woolen hose, tweedy neckwear, warm gloves. Just make sure you know what his favorite sport is—don't bewilder a trout-fishing enthusiast with a red deer-stalking vest. Red Skelton's favorite indoor sport is shooting the colored globes from the Christmas tree

THE COLLEGE MAN. Get him something he can wear at school He is always just out of loud socks, striped ties, button-dowr shirts. He goes for wool mufflers, gloves and weejuns (short fo Norwegian peasant slippers). A slightly larger investment, bu an important Christmas gift for the college lad is the raincoa and the gabardine sheepskin-lined coat for general campu wear. Another sound idea is a gift certificate for the hat he like

STAY-AT-HOME. He'll like a warm lounging robe (above), comfortable slippers, pajamas and handkerchiefs. Actually we had on more classification—the BUSINESS EXECUTIVE—but Red refuse to pose for anything that sounded like work. For him, conservativ *shirts, ties, hose, unostentatious jewelry and leather goods are bes*

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN. Red looks pretty natural here—he says thi is his type. Anyway, this is the chap who knows the headwaite and goes to see all the shows. Dressing up is no chore for him an the road to his heart is paved with formal accessories. Give him white evening waistcoat, white gloves or evening cane, or even top hat. The cocktail jacket is for wearing when friends drop i

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Gifts Suggested by Henry L. Jackso

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

IN
AS

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

François was not averse to doing a dishonest job well—until it clashed with the loyalty he owed his people

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE big man with the thin, white face came aft as soon as we had left the pier and said they wanted to travel without lights. The way he said it, it was an order. I watched François Marmontel stiffen. "We're all right with the lights," François Marmontel said softly, in English. "You can leave all this to me."

"No," said the big one. His name was Ober. His English was very good, but apparently he spoke no French. "We prefer to go without lights. You are paid to do what I say."

"I'm paid to put you ashore in Cuba."

"We intend to see that you do so."

"Sure. You watch me. You'll see how I do it." The sea was kicking up a little. We had swung west and were close in on Lamentin Point. "But I'll handle this my own way, thanks," François Marmontel said. He relaxed in his seat against the wheel. He was not angry. His voice was good-humored. He said, "Listen to me—if it was better to run without lights, we'd be running without lights. But there's nothing to worry about here, in these waters. And if we kill the lights we may pile up on a fishing boat; there's plenty of them drifting around dark at night. You see? When we come up on Cuba—when we sight the Cape Maisi light—we'll blackout. That's time enough."

He turned his head and looked back toward the city. The red range lights on Fort National and the Cathedral were almost in line. François Marmontel swung the boat northwest to pass between Gonave Island and the Arcadins up St. Marc Channel. The sky was thick and low. We could see a few fires burning halfway up the mountains behind Arcahaie on the main island.

"Stop your worrying," François Marmontel said pleasantly. "Take it easy. I've sailed through here two hundred times—I know this channel, I know what we're running into. Why don't you go lie down?"

The German, the big one named Ober, seemed satisfied then. I could make out his thin face in the half-light of the cockpit lamp. His cheeks were hollow and his forehead white and bulgy. The lines of his mouth eased up a little. He said, "Very good, M'sieu Marmontel," and went forward to join the four other Germans who were sitting on the deck beyond the cabin companionway. After he'd gone François Marmontel took out a pack of cigarettes and offered me one and took one himself. It was blowing pretty hard, and I cupped a match for him.

"These guys are as nervous as chickens," he said, grinning.

"I don't think so," I told him. "It's just their manner. You know what I mean?"

"Maybe so," he said. "Efficient. Nervous efficiency, eh? Yes, maybe that's right. It's in the blood. They don't think anybody but one of themselves can be trusted to do a job."

"You could put this scow into Cape Maisi with your eyes bandaged."

"You're damned right I could," François Marmontel said. "Why not?"

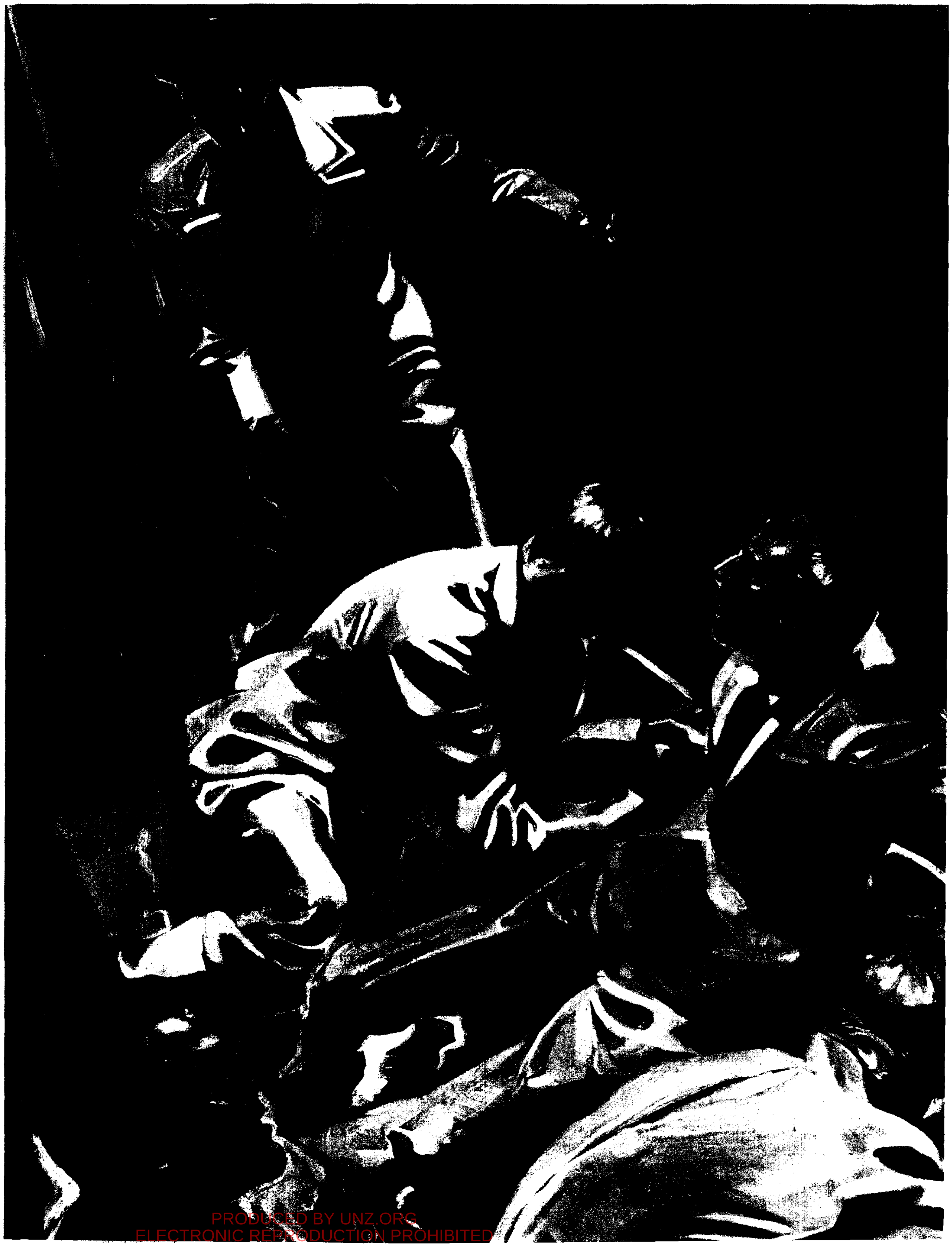
The Pelican Cays were behind us and there was nothing to worry about. I settled back comfortably, and closed my eyes. I thought about the hundred dollars this run was earning for me. It was easy money—I didn't like the job, but the money was fine. I could use it. Then I went to sleep. The Germans were talking up forward and I could hear the rumble of their voices, but it would take more than that to disturb me, and I went to sleep.

WE—FRANCOIS MARMONTEL and I—had helped a couple of dozen Chinamen out of Haiti and into Cuba at one time or another, and I'd always figured this was a Christian sort of work—aiding the poor and the downtrodden, so to speak. But the cargo of Germans was a new dish. At first I didn't like it at all. I said so. "François," I said, "you might get yourself in a jam with this. I don't like it. Chinamen are one thing—what the hell, they're nice people, all they want to do is open chop-suey joints in Havana. Nobody cares about Chinamen. But these Germans are a horse of a certain color. They want to jump into Cuba and then jump into the U. S. They're not tourists, François. They don't want to visit Grant's Tomb or the Lincoln Memorial, or even open a restaurant—"

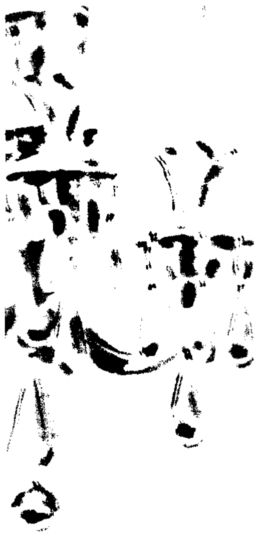
"It has long been my belief," François Marmontel said to me, very cheerfully, "that a man's political opinions do not in the least matter, so long as he stays forward of the wheel and pays his bills more or less in advance."

The Quisqueya was François' boat, not mine. I just worked for him. He would get four hundred dollars, I would get one hundred. That was all right, After thinking, I decided to go along.

(Continued on page 51)



François put one shot into the air to illustrate that he was tired of talking. They weren't exactly lively



A Little Imagination

By Fleta Campbell Springer

Action portrait of Mrs. George Blake—who is a tactician we grudgingly admire, also a woman we willingly detest

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

SHE knew the moment was coming, and she wished she could put it off. She would like to lie there forever without moving. . . . Yes, there it was, the soothing, deferential voice, "Now over on the back, please," and the strong, broad hands pulling at her shoulder and hip. Then:

"You would like the eye pads, Mrs. Blake?"

"Oh, yes! I *love* the eye pads," she said, yawning, stretching, "I think they're *won*derful."

She closed her eyes, and felt the lovely, cool dampness of the pads pressed gently against her lids. What a marvel this woman really was; it was wonderful what she'd done in these few weeks. Only last night George had said, "That exercise is certainly putting your figure back where it belongs."

Good old George, *he* thought it was *exercise*; well, why not let him think so if it made him happy; it was his idea. "You're going to be a dowager soon, Bess, old girl, if you don't watch that figure. Half an hour's brisk exercise with the windows open every morning and a good hour's walk a day is what you need." It made her shiver to think of it now with that icy gale blowing past the window outside.

"I hate walking," she had said.

"Well, it's worth a little effort, isn't it? You'd feel better for it too. But it's your funeral, not mine."

It *was* her funeral, as George had said. The very next day she had found the masseuse, and she'd been coming every morning since. Why get up and force yourself to do a lot of things you didn't like doing, unless, of course, you had to? What was the use of having money if you didn't have a little luxury? . . .

"What day is it?" she asked abruptly.

"The eighteenth," said the patient voice from above.

"And what day—is it Wednesday?"

"Yes, this is Wednesday."

So it *was* the day, her alternate Wednesday afternoon to take the Thrift Shop, and she'd almost forgotten it. That *did* make a full day. A fitting at eleven, lunch with Marguerite and Jane Tuckerman, and the Shop in the afternoon. She'd have to change her appointment at the hairdresser's. And she must get those things together for the Thrift Shop and send them over this morning so the committee could get them priced and on the racks. She should have sent them in a week ago.

"There we are for today," said the masseuse; "those thighs are coming down nicely now."

She didn't know why that irritated her, but it did. She *hoped* the thighs were coming down, that was what she paid her for—but why *talk* about it?

"I've got a terrific day," she said, sitting up and peeling off the eye pads. Catching up her robe from the foot of the bed, she trailed across to the bathroom.

When later she came hurrying out of her bath and rang for her maid, she saw that the masseuse was still there, standing with her hat and coat on and her bag in her hand over by the door. Well she certainly had no time to entertain *her* today.

"See you in the morning," she said, and dismissed her with a wave of her hand as she sat down to her dressing table.

In the middle of doing her eyebrows she remembered suddenly that today was the day she should have paid the masseuse. So that was what she was waiting for! Why couldn't she say so, standing there with that foolish look on her face? The stupid—

"Yes, madam," said the maid who had appeared in the room.

"Oh, Eugenia," she said, "get together those things we put aside for the Thrift Shop; they must go down this morning. Get them wrapped immediately and put them down on the bench in the front hall. And *where* are those new gloves that came yesterday? And change these things into the black alligator bag." She tossed a red handbag into a chair.

"Here they are," said the girl, producing the gloves from a drawer. She scuttled across to the chair with the black handbag and began to transfer the contents of the red bag into the black.

"Hurry with the things for the Thrift Shop—those evening gowns we hung at that end of the press. . . . And give me my black coat while you're there."

The maid brought out the black coat over one arm, carrying at the same time several big pieces of brown paper and a ball of twine.

"What's that *for?*"

"To wrap up the things," said Eugenia.

"Haven't you any *boxes?*"

"Yes, madam, I forgot." She scurried back to the press and came back with an armful of boxes from the shelf.

Twenty minutes later, hatted and coated and very smart, she came out of her room.

"*Really,*" she said aloud to herself as she came down the stairs, "I've never known anything as stupid as that girl!" Why she kept her she wouldn't know. How many times had she told her to keep *boxes* for just such things. Yet if she hadn't caught her she'd have wrapped up those things in paper and string. Paper and *string!* And she *had* boxes too. But she had to be reminded, she had to be *told*. And *really*, that yellow evening gown—"Did you decide on sending the yellow gown, madam?" when she knew perfectly well she had. It was grotesque, that glimpse of her through the mirror, holding that divine yellow chiffon up under her chin, under that sallow face, practically trying it on; *why hadn't she asked for it frankly?* She'd given her things enough, but slightly, well *slightly* more appropriate, she hoped.

DOWNSTAIRS Denny, the chauffeur, was waiting for his day's instructions. "Will you want me this morning, Mrs. Blake?"

Indeed she did want him, and at once. He was to take some things around to the Thrift Shop and then come back for her. She had a heavy day. "Those boxes on the bench in the front hall—they're there, aren't they? I told Eugenia to bring them down."

The chauffeur stepped over so he could see into the hall. "Yes, ma'am, they're there," he said.

"Hurry along then, and come back for me," she said, and went toward the kitchen to tell the cook there would be six instead of four people at dinner. She always hated this sort of thing with Nora, who was emotional, and only Jackson the butler could really handle her. But Jackson was out; she'd telephoned down for him, and Nora had told her he wasn't there. "Gone to the market special," she'd said. A fine time of the morning for a butler to be out. Well, she'd have to tackle her.

"But, Mrs. Blake! Only two pheasants, it's all they had! It won't feed six."

"Do something about it! Heavens, woman—"

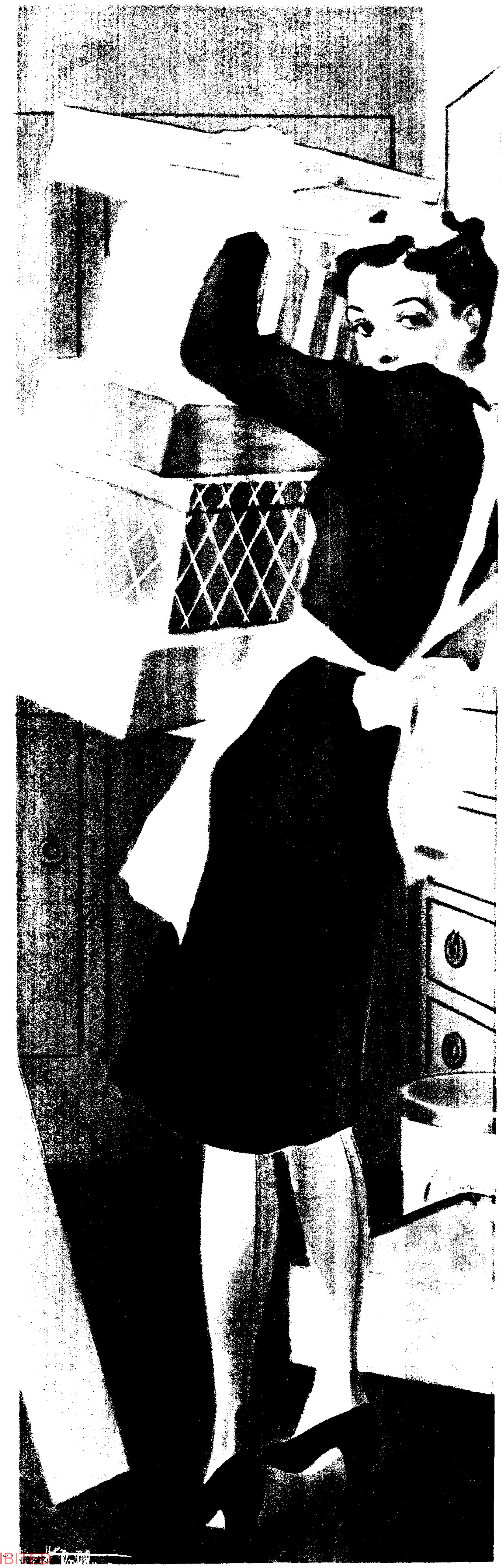
"But it won't feed six!"

"Change your entree, have a heavier soup. Use your head a little—"

The chauffeur put his head in through the kitchen door. So *he* hadn't gone!

"Mrs. Blake," he said, "*all* those boxes on the bench?"

(*Continued on page* 48)



"Haven't you boxes?" she demanded. "Yes, madam, I forgot," Eugenia said. She scurried back for the boxes

The Hard Way

By Frank Gervasi

It makes steel harder and aluminum stronger. It will soon make possible three-hundred-passenger planes moving twice as fast as current models. Here's the answer to a metallurgist's prayer—beryllium

SEVEN years ago, in Cleveland, a World War pilot named Walter P. Jacobs heard that his Rich Pal was in town at a local hotel and so Walt called him up because Walter had a proposition. The two had flown together in the last war.

"Gotta see you, Sonny," Walt said. "Gotta big deal on. It's right up your alley."

"Come on up," Rich Pal said.

A few minutes later Jacobs was in Rich Pal's suite. It must have been a suite. Rich Pal, you see, was Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. He was the horsy Sonny of the horsy Clan-Whitney and it is practically sacrilege to think of a Whitney in just a bedroom and bath although it wasn't so long before Sonny's meeting with Jacobs that he was struggling along on a mere $20,000 a year allowance and raising money from his unwilling polo-playing friends to finance Pan American Airways. Wall Street, in those days, wasn't sure the airplane was here to stay. Sonny Whitney, despite the fact his name was largely connected with the mallet-and-chukker industry and was regularly chronicled in the columns of the cocktail reporters, believed it was.

Jacobs entered Sonny's apartment carrying a section of lead pipe about as long as a cop's night stick.

"Just exactly what," Sonny wanted to know, "is this business you're in? You're not mixed up with—"

Walt grinned. No, this wasn't a bank job and it was in no way connected with the business of slugging fellow humans with a section of lead pipe about as long as a cop's night stick.

"Here," said Walt, laying the section of lead on the table, "pick it up."

Sonny was slightly indulgent about the whole thing. He knew what lead weighed and he prepared to pick up a piece of lead but by the look on Sonny's face he went through the emotional experience of a man who had set himself to pick up a thousand-pound cannon ball and hefted a balsa-wood ball instead. Walt waited for the effect to sink in. Sonny waggled the section as easily as though it were made of bamboo.

"Okay," he turned to Walt. "Explain."

"Beryllium," explained Walter.

"What? Berry . . . what?"

"Beryllium. It's a new metal. It was discovered long ago by a Frenchman named Vauquelin and finally isolated as an element in 1828 by a German named Wöhler. It is the lightest metal in the world. It is even one of the lightest of the elements. It is two thirds as light as aluminum. . . ."

Walter P. Jacobs paused and mumbled like a schoolboy remembering the essay he learned by heart. He continued:

"Only the gases are lighter than this stuff. Hydrogen and helium are lighter. It is so hard it cuts through glass. Look . . ."

Walter went to the window and with the sharp edge of the rod end scratched a gash across the pane.

"Interesting, interesting, but—"

Walt had all the answers and the particular one he knew the then stripling magnate was most interested in.

"Aviation," he exulted. "Think what this will do for aviation. We'll make bigger, more powerful planes and superpower engines. Hulls for flying boats that won't corrode because this stuff, among other things, doesn't corrode like duralumin or other aluminum alloys.

"The piece you see here is beryllium nickel, but it alloys with practically any metal. It makes gold almost as hard as steel. With copper it makes a metal hard enough to drive through a steel plate."

Beryllium Grows Up

Sonny sank $400,000 into the Beryllium Corporation of America. That was seven years ago. He's poured at least twice that much into it since. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney hasn't received a single dividend. The money has gone into research and plant equipment and legal battles with some big companies who've tried to smash beryllium's chances of supplanting other well-established alloys.

But at last, with America straining its industrial muscles to prepare for war or defense of the American way of life, beryllium may pay enormous profits and give the Alloy Age as important a spurt as the discovery of steel imparted to the Era of Machinery. Only recently it was included in the cartel of strategic war materials like manganese, chromium, molybdenum, nickel, tin, aluminum, and its export and production controlled.

There ought never be a shortage of beryllium. The stuff's practically everywhere—from Maine to Georgia and as far west as the Dakota Black Hills. If you live in the vicinity of Mt. Kisco, New York, there ought to be beryllium or beryl-bearing rock in your back yard. It is abundant in the vicinity of Lieperville and Chester, Pennsylvania, and it abounds in certain sections of New Hampshire and Connecticut. But, so slow—so far behind the Germans, for instance—have we been in beryllium exploitation that our deposits are virtually untouched. We get most of the ore from South America. Brazil is the biggest producer. The richest, best ore comes from Sverdlovsk, Ural Mountains,

(Continued on page 45)

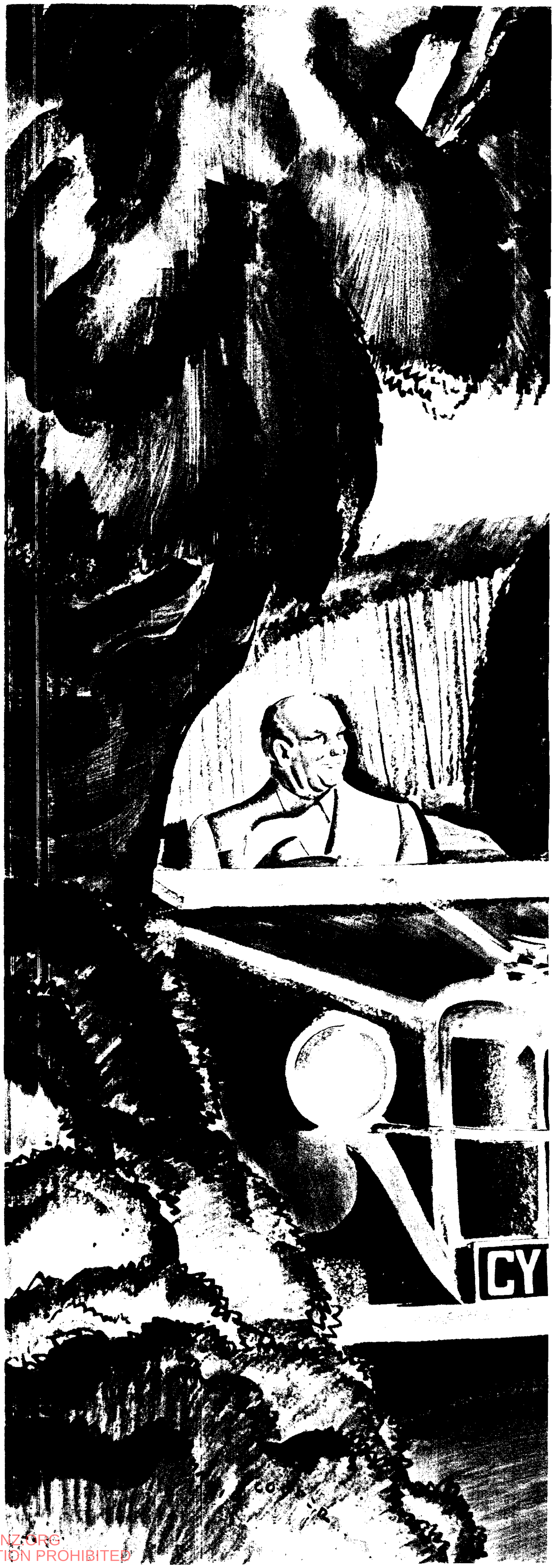
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Above, beryllium-copper in ingot form looks like gold and is one of the hardest and most durable alloys. Below, after being rolled into rods and strips for convenience, it is ready for shipment to plane manufacturers

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The Story Thus Far:

MONSIEUR POIROT, evil is real. It is a fact. I believe in evil as I believe in good. It exists. It is powerful. It walks the earth!"

Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, listens to this startling pronouncement by the Reverend Stephen Lane, one of his fellow guests at the Jolly Roger Hotel, on an island off the southern coast of England. He listens. Then: "Evil *does* walk the earth," he agrees, "and can be recognized as such."

The two men do not pursue the subject further. But Poirot might have added: "I suspect, my friend, that there is evil in this place"—for, having observed the seemingly placid life going on around him, he has sensed that something sinister, something decidedly evil, is transpiring at the Jolly Roger. . . .

Among the guests are: two Americans—the loquacious Mrs. Odell C. Gardener and her thoroughly intimidated husband; Miss Emily Brewster, a spinster with decided opinions; Major Barry, a veteran of the Indian service; Arlena Marshall, her husband, Kenneth, and Kenneth's daughter by a former marriage, Linda; Christine Redfern and her husband, Patrick; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker; and the Reverend Stephen Lane.

Conversing with these persons, and studying them, Poirot soon gathers: (1) That Mr. Gardener is afraid of his wife; (2) that Major Barry is one of the world's prize bores; (3) that the lean, bronzed, broad-shouldered Patrick Redfern is infatuated with Kenneth Marshall's beautiful wife; (4) that, beneath the calm surface of life at the resort, sinister forces are at work—forces that may, in time, destroy the happiness of a number of persons.

Merely sensing that something is radically wrong, Poirot decides to probe the situation. He begins by questioning Rosamund Darnley. Rosamund tells him that "Ken" Marshall (whom she has known for years) is an "utter fool where women are concerned." She says that his first wife (Linda's mother) had been a murder suspect; she says that Arlena, his present wife, has a none too savory past—and that she now has her eye on Patrick Redfern, who is becoming her abject slave. . . .

Two persons hate Arlena Marshall: Christine Redfern *and Linda Marshall.* Once, alone in her room, Linda thinks: "I'd like to kill her. Oh! I wish she would die!" A black wave of loathing rises up in her—loathing for the woman who is ruining her father's life.

II

KENNETH MARSHALL tapped on his wife's door. When her voice answered, he opened the door and went in.

Arlena was just putting the finishing touches to her toilet. She was dressed in glittering green and looked a little like a mermaid. She was standing in front of the glass applying mascara to her eyelashes. She said: "Oh, it's you, Ken."

"Yes. I wondered if you were ready."

"Just a minute."

Kenneth Marshall strolled to the window. He looked out on the sea. His face, as usual, displayed no emotion of any kind. It was pleasant and ordinary.

Turning around, he said, "Arlena?"

"Yes?"

"You've met Redfern before, I gather?"

Arlena said easily, "Oh, yes, darling. At a cocktail party somewhere. I thought he was rather a pet."

"So I gather. Did you know that he and his wife were coming down here?"

Arlena opened her eyes very wide. "Oh, no, darling. It was the *greatest* surprise!"

"I thought, perhaps, that that was what put the idea of this place into your head," Kenneth Marshall said quietly. "You were very keen to come here."

Arlena put down the mascara. She turned toward him. She smiled—a soft, seductive smile. She said:

"Somebody told me about this place. I think it was the Rylands. They said it was simply too marvelous—so unspoiled! Don't you like it?"

"I'm not sure," Kenneth Marshall said.

"Oh, darling, but you adore bathing and lazing about. I'm sure you'll simply adore it here."

"I can see that you mean to enjoy yourself."

Her eyes widened a little. She looked at him uncertainly.

"I suppose the truth of it is that you told young Redfern that you were coming here?" Kenneth Marshall said.

"Kenneth darling, you're not going to be horrid, are you?"

"Look here, Arlena. I know what you're like. That's rather a nice young couple. That boy's fond of his wife really. Must you upset the whole blinking show?"

"It's so unfair blaming *me,*" Arlena said. "*I* haven't done anything—anything at all. I can't help it if—"

He prompted her: "If what?"

Her eyelids fluttered. "Well, of course, I know people do go crazy about me. But it's not my doing. They just get like that."

"So you do admit that young Redfern is crazy about you?"

"It's really rather stupid of him," Arlena murmured. She moved a step toward her husband.

"But you know, don't you, Ken, that I don't really care for anyone but you?"

She looked up at him through her darkened lashes.

It was a marvelous look—a look that few men could have resisted.

Kenneth Marshall looked down at her gravely. His face was composed. His voice quiet. He said, "I think I know you pretty well, Arlena. . . ."

WHEN you came out of the hotel on the south side, the terraces and the bathing beach were immediately below you. There was also a path that led off around the cliff on the southwest side of the island. A little way along it, a few steps led down to a series of recesses cut into the cliff and labeled on the hotel map of the island as Sunny Ledge. Here cut out of the cliff were niches with seats in them.

To one of these, immediately after dinner, came Patrick Redfern and his wife. It was a lovely, clear night with a bright moon.

The Redferns sat down. For a while they were silent.

At last Patrick Redfern said, "It's a glorious evening, isn't it, Christine?"

"Yes."

Something in her voice may have made him uneasy. He sat without looking at her.

Christine Redfern asked, in her quiet voice, "Did you know that woman was going to be here?"

He turned sharply. "I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do."

"Look here, Christine. I don't understand what has come over you lately—"

She interrupted. Her voice held feeling now. It trembled.

"Over *me?* It's what has come over *you!*"

"Nothing's come over me."

"Oh, Patrick! It *has!* You insisted so on coming here. You were quite vehement. I wanted to go to Tintagel again where—where we had our honeymoon. You were bent on coming here."

"Well, why not? It's a fascinating spot."

"Perhaps. But you wanted to come here because *she* was going to be here."

"She? Who is she?"

"Mrs. Marshall. You—you're infatuated with her."

"For heaven's sake, Christine, don't make a fool of yourself. It's not like you to be jealous."

His bluster was a little uncertain. He exaggerated it.

"We've been so happy," she said.

"Happy? Of course we've been happy! We *are* happy. But we shan't go on being happy if I can't even speak to another woman without you kicking up a row."

"It's not like that."

"Yes, it is. In marriage one has got to have—well—friendships with other people. This suspicious attitude is all wrong. I—I can't speak to a pretty woman without your jumping to the conclusion that I'm in love with her—"

He stopped. He shrugged his shoulders.

"You *are* in love with her," Christine Redfern said.

"Oh, don't be a fool, Christine! I've—I've barely spoken to her."

"That's not true."

"Don't, for goodness sake, get into the habit of being jealous of every pretty woman we come across."

"She's not just any pretty woman! She's—she's *different!* She's a bad lot! Yes, she is. She'll do you harm. Patrick, please, *give it up.* Let's go away from here."

Patrick Redfern stuck out his chin mutinously. He looked, somehow, very young as he said defiantly:

"Don't be ridiculous, Christine. And—and don't let's quarrel about it."

"I don't want to quarrel."

"Then behave like a reasonable human being. Come on, let's go back to the hotel."

He got up. There was a pause, then Christine Redfern got up too.

"Very well," she said.

In the recess adjoining, on the seat there, Hercule Poirot sat and shook his head sorrowfully.

Some people might have scrupulously removed themselves from earshot of a private conversation. But not Hercule Poirot. He had no scruples of that kind.

"Besides," as he explained to his friend Hastings at a later date, "it was a question of murder."

Hastings said, staring, "But the murder hadn't happened, then."

Hercule Poirot sighed. He said, "But already, *mon cher,* it was very clearly indicated."

ROSAMUND DARNLEY and Kenneth Marshall sat on the short, springy turf of the cliff overlooking Gull Cove. This was on the east side of the island. People came here in the morning sometimes to bathe when they wanted to be peaceful.

"It's nice to get away from people," Rosamund said.

Marshall murmured, "M-m, yes."

He rolled over, sniffing at the short turf.

"Smells good. Remember the downs at Shipley?"

"Rather."

"Pretty good, those days."

"Yes."

"You've not changed much."

"Yes, I have. I've changed enormously."

"You've been very successful and you're rich and all that, but you're the same old Rosamund."

"I wish I were," Rosamund murmured.

"What's that?"

"Nothing. It's a pity, isn't it, Kenneth, that we can't keep the nice natures and high ideals that we had when we were young?"

"I don't know that your nature was ever particularly nice, my child. You used to get into the most frightful rages. You half choked me once when you flew at me in a temper."

Rosamund laughed. She said, "Do you remember the day that we took Toby down to get water rats?"

They spent some minutes in recalling old adventures. Then there came a pause. Rosamund's fingers played with the clasp of her bag. She said, at last, "Kenneth?"

"M-m." His reply was indistinct. He was still lying on his face on the turf.

"If I say something to you that is probably outrageously impertinent will you never speak to me again?"

He rolled over and sat up.

"I don't think," he said, "that I would ever regard anything you said as impertinent. You see, you *belong.*"

SHE nodded in acceptance of all that last phrase meant. She concealed only the pleasure it gave her.

"Kenneth, why don't you get a divorce from your wife?"

His face altered. It hardened—the happy expression died out of it. He took a pipe from his pocket and began filling it.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," she said.

He said quietly, "You haven't offended me."

"Well, then, why don't you?"

"You don't understand, my dear girl."

"Are you—so frightfully fond of her?"

"It's not just a question of that. You see, I married her."

"I know. But she's—pretty notorious."

He considered that for a moment, ramming in the tobacco carefully.

"Is she? I suppose she is."

"You *could* divorce her, Ken."

"My dear girl, you've got no business to say a thing like that. Just because men lose their heads about her a bit isn't to say that *she* loses hers."

Rosamund bit off a rejoinder. Then she said, "You could fix it so that she divorced you—if you prefer."

"I dare say I could."

"You ought to, Ken. Really, I mean it. There's the child."

"What's Linda to do with it?"

"Arlena's not good for Linda. She isn't really. Linda, I think, *feels* things a good deal."

Kenneth Marshall applied a match to his pipe. Between puffs he said, "Yes—there's something in that. I suppose Arlena and Linda aren't very good for each other. Not the right thing for a girl, perhaps. It's a bit worrying."

"I like Linda—very much," she said. "There's something—fine about her."

"She's like her mother. She takes things hard as Ruth did."

"Then don't you think—really—that you ought to get rid of Arlena?"

"Fix up a divorce?"

"Yes. People are doing that all the time."

(Continued on page 55)

"Oh, thanks—I think I'll walk," she told him. "Nonsense," said Mr. Blatt. "What's a car for?"

Kid Tinsel

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN his manager, Pop Mallory, dies in Birmingham, Alabama, Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight fighter, receives the surprise of his life: Pop's daughter, Patricia ("Pat"), informs him that, in accordance with the terms of his contract, she is to carry on in place of her father!

Eddie has never liked the girl. He laughs at her claims. . . . With orders from Max Ellison, noted New York fight manager, to sign Eddie up, Joe Barton reaches Birmingham. While trying to find Eddie, he goes to a roadhouse, near which he has a fight with a pick-up acquaintance—Nick Bellis—whom he kills with a small revolver.

A few minutes later, while motoring toward Birmingham, he almost runs into another motorist: *Eddie Gordon!* Another fight ensues—a fight that terminates when Barton drives away—after dropping his revolver.

Feeling reasonably sure that, because both fights had occurred at night, with no witnesses, he is safe, Barton returns to New York. But had Eddie Gordon seen his face? Barton is not certain—until a few weeks later, when Max Ellison's daughter "Babs" (with whom he is in love) introduces him to a young fighter: *Eddie Gordon!* Eddie has come to New York; he has accepted Pat Mallory as his manager; he is preparing for his first important Eastern fight.

It is obvious that Eddie does not recognize Barton. It is equally obvious that Babs Ellison is infatuated with Eddie. . . . Barton learns—Babs tells him—that Eddie has a pearl-handled .32 revolver in his apartment. Certain that the weapon is the one he had dropped near Birmingham, Barton orders Morrie Oakes, a professional killer, to steal it. Hating Eddie, Barton plans to have him "eliminated." But, since the gun is registered in Joe Barton's name, there must be no killing until it has been recovered. . . .

Cliff Halliday, a sports writer, sees Eddie's first fight—which Eddie wins. He labels Eddie "the Tinsel Kid." And, as Eddie fights his way toward the top, the two men become close friends. One day, Eddie shows Halliday the revolver, tells him its history. Halliday insists that Eddie give him the weapon; and Eddie does so.

Oakes breaks into Eddie's apartment. He encounters Eddie, knocks him unconscious. But he fails to find the gun. . . .

Meanwhile, Eddie—winning fight after fight—is becoming famous. And he is having the time of his life—gadding about with Babs Ellison.

VI

BABS was young and alive and vivid. She knew where to go and she liked to have Eddie with her. Sometimes they were alone, but more often Joe Barton accompanied them. Joe was getting pretty hard to take. Eddie didn't know just what to do about it . . . but life was too kind to him at the moment to worry about it. He was sorry that Joe should dislike him (which he obviously did) and he felt uncomfortable occasionally as he'd glimpse Joe's hard, sharp face when the young man was off guard.

He put it down to jealousy—and he asked Babs about it . . . but she shrugged off any suggestion that they'd better call it a day. Joe, she insisted, meant nothing to her and never would. So that was that . . . and Eddie continued to step out with her.

Of course, it wasn't simple to have fun and still keep in the best of physical shape. To turn in at two A. M. and then rise at six for roadwork . . . that was pretty much of a grind, and there were mornings when it was entirely too much so . . . mornings when there was no roadwork.

And the gym, too. Boxing, rope skipping, bag punching, limbering . . . two hours, three hours . . . bending, grunting, grinding; hardening muscles that already were hard; keeping a fine edge on condition that was already fine.

Eddie Gordon was young and healthy and human. Already he had fought seven of the best middleweights in the world, and he had knocked each of them out. The Willie Tabor fight, which was next in line, didn't bother him. Suppose he wasn't in shape to step twelve rounds at top speed? He'd never had to go that distance, had he? One or two or three punches . . . and it was over. Four rounds . . . maybe five. It wasn't ego . . . it was a natural and logical conclusion. You're good and you forget how you got that way; you've got something and you have the feeling that you can't ever lose it. There's rippling power in those muscles, and the eyes are clear . . . and you relax. You relax even when you're going up against a tough boy like Willie Tabor.

Of course there was a packed house: there always was when the Tinsel Kid fought nowadays. The galleries were jammed fifteen minutes after the doors opened; the ringside was sold to important people. Joe Barton was there with Babs, and Cliff arrived with a troubled Pat Mallory. Cliff didn't talk much about what was going on . . . he didn't know what to advise, and so he waited for her to bring up the subject. Which was something she scrupulously avoided doing.

THE Gordon-Tabor fight was one for the books. Tabor knew all the tricks in close, and he'd spotted the fact that Eddie was soft around the middle. So he kept inside and whaled away with cruel, jolting rights and lefts at the short ribs, so that by the fourth round Eddie was boxing his opponent, which was something he'd never had to do before.

Yes, Tabor was a good boy—and a wise one. He made a grand fight of it; so grand that some of the gallery gods shifted their flexible loyalty to Eddie's opponent for a while. "Yoww . . ." yelled one, "here's where Tinsel gets knocked off the Christmas tree . . ." which wasn't very keen wit, but was significant just the same.

Max Ellison watched that fight with his placid, moonlike face inscrutable, his mild, friendly eyes half closed behind steel-rimmed spectacles. Babs watched it tensely and fearfully. When the going got tough, she clung to Joe Barton and didn't know she was doing it until he flung her off.

Just before the ninth round, Feets Johnson spoke earnestly to a Tinsel Kid who was beginning to realize that he had taken on a large order.

"How you feelin', Mistuh Eddie?"

Eddie was breathing spasmodically . . . but he smiled and said, "Fine."

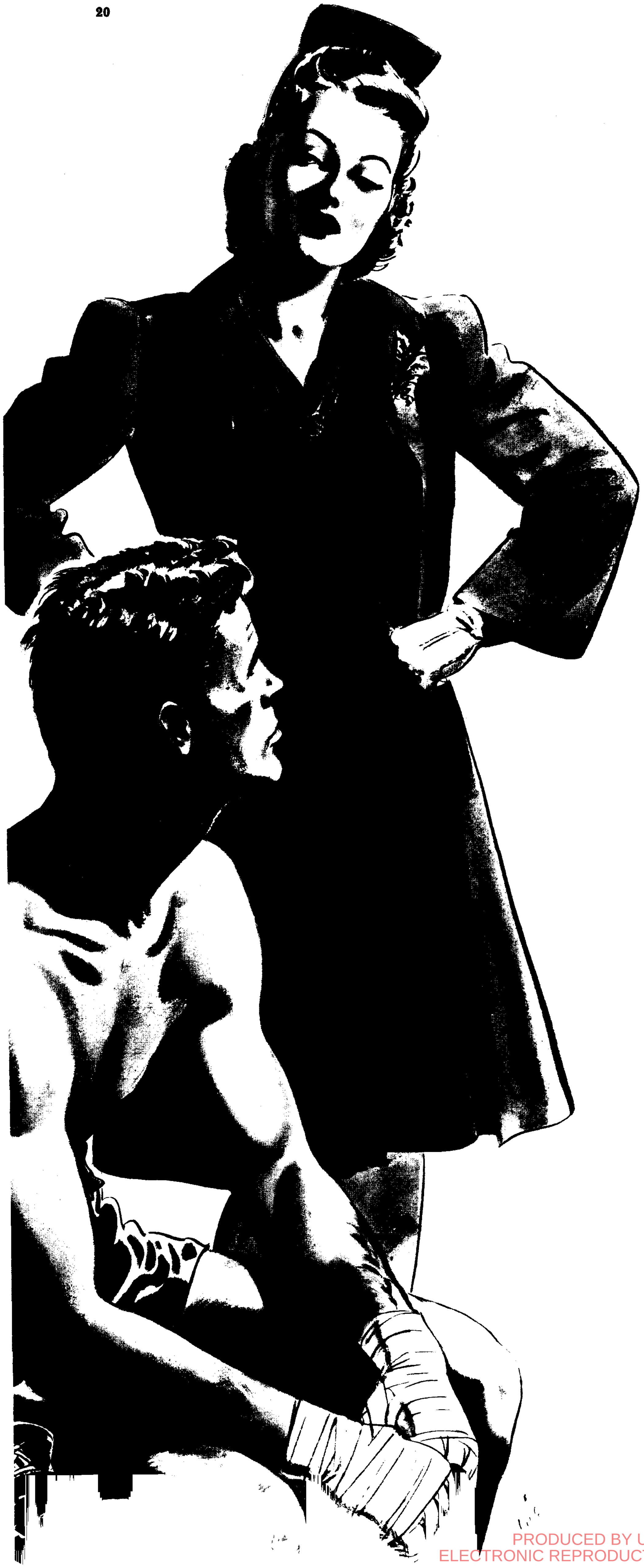
"You ain't troofin', Mistuh Eddie." Feets was desperately worried. "You got to git in close an' hit hahd."

"He can punch, too."

"You got to take a chance, Mistuh Eddie." Feets was utterly miserable. "You ain't in right shape, an' you is wearin' yo'se'f down."

"You want me to shoot the works in this round?"

(Continued on page 35)



She said, "I suppose you're proud of yourself, aren't you?" Her tone snapped him up short. "Sure," he answered. "Why not?"

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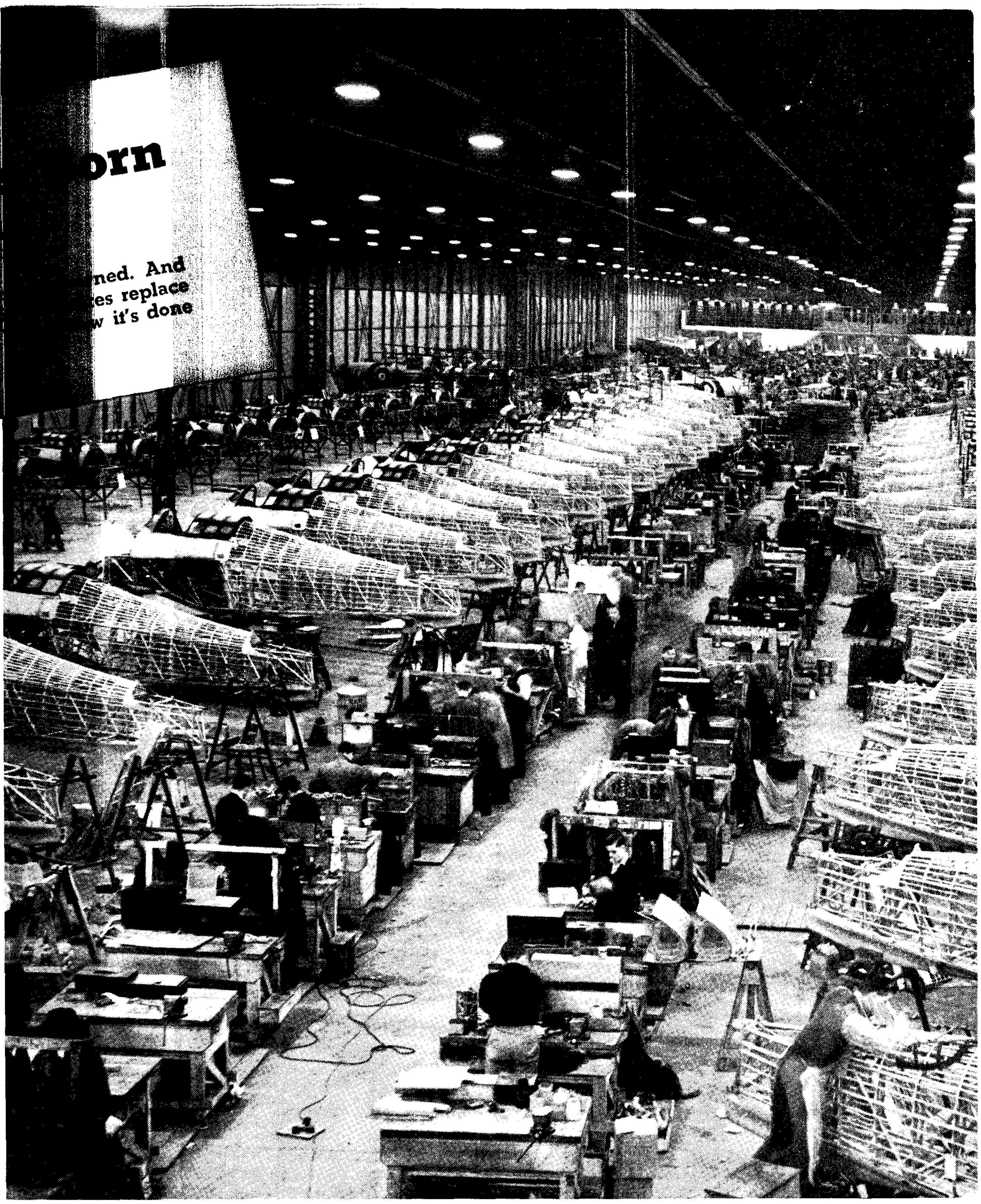
THE big hangar doors opened and there, poised in the entrance, was the new fighter. Even its drab brown, dark red and yellow camouflage markings couldn't destroy the slim, proud beauty of the airplane. Sixty-three days ago she had been only a mass of white lines on a blueprint; now she is complete, alive, ready for her first test. On the blueprint she had the speed of a Spitfire; the maneuverability of a Hurricane and a longer range than either. She was just one of many experimental fighters England is building today.

The airplane was wheeled out onto the field. Tommy, the test pilot, talked briefly to the designer. The designer, who also ran the factory and was responsible for production, puffed on a cigarette and then threw it away, half-smoked. He was a little bit nervous, as any father is at the christening of a brand-new daughter.

But Tommy wasn't nervous. Tommy had a small matter of 15,000 hours in his log book. Tommy had been testing planes for ten years. This was routine to him. He hitched up the straps of his parachute and climbed into the cockpit. He switched on the motor and it sang sweetly and truly. Tommy looked over at us and grinned happily. He never seemed quite at home on the ground. Then he opened the throttle. The airplane minced daintily across the field. He headed it into the wind. Then he let it go. The airplane sped past us and then, young as she was, took the air confidently, joyously. She was "air borne" now.

Tommy took her around the airdrome in wide, sweeping circles. He gained altitude; he descended in long, shallow dives. He made stall turns, gliding turns and then he "angeled up," as the R.A.F. lads say, to twenty-one thousand feet. Now we'd see how sturdy this new lass was. The airplane was only a white speck in the blue now—white because the sun was shimmering on its wings. We knew what Tommy was doing now. He was kicking his rudder to the left and simultaneously pushing his stick to the right; then he was pulling back the throttle, cutting the motor. In short he was purposely putting the new fighter into a spin.

If the blueprints were right she would come out of the spin. Otherwise Tommy would have to jump and the airplane would wind up a smoking mess of metal and wood on the ground. We could see the airplane coming down. It was in a spin; the nose was down and the airplane swung around dizzily. Now the nose came up and she was in a flat spin. That's the nastiest of all spins to be in. Then the nose shot down sharply, the tail came up and the airplane was in a nice, controlled dive. Tommy pulled out of it. He circled around the airdrome once, wiggling his wings. Then he landed and taxied up to us. He climbed out grinning.



BRITISH COMBINE

A Hurricane fighter rolls off the assembly line in this West England factory every two hours

"It's a gentleman's airplane," he said. "At four hundred miles I could handle the stick with two fingers. It's a grand kite."

A new fighter has been tried and not found wanting. It is forbidden to give any details of airplanes which have not as yet been officially accepted by the air ministry. It is sufficient to say that this new fighter is as good as anything in the air today. English aircraft production never stands still. Today we think of the Spitfire and the Hurricane as the best fighters ever built. The records of the R.A.F. prove this to be true. Yet every designer in the business is constantly trying for something even better. In time the Germans will catch up with the Spitfire and the Hurricane. Then England must have something just a little better.

Word went through the huge aircraft factory of the fine first flight of the new girl. Word sped from the machine shop to the experimental laboratory to the slowly moving production line that the factory's new aircraft had done nobly.

"She'll make the old Spitfire look like a truck," one grizzled old worker chuckled as he bent over his lathe.

"When better kites are built, we'll build 'em," another grinned.

No one in the R.A.F. or in the aircraft production end of it ever calls it a plane. Either it's an aircraft or a kite.

A Plane Every Two Hours

This was just another aircraft factory. Aircraft factories are scattered all over England. One hears reports from Berlin (via New York) that many of them have been destroyed by German bombers. If a reporter who is as objective as it is possible to be these days may say a word, I have visited a dozen aircraft factories (picked at random not by any minister of information but by me) and to date have seen no serious damage at any of them.

Take this aircraft factory where we are now. It is one of the largest aircraft factories in the world. Every two hours a bright, shiny airplane is nosed off the end of the production line and out of the big hangar doors on to the airdrome. The factory was established many years before the war began. Its location was known to every German, French, English and American aeronautical magazine. It still is. Yet the surface of its closely cropped grass expanse and the even symmetry of its gleaming concrete runways is scarred by one wound—a ten-foot bomb crater so small that it wouldn't attract attention in Piccadilly Circus. Once you are inside the huge buildings you can tell that you aren't in a Detroit factory—you can tell it because if you ask a workman for a cigarette he'll hand you a Player or a Woodbine. Otherwise it is much the same.

Outside there are antiaircraft guns—plenty of them. On the roof there are spotters with their eyes glued to binoculars. The ordinary air-raid warning telling that German aircraft are in the vicinity doesn't interrupt work. If the aircraft gets near enough to be seen by the spotters they call "local cover" into microphones they have on the roof. That means "get under your benches" or "dive into the local shelters." On the concrete floor of the factory shelters have been built. They are about six feet high and three feet thick—heavily sandbagged. The workmen have given names to these shelters and have put small British flags on them. One is called "The Duck and Fall In" and a placard embellished by a crude drawing of a duck with a bomb heading for it adds emphasis to the good qualities of that particular shelter. Another merely says "The Rush Inn, Caviar a Specialty."

But they aren't used much by the 6,000 employees of the firm. These men and women are too busy making airplanes to bother about bombs. Not long ago a group of R.A.F. fighter pilots visited the factory. They were entranced by the quick, efficient work of the men and women. They asked hundreds of questions. Finally a foreman patted their squadron leader on the back and said, "Listen, sonny—we are very busy. You and your lads go inside and have a nice cup of tea. We've got a war to win. All you lads have to do is fly 'em. We've got to make 'em and make 'em quick."

Replacements? Sure!

The glamor boys nodded silently and walked away. They knew that their job was fairly easy compared to the job that these 6,000 men and women were doing. The backbone of England's defense today is aircraft manufacture. I have been at a fighter command on a bad day. Eight fighters were lost that afternoon. The commander in chief picked up a phone. "Eight aircraft destroyed today," he said tersely. "When can you replace them? . . . Within an hour? . . . Fine!"

Within an hour eight Spitfires settled gracefully on the airdrome. Today no bomber or fighter C.-in-C. has asked for replacements in vain. Production is not only amazing but distribution is equally well organized. Lord Beaverbrook is a quick, small man. His airplanes are likewise quick and small. They spend very little time loafing in distribution centers. And they don't take long to build.

A day spent in an aircraft factory tells you why. The 6,000 men and women (about one third are women) here at the factory we're talking of are working rapidly. Walk about as I did and chat with them and you'll notice that even when they're joking with you their fine, quick hands never stop moving. When a voice calls through a loudspeaker, "It is twelve o'clock," they don't saunter toward the lunchroom. They run. At 12:25 they run back to their machines. They don't work sullenly. They work (I know it seems unbelievable) joyously, humming songs, joking workers at the next bench, recounting the latest quip of Nat Gubbins or of Beachcomber, England's two favorite humorists. The head of the plant and I walked through the interminable lines of machines. A foreman would shout above the clatter, "Hello, boss," and then go on working.

When the new fighter was ready for production the boss bet the five foremen of the five departments which were to build the aircraft one hundred dollars that the plane wouldn't be ready within three months. They finished it in sixty-three days and gleefully the boss handed out the five hundred dollars.

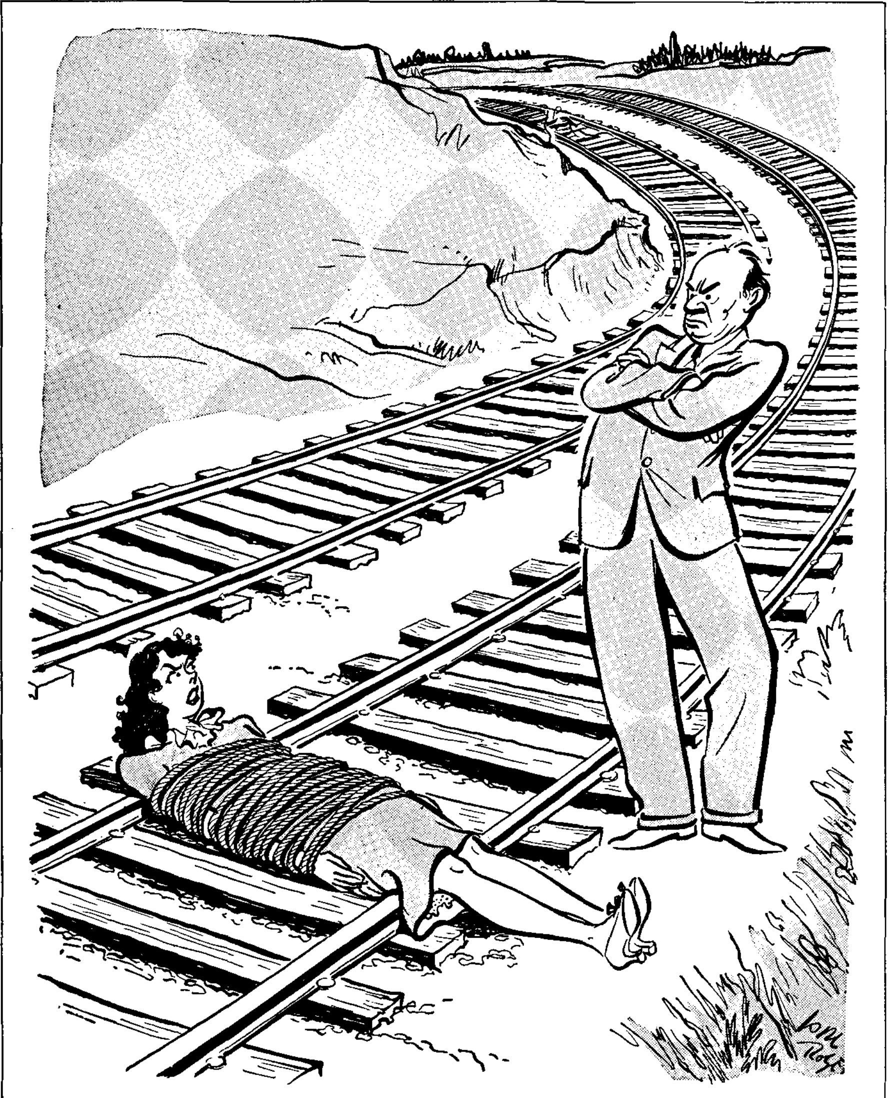
One foreman stopped work for a moment, "Thanks for that money, boss," he said smiling.

"I suppose you all got together and went on a pub crawl," the boss said.

"No," the foreman laughed, while the workers within earshot waited expectantly. They knew what was coming. "You see, boss, we got together and decided to give that money to Lord Beaverbrook's Spitfire Fund."

The boss rocked with laughter. "Pretty good aircraft, the Spitfire."

"We'll build better," the foreman said, and then bent over his machine. It was a machine for punching holes in steel and aluminum. On the side of it in bright red letters was the word "Cincinnati."


"Oh, all right, then; I'll marry you if that's the way you feel about it"

CARL ROSE

"That's a long way from home," I told the foreman.

"In the machine shop you'll find a few with 'Toledo' stamped on 'em," he grinned. "And we have a 'St. Louis' and a 'Detroit.' Good machines."

We walked on. Here was a room filled with aircraft which were practically completed. Even I recognized the Pratt and Whitney radial motors. "Good combination," the boss grinned. "English fuselage, American engines. It works just as well the other way around. Every aircraft that goes out of here has some American parts in it. Between us we can make pretty good airplanes."

This factory is one of the very few to use the production line or "track assembly" as it is called in England. The boss installed it a few years back and he says that it speeds up production twenty per cent. This is interesting in view of opinions expressed by American industrial leaders, and printed in English newspapers to the effect that the "belt system" would be impractical in the production of aircraft.

"I just studied a man named Ford," the boss said. "It worked well for him—why shouldn't it work well for me? Well, you can see for yourself."

The whole problem of mass production and of the assembly line can be summed up in one word—tools. This designer found out early that every time a new airplane was ready to start its long trip around the assembly line there was a cry from his works department for new tools. Now, as he bends over a drawing board working out a new design, he has one eye cocked toward the problem of the new jigs, cranes, wrenches, tools that will be needed. Even before his airplane is completed on the blueprints, machine shops are working feverishly to make the tools which will be needed. There is very little lost motion.

Such synchronization of effort and such co-operation can perhaps only come under the stress of a war emergency. At this factory the boss knows that everyone of his 6,000 workers has a tremendous pride in the product he is helping to create; he knows that his workers are loyal to England and to him. He can call on them for superhuman efforts, confident that they will arise to the need.

There is only one fundamental difference between ordinary group assembly and the track assembly method. In the first method the men move past the work; in the latter the work moves past the men. There is no lost motion. It certainly works in this factory. All this is elementary to anyone who has ever been in a Detroit automobile factory. In aircraft circles it is revolutionary.

The assembly line is really a track. Small carriages with heavy small wheels bear the weight of the aircraft. One line handles the fuselage; the other handles the undercarriage. They move slowly and men who know their jobs work deftly at their given tasks. The fuselage begins as an ugly skeleton. The undercarriage begins as a beetle on its back. The two wheels stick up like two legs. Gradually each takes shape. The fuselage begins to cover its nakedness after traveling thirty feet. It begins to look like an airplane.

The two lines finally meet and a huge crane lifts the fuselage into the air. The wheels and undercarriage slide forward. The fuselage is lowered. It is the work of twenty minutes to join them. Two men push the airplane forward thirty feet. Huge hangar doors are opened. The airplane, whole, complete, stands in the sun. Men come hurrying to attach long black hoses to the petrol tanks. Others put oil where oil should be put. Tommy or one of the other half-dozen test pilots hitches up his heavy parachute and climbs up on the wing and into the cockpit. He presses a button; he pulls back a throttle—and another airplane is ready to fight, or bomb, or train fledgling pilots. It is as simple as that.

A Dream That Came True

I have heard the heads of automobile companies wax lyrical about the synchronization and sheer beauty of well-managed mass production. It always left me cold. But then I'd never seen an automobile start as a tangle of white lines on a blueprint, I'd never watched it grow from a jumble of ugly parts into something compact and useful and beautiful. Now I can feel a little of what the automobile men feel. I've watched an airplane grow from a dream into a shining, poised, bright thing, and, because so many of the machines used to create it and because so many of its parts now hidden by sleek wings and sides were of American make, perhaps the finished airplane meant more to me standing there on an English airdrome than it meant even to the designer or to the men who had built it. In any event, it's nice to see a dream (even a blueprint dream) come true.

I stayed in the factory until dark. The smells of the factory were interesting. The sharp, acid smell from the laboratory, the pungent odor of the milk-white fluid used to prevent drills from overheating, the various odors of the paints, and above all of these a pleasant scent of what seemed like banana oil.

The shift changed at five-thirty. Like a relief orchestra that replaces the main band so gradually that not a note is missed and not an interruption of the music noted. The new crew took over. The assembly line never stopped moving. It moves twenty-four hours a day; seven days a week. Beaverbrook sits dwarfed by a huge desk in the ministry of aircraft production. He knows that every two hours a new airplane emerges from the hangar doors of this factory. He knows that the same thing is happening all over England. Even he, the man who demands perfection, can find very little to complain about the aircraft production of the country.

I walked out into the night. A large aircraft landed and a dozen men hopped out. They were "ferry pilots." Their job was to take new planes to their particular destination. They wasted little time. They climbed into the new aircraft and without any fuss took off and flew away. It was a night of stars and high above a sickle moon gleamed. But it kept its light for its own grandeur of its own and the heavy dark world beneath got very little of it. From the blacked-out factory there was the constant hum of machinery and occasionally the high screech of drills cutting through steel. Above there was the drone of the new airplanes winging their way toward battle; their motors singing a happy tribute to English industry.

FIGHT TALK

By Dan Parker

Announcer Harry Balogh (left) warms up for the Baer-Comiskey fight by exchanging a few superlatives with the author at the ringside

IFOR THOMAS

Harry Balogh, fight announcer de luxe, strews adjectives like a shower of roses on the bare shoulders of the boxers he introduces. He admires Webster but believes there is some room for improvement in his dictionary

LIKE the dead quiet that precedes a hurricane's first blast, a sudden hush fell over Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City where 25,000 boxing fans were impatiently waiting for Max Baer to butcher Tony Galento. A moment before, the announcer, immaculately clad in dinner jacket, had held up his hand for silence and told the crowd he had a most urgent call to make. There he stood in the center of the ring, apparently enjoying to the utmost the lull that he had caused in the din, and building up suspense by a stage wait. Finally, the great man cleared his throat, moistened his lips, twitched his Adam's apple free from a tight collar and opened his mouth.

"Is Willie Doakes of Garden City in the crowd?" were the words that came out. "If so, Willie, this is to notify you that your mother has been stricken seriously ill. So, be a good sport, Willie, and go out and call her up. Then come back and enjoy the fights."

The anticlimax convulsed the press row, which is always on the alert for Harry Balogh's priceless gems of pathos, redundancy and scrambled syntax. But the effect on the crowd was just the opposite. It was as if a boxer had stepped back, refusing to take advantage of an opponent who had slipped off balance. Twenty-five thousand pairs of hands came together in a warm round of applause for what was considered a splendid sporting gesture by the only announcer who possesses the fight racket's version of an Oxford accent.

Harry Balogh has been announcing prize fights for two decades but he didn't land on the big time until Joe Humphreys died five years ago. The exact antithesis of carelessly dressed, slangy, quick-witted Joe of the Bowery accent, Balogh is a distinct new type in the profession and already is being imitated in a thousand hamlets throughout the land. He is immaculate in dress, painfully precise in diction and never lets a sentence of his get crisp for want of a dozen adjectives, a mess of hanging prepositions, or four or five clauses to give it that certain Balogh lilt.

Harry has been described by a jealous rival as a man of few words who, withal, uses them often. This is hardly fair. Harry not only knows a lot of words that are in the dictionary but on occasion coins some that he thinks Mr. Webster overlooked. On one of his etymological expeditions he dug up the classic "prejudism." Informed by an admirer that there is no such word in the language, Harry seemed painfully surprised. But, so philosophical is his outlook, that after a moment's reflection he dismissed the matter with the unanswerable argument: "Well, if there isn't, there should be! It's a good word."

Master of the Redundancy

Professor Balogh's announcements are heavily sprinkled with redundancies and he holds the circumlocution championship of his profession, which takes in a slew of unnecessary words and devious syntaxes.

Whereas less gifted announcers think they are scaling the exalted peaks of oratory when they refer to the neighborhood stumblebum as a "pugilistic idol," Harry will describe this same hamdonnie as "the popular and well-liked pugilistic idol and fistic favorite whom you all know and love."

Until Monsieur Balogh arrived on the scene, the announcer's last words before leaving the ring for an important fight were always: "And may the best man win." Harry frowns on such uncouth pronouncements, and to prove his own "couthness" he phrases it: "And may the better adversary emerge triumphant from this combat."

One of Harry's tautological favorites is the expression: "Brave and courageous." There are few fighters on his list who aren't "game, aggressive, willing and capable."

Occasionally, he will get a bit confused on matters of geography and biology. For instance, at a recent fight Jackie Donovan of Buffalo, making his New York debut, was introduced by Harry as "the game, stouthearted and courageous Buffalo youngster who is making his first appearance in the East." In Harry's mental geography, Buffalo is irrevocably linked with the plains, probably because of the animal of the same name. There was also the time when Harry introduced bald, potbellied Tony Galento as "that willing youngster." It happened to be the veteran Galento's last fight.

Meticulous to the point of studying up on the proper pronunciation of foreign words and names, Harry is inclined to stumble on simple English names. Unfailingly, he introduces Henry Armstrong as "Hen-dry Armstrong" but he

(Continued on page 41)

What Makes You Tired

By J. D. Ratcliff

Fatigue seems to be largely a matter of adaptation. Just give the old body a chance to adjust itself to the conditions that you're imposing on it

HUMAN beings are a weary lot. We're tired from tennis and golf, wood-chopping and plowing. Anything we do—if we do it long enough—makes us tired. Muscles get saggy and bed becomes surpassing beautiful.

Until a few years ago the biologist had an engagingly simple picture of this feeling which causes half the grief and bad temper in a drowsy world. All due to accumulated lactic acid in muscle tissue, he said. He even had proof.

The classic experiment ran this way: first the biologist would snip a leg muscle out of a frog or rat. He'd immerse the muscle in cool salted water and hang a weight on one end of it. Then he'd stimulate it with electricity so that it would contract, lifting the weight. This would continue until the muscle was exhausted and could work no more. Routine chemical analysis invariably showed a large increase in lactic acid—the same stuff that contributes to the sour taste in buttermilk.

Other research men took up here. They withdrew blood from runners before and after dashes, checked it, and noted increased lactic acid. This seemed to seal the case. Then other checks unsealed it. Field hands, miserably weary from a day's cotton hoeing, showed no appreciable lactic acid increase! The same thing held for other men who had done long sustained labor. Too bad, concluded the researchers. It had all looked so easy.

Things stood in this muddled condition when, in 1927, Harvard set up its Fatigue Laboratory. Chemists, biologists and physiologists were tucked off in a corner of the basement of Morgan Hall, one of the group of Boston buildings that make up the university's Graduate School of Business Administration. The tie-up between business and fatigue seems odd; but fatigue is a far greater industrial problem than tariffs, labor unions or murderous competition.

The laboratory where these men work is fatiguing to behold. It contains every conceivable piece of machinery to give living creatures the droops. There are treadmills for rats and dogs, stationary bicycles and rowing machines for men, heat chambers to bring on the lassitude experienced in the tropics, and sealed chambers to duplicate the conditions that wear down mountain climbers.

Object of all this is to make a subject as tired as possible, as quickly as possible. Then try to detect what has happened to his body chemistry. To this end young men work themselves to a lather on rowing machines, and old men (one subject was 91 years old) jog wearily along on treadmills. Attendants collect air expired by laboring lungs, and blood samples for chemical analysis.

Classic story of the laboratory concerns a visiting Englishman who wandered in one day and was mistaken for a volunteer subject. While he protested through his whiskers, one attendant strapped a mask over his face and another pushed him on a fast-moving treadmill. He was removed after a few minutes and stretched, panting, on a bed while an attendant punctured his ear lobe for a blood withdrawal. Before fainting he muttered something that sounded like "crazy Americans."

Scores of famous athletes have worked on the Harvard treadmill; such men as Archie San Romani, Don Lash and Glenn Cunningham. Barry Wood, All-America Harvard footballer, also worked in the laboratory and even contributed a paper to scientific literature while still a premedical student. Wood was interested in the increase in white blood cells (leucocytes) after sustained labor and used to wheedle blood donations from football players before and after hard games.

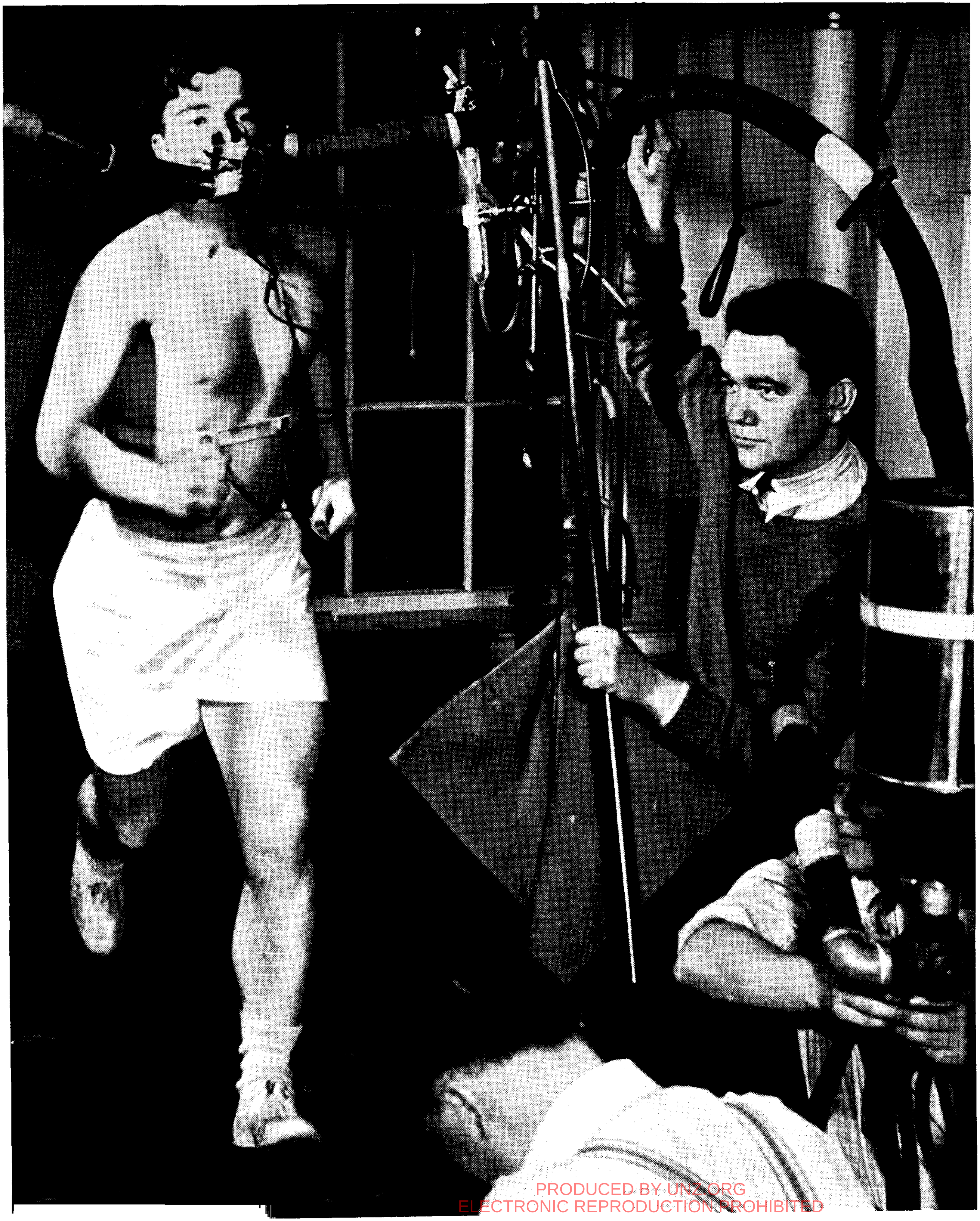
Boredom Makes Weariness

As a result of all this work, the Harvard researchers have built up a comprehensive picture of fatigue. They recognize the fact that as a word fatigue is about as vague as beauty—which covers everything from the saucer-lipped ladies of Africa to the cuties of Hollywood. But they are getting order out of this confusion. They know that the tiredness felt by a dash runner is distinct from that felt by a factory worker and stems from different chemical processes. They also recognize the fact that much weariness traces to boredom and hence is a problem for the psychologist, rather than the biochemist.

By and large the laboratory workers—principally Drs. David Bruce Dill, John W. Thompson, W. H. Forbes and Robert E. Johnson—have chosen to look on fatigue in terms of adaptation. A well-trained stevedore can toss freight all day and a woman can shop for hats without suffering any undue discomfort. But let them change places and they would be fagged out in a short time. The point is that neither is adapted to the work of the other.

Given enough time, man can accommodate himself to almost any conditions. He lives everywhere. He has permanent settlements in towns that frequently have winter temperatures of 50 below zero, and in deserts with sun temperature of 150 degrees and higher. In one experiment two British scientists put a man in a chamber heated with dry air to a temperature of 250 degrees F.!

(Continued on page 43)



CHARLES A. KNEHR

In measuring effects of fatigue on humans, mouthpiece and tubes collect expired air and a continuous heart-rate record is obtained while subject runs on a treadmill at seven miles per hour

It wouldn't be Christmas without Whitman's

—*for the* **GIFT**
—*for the* **HOME**
—*for the* **CHILDREN**

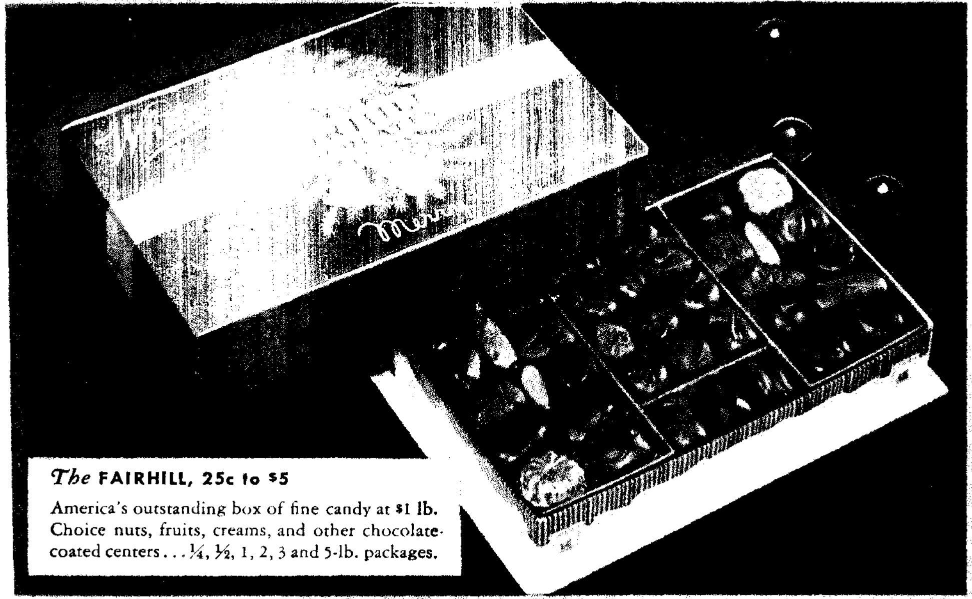
Christmas Sampler

The **SAMPLER,**
$1.50 to $7.50

"World's finest box of candy"— nuts, fruits, creams, caramels, marshmallows, nougat, brittles, Jordan almonds, hard centers, and Whitman's chocolate coatings. There are 35 different kinds, 100 enticing pieces, in the 17-oz. Sampler at $1.50.

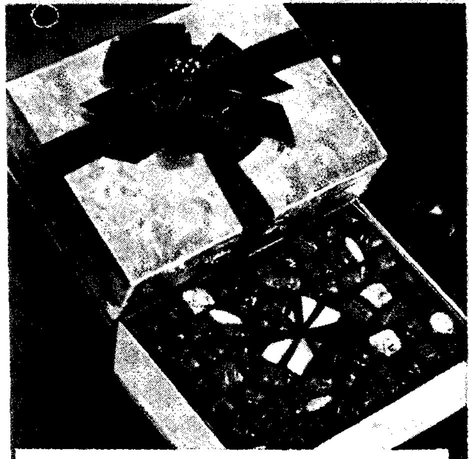
The new $5 Sampler is the most welcome gift box of the season!

Other Samplers: 2-lbs. at $3 — the big 5-lb. Sampler at $7.50.



The **FAIRHILL, 25c to $5**

America's outstanding box of fine candy at $1 lb. Choice nuts, fruits, creams, and other chocolate-coated centers . . . ¼, ½, 1, 2, 3 and 5-lb. packages.



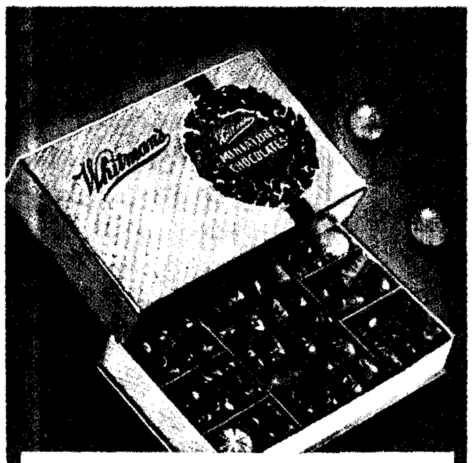
SHOW BOX, $5

A useful metal box, containing 3½ pounds of Whitman's delightful chocolate-coated creams, caramels, hard candies, and other confections.

Whitman's
FRUITS

FRUITS and NUTS, $1 and $2

Six kinds of fruits . . . five kinds of nuts . . . nougat . . . caramels . . . hard centers . . . combination pieces with Whitman's chocolate coatings—$1 lb.



MINIATURES, $1 and $2

A popular package of chocolate-coated nuts, fruits, marshmallows, caramels, jellies, brittles, and other best-liked pieces—$1 lb.

Whitman's
K CHOCOLATES

PENN WYNN, $1 and $2

Favorite assortment of creams, caramels, nuts, fruits, and hard centers, coated with Whitman's satiny-smooth milk chocolate—$1 lb.

Whitman's
BON BONS

CHOCOLATES and BON BONS, $1 and $2

Ranking high on any Christmas list — luscious bon bons and chocolate-coated creams, caramels, fruits, nuts, and other centers — $1 lb.

FOR TREE AND STOCKING!

Whitman's
WONDER BOX
WONDERPOPS

Wonderbox—Whitman's famous assortment for children . . . 25c

Chocolate Cigarettes— 8 pieces to the pack 5c

Nibbles— miniature chocolate bars, 8 to the pack 5c

Stars—chocolate-coated creams, wrapped in foil. 10c

Wonderpops —Whitman's distinctive lollypops, in assorted flavors. Bundle of 6 . . . . . 5c

Christmas Gift Box 25c

Hard Candy—fruit drops, sour balls, and mixtures, in air-tight glass jars 25c, 35c, 50c

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Motor Truck 50c
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GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES

IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO

Your Whitman's dealer is ready to serve you now, or deliver anywhere . . . with richly decorated packages . . . fresh from the makers.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION TODAY!

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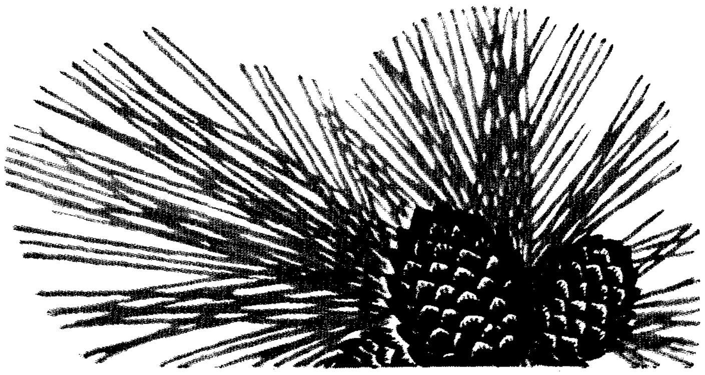
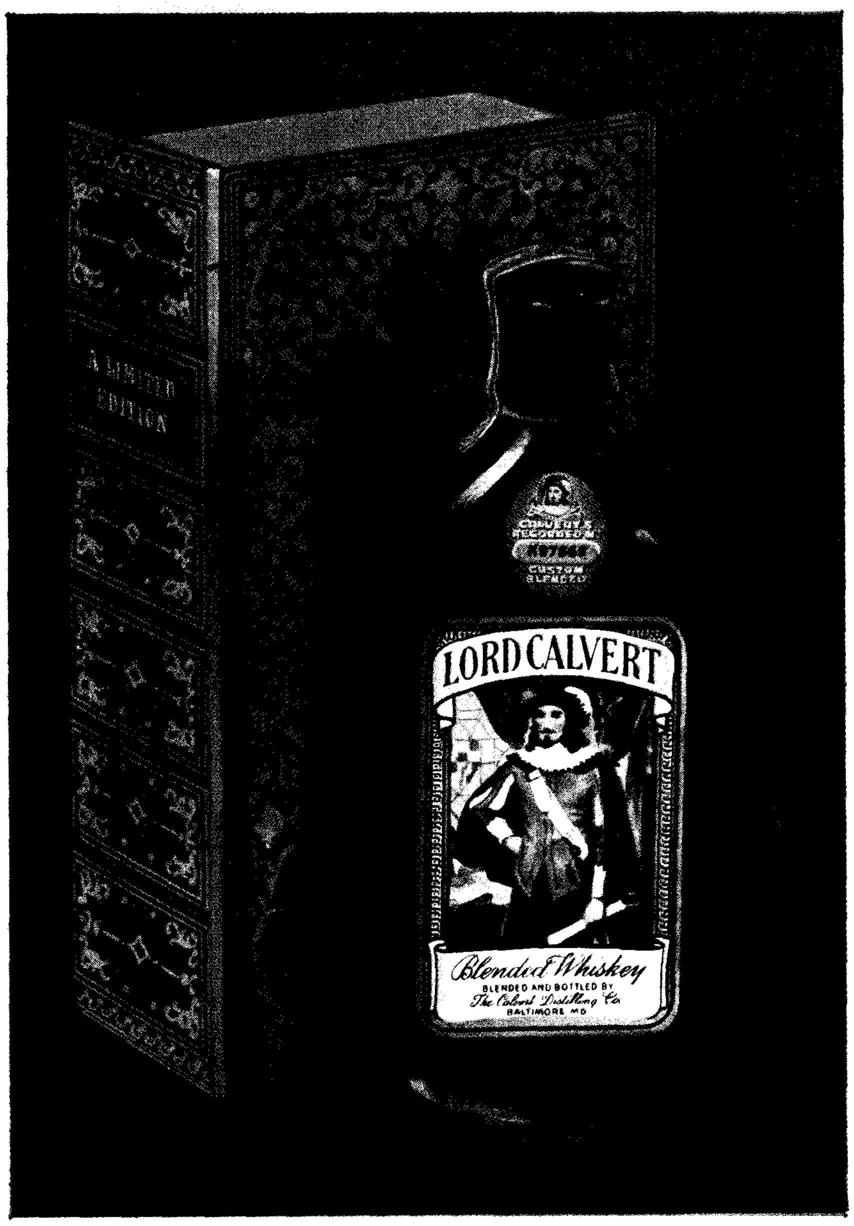
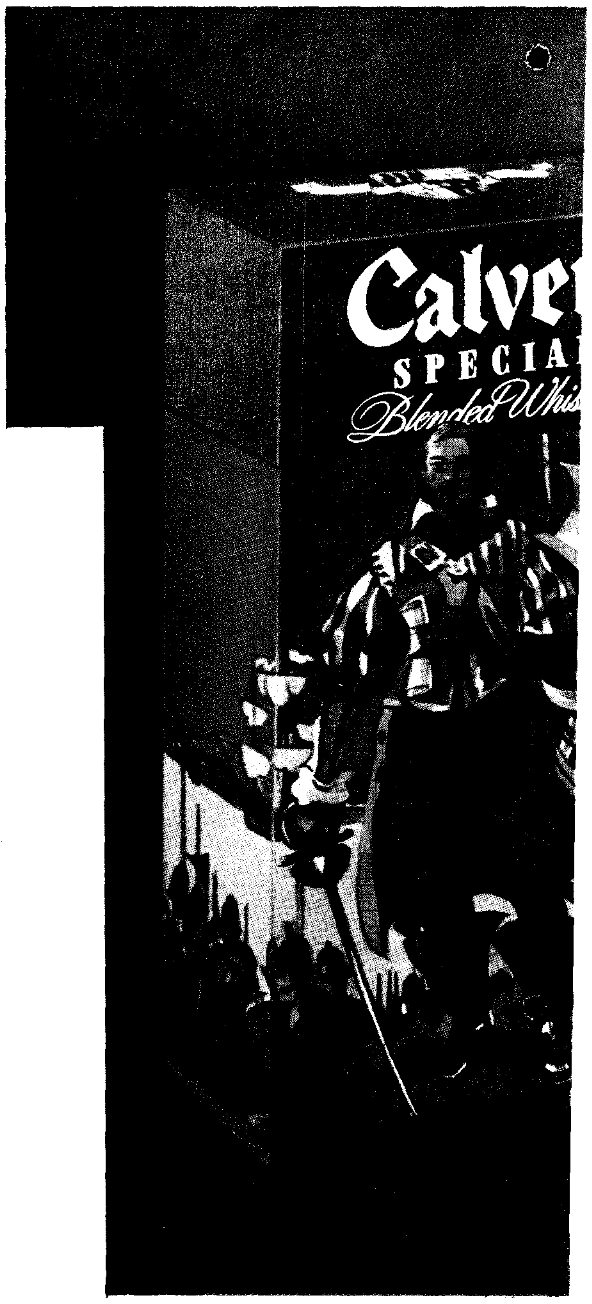
Calvert *Is th*




A LIMITED EDITION
CALVERT'S RESERVE
CUSTOM BLENDED
LORD CALVERT
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
The Calvert Distilling Co.
BALTIMORE MD

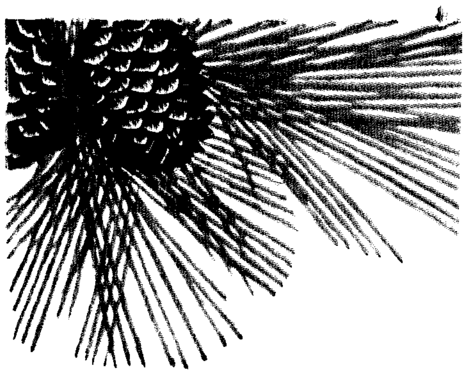
Lord Calvert

A whiskey that is a deliberate extravagance—of incredible smoothness and matchless quality for you who can afford to give the finest. Comes in an appropriately distinctive gift package.


Calve
SPECIA
Blended Whis

Calvert

A "special" blend—mild and mello
The quality whiskey which deservedl
has become a criterion of extra value·



Perfect Gift

Calvert
SPECIAL
Blended Whiskey
The whiskey of good taste
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Calvert embodies that unusual smoothness and gratifying bouquet so pleasing to the connoisseur
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
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BALTIMORE, MD
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

Special

be most popular in America. The price ; surprisingly moderate for so fine a ift whiskey. "It tastes better."

Calvert Reserve

If you think your friends prefer a "richer" whiskey, Calvert "Reserve" solves your holiday gift buying problem.

Millions gladly pay a few cents more for this premium blend. Calvert "Reserve" is always in "good taste."

PROTECTIVE BLENDING CREATES THE PERFECT GIFT

Here are three great whiskies—three great gifts. The same Protective Blending that distinguishes these three superlative whiskies identifies them as America's favorite gifts.

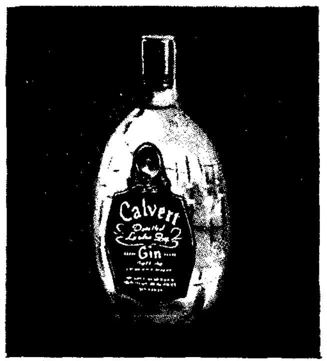
Your friends *already* know what Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending *does* for this famous whiskey—how much it adds to their drinking enjoyment.

That's why no matter what a man may drink from time to time—rye, bourbon, or Scotch—you can't go wrong giving Calvert because it has a universally favored flavor—thanks to Protective Blending.

So take this easy way out of your shopping worries.

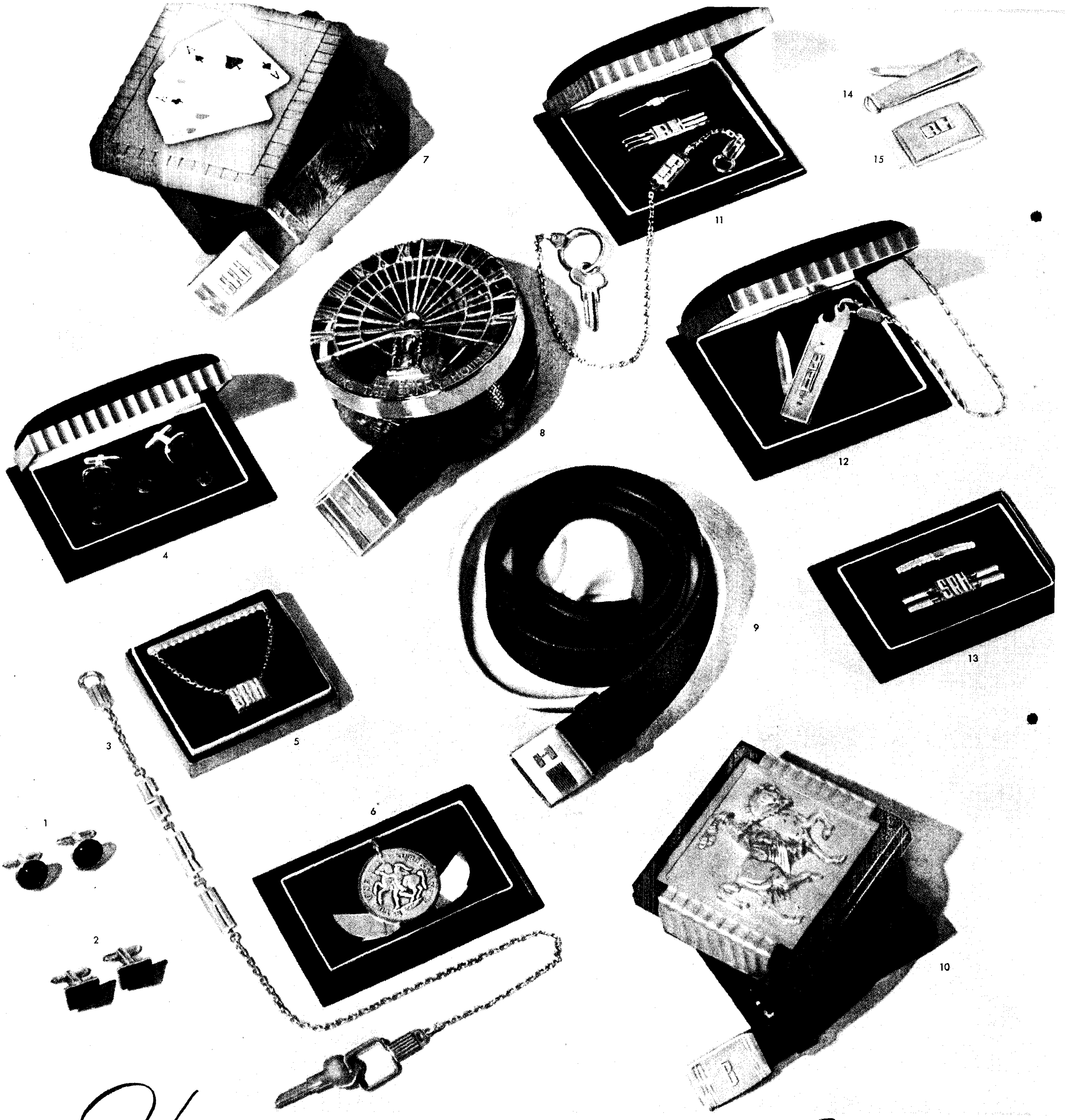
Give these smart, handsome, richly colorful gift packages of Calvert—Gifts of "Good Taste." Let Protective Blending convey to your friends the heartiest of Good Wishes with the best of "Good Spirits."

Lord Calvert "Custom Blended" Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert "Reserve" Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert "Special" Blended Whiskey: 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert Distilled London Dry Gin: 90 Proof—Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City


Calvert
Gin

Calvert Gin

A genteel gin. The flavor speaks softly. Pleasingly dry—for festive holiday cocktails. A welcome gift.



How to make a man believe in Santa Claus:

1 New genuine mother-of-pearl cuff *links, in smart sea-foam colors:* $1.50.

2 Novel simulated stone cuff links: $2.50.

3 Sky-Hy key chain, with three initials, $2.50; *with single initial,* $1.50.

4 Maroon or midnight blue dress links and studs: $5; with vest buttons, $8.

5 New Hickok *Strato-line initials on tie* chain . . . top-flight smartness at $1.50.

6 KoiNife, novel, useful pocket piece, with knife and file blades: $2.50. Other designs, $3.50, $5 and up to $50.

7 The belt is transparent, stretchable *Live-GLAS! The buckle has three* Hickok Strato-line initials! The box shuffles a deck of cards! Complete, $2.50.

8 Saddle-stitched calfskin belt; initialled sterling-and-gold buckle; in handsome metal-craft and glass ashtray: $5.

9 Fine Hickok cowhide belt and initialled buckle; "ten-gallon hat" ashtray: $2.

10 Hickok calfskin belt, suede-lined, with sterling silver initialled buckle, in metal-top cigarette humidor: $3.50.

11 Hickok Block Initials on key chain, $2; *tie bar, $1; complete set with Alligator* Grip collar bar: $3.50.

12 Hickok's new patented KlikNife . . . opens automatically; blade, file and bottle-opener, with Strato-line initials: $2.50. Boxed set with key chain: $5.

13 Strato-line Initial tie bar $1.50; in set with Alligator Grip collar bar: $2.50.

14 New Hickok Clipper, for nail care: $1 to $2.50.

15 Hickok Block-Initial buckle: $1.

LiveGLAS . . . "Vinylite": TM—C. & C. C. C.

GIVE HIM TWO GIFTS IN ONE!

HICKOK

High Spot

Continued from page 11

the matter with that guy at the hoist motor? Is he crazy? I can't wait all night! I'm goin' someplace!"

"Yeah," said Mike ruefully. "Twice I t'ink I hear those cables move, but they ain't. He's late. It gets dark, too." He added worriedly: "Johnny, if he don't come I'm one damn' bad fix with my hand an' the ice down below."

"Forget it," said Johnny. "The hoist'll come." He yawned elaborately. "I'm goin' to sit down an' wait till he gets ready to send the hoist back. Must be arguin' about somethin'."

He walked unconcernedly—with all empty space below him—back to the nearest column. He sat down on the girder with the column for a back rest and his feet dangling over nothingness. He was definitely chilly, now. . . . And the hoist didn't come up.

Then there were obscure vibrations in the girder on which he sat.

"Hey, Mike," he called hopefully. "Hoist runnin'?"

"It's me," said Mike unhappily off in the darkness. "I'm goin' to sit down too. He's one damn' funny guy, that guy at the hoist."

Silence. The wind moaned again, thrumming through the empty web of I beams. Johnny felt at his hip pocket, where his wallet was. It wouldn't do to lose that ticket. But he ought to be down on the ground now. There must be something wrong with the hoist motor.

Johnny's brow wrinkled. The wind blew in icy puffs already, and presently it would be savage.

THEN Johnny happened to notice that to northward the city lights were blurred. A mist was in the act of enveloping them—a mist which they illuminated as they were swallowed up. The mist engulfed new lights as Johnny watched it, and squeezed other lights behind it to extinction.

Mike sputtered furiously:

"You see that snow, Johnny? That's the blizzard that's comin'! They leave me here to freeze! By golly, I kill somebody for this!"

Johnny stood up. Electricians liked to argue. He didn't. But enough was enough. He made his way over to the signal wire—a thin steel strand that dropped clear to a strident bell beside the motor at ground level. Johnny grabbed the wire and yanked angrily on it. No missing that signal. Then he stood still, foolishly, while a funny feeling went all over him. The wire hung slack. It had broken. Steel as it was, somehow it had parted in the middle of the signaling that the last down-load of men had used it for.

So there wasn't anything wrong with the motor. The hoist simply wasn't coming up again. When the last batch of men stepped off the hoist they'd assumed as a matter of course that it would go up again, while the electrician hadn't counted and thought everybody was down. He was haywire, anyhow. All electricians were. And of course the timekeeper was officially supposed to check everybody off the job. That was regulations. But in practice he was much more likely to verify leaving times with the pusher next morning than to wait and fondly kiss each man good night. There'd been a slip-up. The electrician had yanked the switch and gone home to supper. There was nobody below but the night watchman. Johnny and Mike were waiting quite uselessly on bare steel girders twenty-eight stories up, with a forecast blizzard moving across the city.

"Hell!" said Johnny angrily.

"She never lets him out nights—but he's always ready in case she changes her mind"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Something touched his cheek lightly. He reached up, but it was gone. A little later the thing happened again. He lighted another cigarette.

"Snow's comin', Mike," he said. "Got any ideas? Signal wire's busted. The hoist ain't comin' after all. That's certain!"

Mike swore sulphurously, with a hint of panic showing through.

"Let's get over to the forge scaffold," said Johnny. "Fix you up if we can start a forge over there."

The scaffold was four heavy planks laid across a corner of the steel framework. On it were the two forges which heated rivets for use. One man tended each forge and tossed the hot small chunks of metal through the air to where other men caught them in cone-shaped cans. In the daytime, with rivet guns filling the air with their clanging whine and the "clunk" of hot rivets in the cans; with all the racket and confusion inseparable from construction work, this place was a cheerful if noisy spot. It was a good deal less than that now.

Wind hit hard, and many cold prickles touched Johnny's face. The snow had arrived and, with it, wind. Johnny looked down for an instant. Lights directly below were intermittently visible, but they were encircled by swirling white stuff that blotted out everything else.

JOHNNY swore again. And he with a ticket to the fight tonight! He didn't try to walk the girder in a wind like this. He straddled it—and at that had to bend toward the wind—and inched his way along toward Mike. The column that had been his back rest vanished behind him. For all the light he had and for all that he could see, the universe might have been constricted to a bare ten feet of steel beam fixed in a swirling frigidity.

He almost blundered into Mike. Mike muttered despairingly:

"I kill that fella! I kill him for this—"

He hadn't moved. Johnny snapped above the roar of the wind:

"Hey, you! Get on around that column and over to the scaffold! Get on over!"

Mike said passionately:

"I kill that fella for leave me up here! I cut his heart out—"

Johnny roared at him. He bullied him. Mike was the bigger man, but Johnny was the veteran, with a veteran's vocabulary and driving force. Mike moved grudgingly, in panicky submission to Johnny's bloodcurdling threats.

The first forty feet was not very bad. The second was. The third long stretch was very bad indeed. By the time Mike crawled onto the four planks that made up the forge scaffold his whole body was coated with white. But the snow didn't stick by melting, but by the needle-sharp crystals tangling in the cloth of his clothing like burrs. Johnny was in at least as bad a situation.

He crawled onto the foot-wide planks above emptiness. He snarled:

"Now, see if you can get a forge lighted. Y'got to wait some. Maybe a long time. Freeze to death if y'don't look out."

He thought bitterly of the fight tonight. He'd expected to get in some bets on it, which would add to the thrill. But instead of hunting up benighted souls who thought the Torpedo had a chance, he was having to dry-nurse Mike Giskra and half-freeze himself through the idiotic blunder of the hoist man on the ground below.

Mike tried to start the nearest forge. Presently he blubbered hopelessly, but at least half of it was rage. A rivet forge, you understand, runs on coal, and it is easily started of a morning by putting a piece of oil-soaked waste in the bottom, lighting it, and adding a little coal and working the blower. Mike could have done all that, even with one hand in bandages. But without oil-soaked waste—normally brought up in the morning by whoever started the forges—he could have done little in any case. In a gusty, snow-laden gale, he could do nothing at all. He couldn't start the forge. Johnny tried, and he failed too.

"Losin' time," he said savagely at last, with snow crystals like frozen sand on his lips. "Can't keep warm like this! Hell!" Then he said suddenly: "A rivet gun! Everything else is haywire. Maybe they forgot to blow the air line! If they did, we can wake up that watchman with a gun against a girder."

It wasn't a bad idea, given compressed air. The noise of a rivet gun should travel a long way.

JOHNNY kicked open the toolbox. Normally it would have been locked, but the ladders had been sabotaged. No way for a thief to get up here, now. He hauled out a gun, jammed the riveting head loosely against solid steel, and pulled the trigger. Plenty of noise should have resulted. Actually, nothing happened. Nothing at all.

"No air!" said Johnny furiously. "Damn 'em, they had to have one thing right! An' me with a ticket to the fight tonight!"

Mike did not say anything.

Johnny poked in the toolbox again, furiously.

"Hell's bells!" he said, raging. "Any other time somebody'd ha' hidden part of a pint in the toolbox, but this time they' keepin' *all* the rules! You' just goin' to have to take it, Mike. This'll be the best I can do. Watch!"

The command was useless. Mike could not watch anything in pitch darkness and smothering snow. But Johnny swung a rivet gun against the toolbox. The gun cost a hundred dollars, new, but it was built to take punishment. Johnny used it as a maul and knocked one end of the toolbox completely out. He pulled out the contents, scattering the stuff recklessly. One item, though, was a rope used to manhandle girders that wanted to swing with the wind, when men wanted them lowered in a special place. Johnny put his leg through the coil to keep it from being blown or kicked away. He hauled Mike up to the toolbox and shoved him into it as far as he would go. It was some protection against the wind for the upper part of his body, anyhow.

"Now listen!" snapped Johnny. "I'm goin' on down. If I have any little trouble, it'll be a hell of a long time before I get back! You keep kickin' your legs an' feet so they won't freeze!"

"Okay," said Mike bitterly. "I think how I kick that hoist guy tomorrow. I kill that fella, Johnny! I cut out his heart—"

"Sure!" said Johnny. "Figure out some good stuff to do to him. Y'can't keep movin' like I can, but keep kickin'. An' here! I won't need this. Stick it around wherever you get coldest."

He stripped off his coat—he'd brought it aloft to wear while he ate his lunch—and gave it to Mike. Then he picked up the rope from the toolbox and began to crawl across the platform while wind tore at him and snow poured upon him.

A little later he was inching over steel again. He made his way to the head of a column going down. He'd slid down columns before. It's almost a standard way of getting down to the ground quickly at quitting time. But a man with a burned hand can't do it, of course. One needs both hands plus nerve and a certain knack. Johnny had all requirements. He slung the rope over his shoulder, swung his legs down, gripped, and slid.

That was easy. One floor down. He

repeated the trick. Carefully, of course, because he was still twenty-seven stories up and he had to think of Mike. Presently he came to the temporary flooring. Below this was sleet. He wrestled a plank out of the way and prepared to go on down. But here he had to change his tactics. All the steel work that had been in place when the sleet storm blew had been plated thickly with ice. It was off again above the temporary floor, but it remained below. And the glossy, infinitely slippery stuff made sliding hereafter too much of a chance to take. He could slide, to be sure, but he could not control his progress. There could be no braking on sleet, and the jar of landing would certainly throw him off sooner or later. So he had to prepare for a slower form of descent.

AN ICY, utterly frigid blast tore at him. Needle-pointed snow crystals rasped at his skin and worked into his collar and up his sleeves and into his eyes and ears and nostrils. He swore thickly. He straddled the ice-coated, slippery beam, gripping tightly with his legs. He paid out his rope, one end on each side of the beam, while the wind swayed him on his perch. The rope whipped and lashed crazily below. Then he gathered the two strands in his hands under the beam. They would hold him, and by letting one go he could haul his rope clear off this beam once he had a secure seat on the next one below.

He took a turn of the doubled rope about one thigh, slipped off the girder, and went down. The rope snubbed about his leg served to check his descent, but as he dangled farther the wind swayed him wildly. He'd expected to steady himself as he went down by the ice-covered column. In part, perhaps, he did. Sometimes he could hang to it with his legs while he used his arms for lowering. But the wind hurled itself at him. He swung crazily, wallowed and lost his leg grip on the column and was smashed savagely against it by the gale.

Then something hit his feet. He spun dizzily. He groped and hit again and again. Bit by bit he lowered himself astride another beam. And this was coated with infinitely smooth and slippery stuff too. He held fast by sheer strength while he straightened out his twisted rope and loosened the lee end—it whirled away crazily in the storm's blast—and hauled on the other end until it tumbled free.

Then he lowered the two ends once more and gathered the doubled strands and swung under and descended again. It was like a nightmare. When he tried to steady himself by a column, sometimes it worked beautifully. Sometimes he was torn loose and crashed against it. It was infinitely difficult to catch on the slippery girders of each level when he had located them with his feet. He slipped and slid and twice was near to breaking his own death grip on the doubled rope by which he descended.

But he went on. He was eight levels down. Nine. Ten. Appallingly far from even such companionship as Mike had constituted. Five times more, at the least, he must loose the two ends of the rope and feed them out carefully, and then with ever more cold-stiffened hands swing below an ice-glazed girder and go dangling down while the blizzard wind beat at him.

He resented Mike, now. But he resented the electrician still more. If it hadn't been for the hoist man's stupidity there'd have been no trouble. By this time he—Johnny—would have been going into the fight club.

But there was nothing to be done. He went down the rope again. And again. And again. It was a sort of Sisyphean torture to which he was unreasonably condemned. When at last his dangling feet—his whole body buffeted and spun dizzily about by snow-laden wind—when at last his feet touched concrete he could not believe it. He clung to his rope until he had tested the incredible solidity under him. It wasn't quite solid. There was a certain crystalline give to it. The substance was unmistakable. Goulashers' work. Arches for the floors, newly poured and the concrete still soft enough to feel like heavy, wet sand. There was tarpaulin to keep it from freezing, and salamanders—outdoor stoves—to make sure. At first Johnny could not smell the salamanders' reek. He was at the windward edge. But as he stepped gingerly in search of the stairs he caught traces of an oily reek, mixed with curious stray tendrils of warm air in the middle of the blizzard's icy blasts.

Then he found the stairs, and the rest was simple. He was even partly warmed by the relatively sheltered exercise of descending steps. Then he came out into the muddy, unbelievably confused small space which was the ground level where trucks came in with water pipes and bricks and plaster and electric cable and concrete. A single unshaded bulb burned before the watchman's shack.

Johnny went belligerently into the shack. His language was not nice as he explained the situation. Then he went to the hoist motor and threw the control switch. Nothing happened. He swore, and poked around. He found that the electrician—to make sure that nobody else got any overtime in which he did not share—had followed the haywire practice of electricians and had removed the main fuse from the power circuit, and either had hidden it or carried it away in his pocket. It was quite typical of those temperamental guys, electricians, but it was also infuriating. Johnny's language became really sulphurous when he went back to the shack and explained this item in his series of enraging events.

The watchman telephoned frantically. The electrician, naturally, began a truculent explanation over the telephone. Johnny took the instrument and nearly burned out the wires with his language—because it was already late, and it was getting later for the fight between Socko George Andrews and Torpedo Ames—and spent the time while waiting for the electrician's arrival thinking up newer and ever more pungent comments to make. At long last the electrician did get there and Johnny rode the hoist up and got Mike.

They came down safely enough. Johnny was still far from mollified, but he had partly thawed himself in the process of speaking his mind. He thawed himself further while the abashed hoist man prepared to go home for the second time. Then Johnny got ready to leave. He looked for his coat. He had loaned it to Mike while he descended. But it was lost. Some time during the time Johnny was on the way down, or while he was making ready to go back up in the hoist. Johnny radiated rage—and in such a mood any expression of gratitude or appreciation from Mike would have been inappropriate. He made it inappropriate.

"That's what comes," he said furiously, "of lendin' somethin' to a half-wit! Dammit, Mike, you shoulda taken care of that coat!"

"I buy you another one, Johnny," said Mike. "You do me a favor, Johnny. A swell favor! I lose your coat. So I buy you another. With braid on it!"

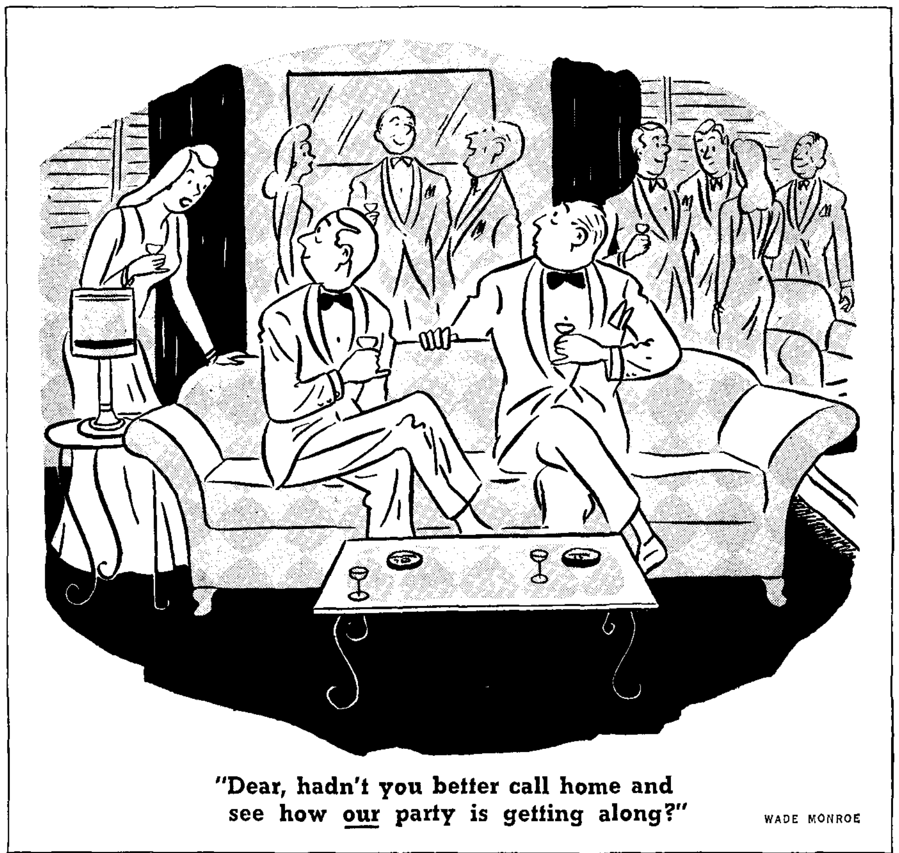
Johnny spat disgustedly.

"Braid on it, yeah!" he said wrathfully. "To hell with you buyin' me another one! It's late now! I gotta go to that fight in my shirt sleeves unless I stop by home! An' I might miss part of the main bout! Hell's bells!"

He stamped out.

THIRTY minutes later, however, he was in his ringside seat. He had stopped by his home and got another coat. His face was red from the cold. There were burns on his hands from the rope. There were divers aches and bruises and scratches on him, acquired during the climb down sleet-covered steel from the twenty-eighth story of what would some day be an office building. But he had changed his clothes and spent lavishly for a taxicab. He was at the fight.

He settled himself comfortably in his seat. It was ringside, and it was good. And then there was a thunder of applause, and Socko George Andrews marched down the aisle in a pink bathrobe to await the appearance of Torpedo Ames. When he appeared, Johnny Chambers drew a deep breath of satisfied anticipation. He lighted a cigarette and zestfully prepared to watch Socko George Andrews hammer his way one step nearer to the welterweight crown.



"Dear, hadn't you better call home and see how our party is getting along?"

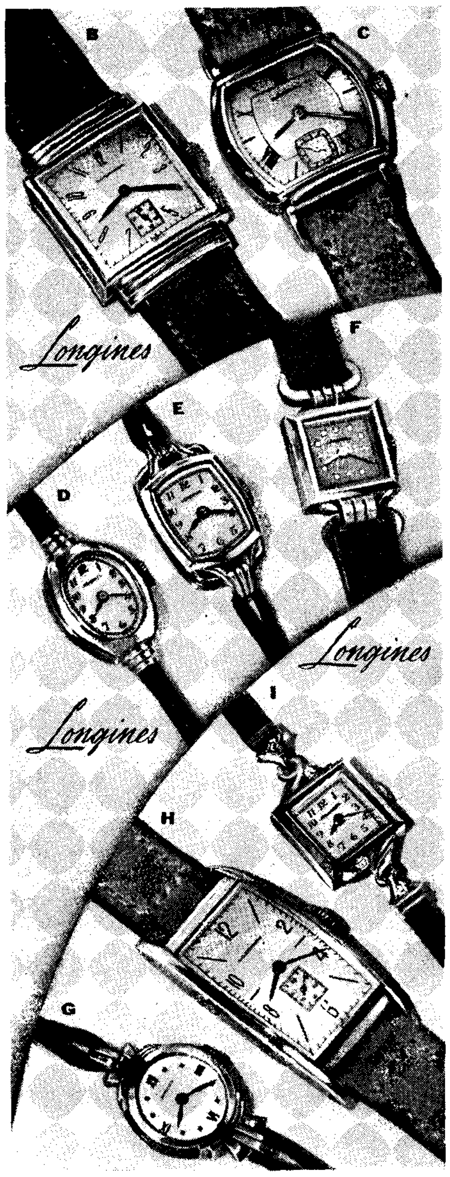
WADE MONROE

LONGINES
LONGINES WITTNAUER Product
A
Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH and a most Distinguished Gift

No other name on a Christmas gift watch means so much as *Longines,* distinguished winner of 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more accuracy honors than any other watch. Authorized jewelers sell fully-jeweled Longines Watches from $40. *Illustrated:*

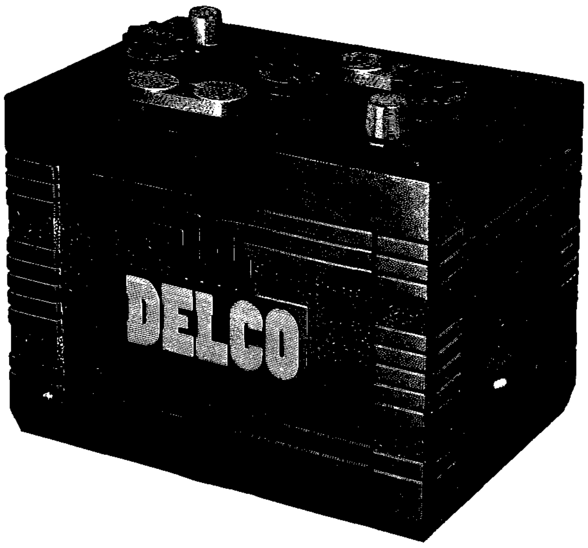
A Longines, *Banff,* Cable Cord (top)..$67.50
B Longines, *Pres. Van Buren,* 14-K....100.00
C Longines, *Par Avion*............ 44.50
D Longines, *Adair,* Cable Cord...... 62.50
E Longines, *Sara Martin*............ 47.50
F Longines, *Saratoga,* 14-K.......... 89.50
G Longines, *Trinadad,* 14-K.......... 75.00
H Longines, *Champlain*........... 59,50
I Longines, *541-J,* 14-K, diamond set.. 115.00

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.



The news spreads!

"Replace *with a* DELCO *battery*"



It's a tip that comes direct from the millions* of car owners who now rely on Delco batteries; and it's a tip that comes as welcome news to car owners who want the same satisfaction and value these millions are getting.

The Delco battery that's exactly right for your car—whatever the make or model—is waiting for you at your Delco battery dealer's. Stop in and see it, and have the dealer show you the new Delco Electro-Level that automatically prevents overfilling—adds to the extra "money's worth" that a Delco battery delivers. Soon you'll be spreading the news too: "You just can't beat a Delco battery!"

***Delco batteries are original equipment on more than 43% of all new cars sold.**

Be sure to register your new Delco battery with your car dealer or Delco battery dealer. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

Delco-Remy

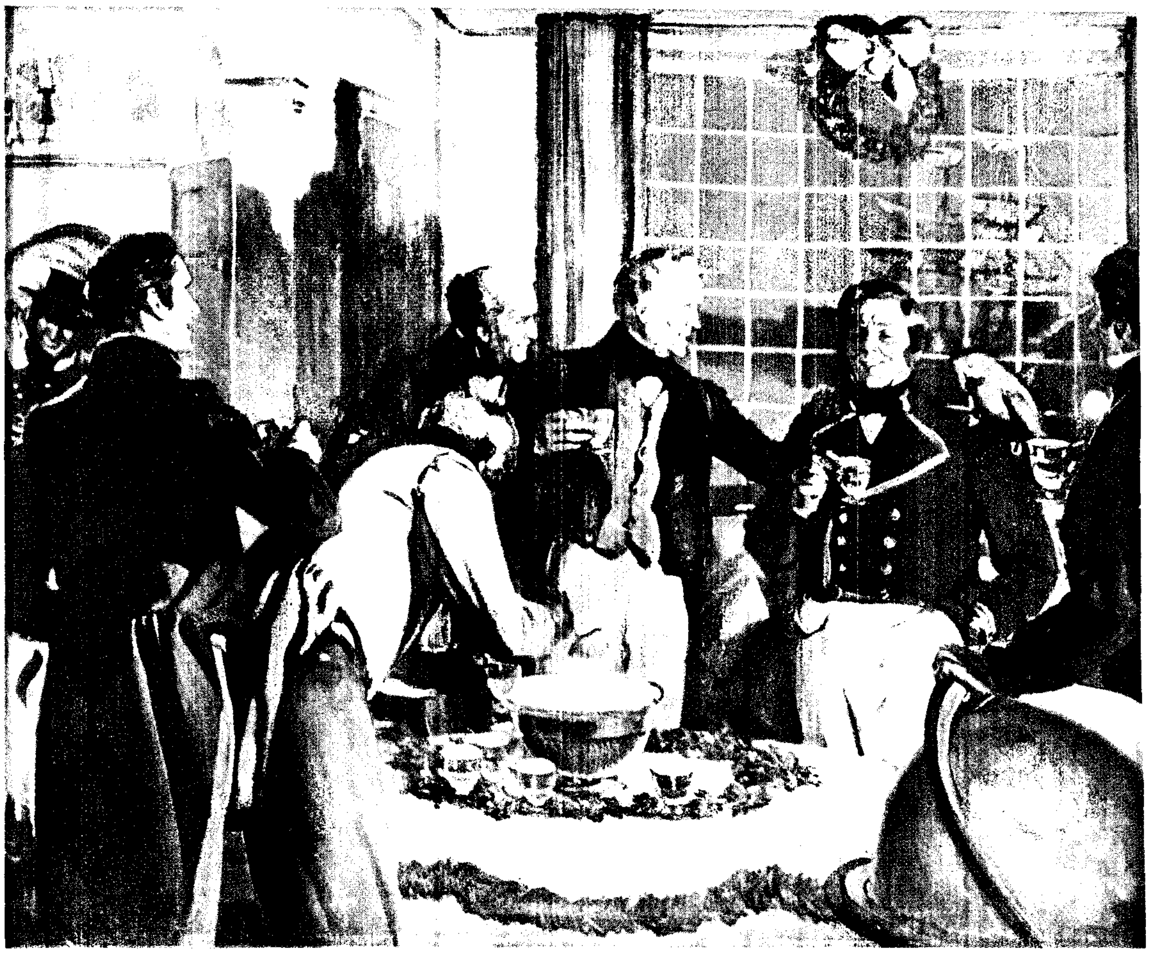
World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

Christmas

THE House of Seagram

Likewise, in days gone by, did the master return from the sea. Home from months of headwinds and storms . . . of ice in the rigging and cold, long nights. At last, the anchor is down, the sails are furled, and twilight falls on the dying waves that lap at the weary hull. Home at last.

It is good to be home for Christmas . . . and at peace.



Home for Christmas—1857

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN

The only gin of its kind ever made in America. Naturally golden and incredibly smooth...thanks to a secret, prolonged process—an exclusive Seagram process. It makes a magnificent gift, a special wrapper setting off the distinguished "ancient" bottle. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY

Here is *the finest* Canadian Whisky; now better **than ever...**now 7 years old (formerly 6 years old) **. . . in its distinguished** new bottle. The 4/5 quart **size is presented** in an impressive gift box of unbe**lievable luxury,** which will be treasured for ciga**rettes, gloves or** jewelry for years. 86.8 proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN

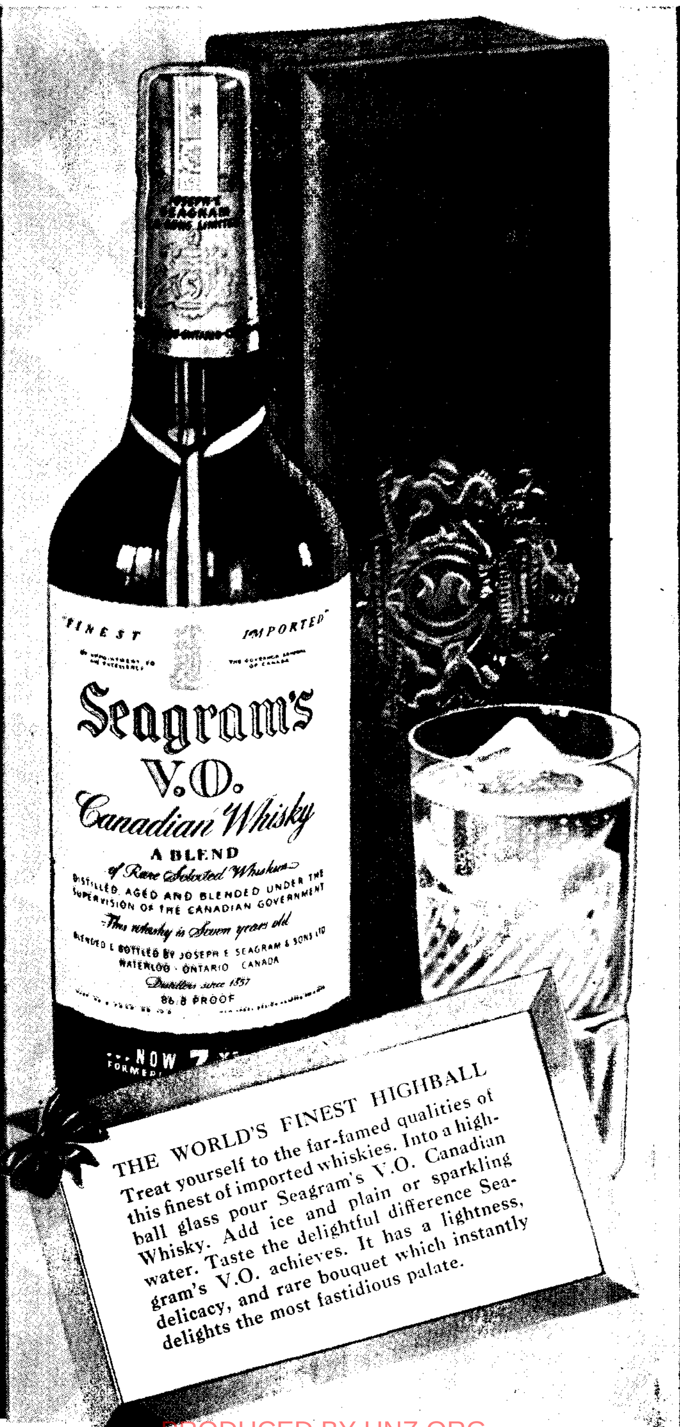
A bottle of this superb whiskey, handsomely and colorfully packaged, is a gift that is sure to be warmly received. Reflecting 83 years of expert distilling, Seagram's 5 Crown is a blend that combines lightness with full flavor and authority. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof.

© 1940, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
Distilled dry Gin

THE GOLDEN MARTINI

Place ice cubes in mixing glass. Add 1 part dry Vermouth and 2 parts Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin. Stir well with ice—do not shake—and pour. If desired, add olive or cocktail onion. The moment it meets your lips you will say it's the most delightful Martini you ever tasted...for this *naturally golden* gin is the first gin improvement in 300 years.


FINEST
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
Canadian Whisky
A BLEND
of Rare Selected Whiskies
DISTILLED AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
This whisky is Seven years old
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LTD
WATERLOO · ONTARIO CANADA
Distillers since 1857
86.8 PROOF
...NOW 7

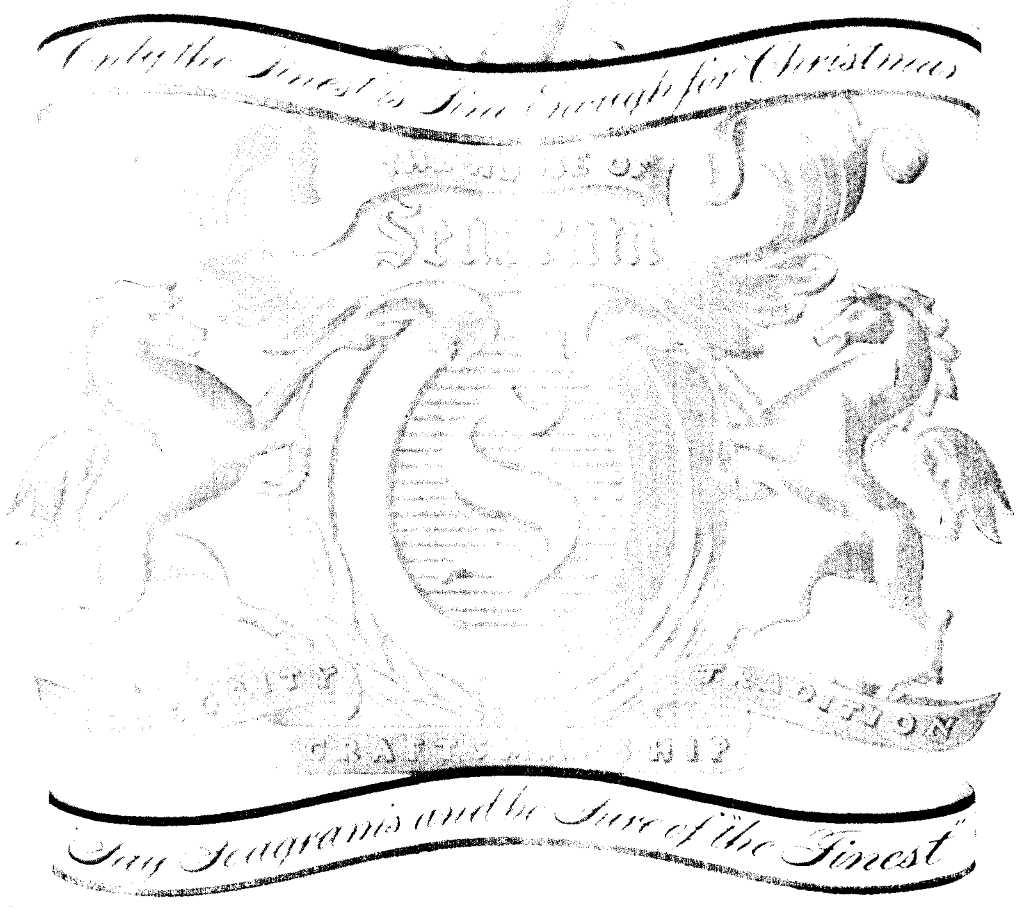
THE WORLD'S FINEST HIGHBALL

Treat yourself to the far-famed qualities of this finest of imported whiskies. Into a highball glass pour Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky. Add ice and plain or sparkling water. Taste the delightful difference Seagram's V.O. achieves. It has a lightness, delicacy, and rare bouquet which instantly delights the most fastidious palate.

Seagram's
5
a distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor smooth and mellow
LAWRENCEBURG IND.
Tom & Jerry

TOM & JERRY

15 servings. Take 3 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately. Add 6 oz. sugar to whites while beating. Add well-beaten yolks to whites. Stir in 6 drops vanilla extract and 1/16 teaspoon baking soda. Put 2 tablespoons of this batter into Tom & Jerry mug or teacup. Add 1½ oz. Seagram's 5 Crown. Fill with boiling milk; add nutmeg on top.


Only the Finest is Fine Enough for Christmas
THE HOUSE OF
Seagram
INTEGRITY
TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Say Seagram's and be Sure of the Finest

Home for

A HOLIDAY MESSAGE FROM

Home for Christmas. Out from the clamor of tension and turmoil and fear . . . like entering a peaceful, softly lighted room. Christmas . . . time to give pause and reflect . . . to think of the many and wonderful things that do make life worth living. Time, too, to remember the basic, undying truths taught so many years ago—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." And, thinking of this, we can have courage.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Seagram's Finest American Whiskey. An old favorite in a handsome new bottle and encased in a stunning Christmas gift box. A distinctive whiskey, rich and full-flavored without a trace of heaviness—a gift of unquestioned good taste. Blended whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 proof.

SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR GIN

America's richest gin—rich to the last sip. Not even melting ice can spoil that delicious mellow flavor ...because it is "sealed in" by the exclusive "soft-stilled" process. Colorfully packaged for Christmas, Seagram's King Arthur Gin makes a truly thoughtful gift. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE WHISKEY

(Available in Rye or Bourbon)

Famed for its liqueur quality, Seagram's Pedigree gains added importance with its unique gift package—a beautiful reproduction of an antique volume. This whiskey is 8 years old, bottled in bond under Canadian government supervision. 100 proof.

Seagram's
Seven
BLEND
Distillers
since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG IND

EGG-NOG PUNCH BOWL

10 servings. Take 6 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately, adding ½ lb. of sugar to whites and beat until stiff. Add well-beaten yolks to whites; beat both together thoroughly. Stir in 1½ oz. rum. Add 1 quart Seagram's 7 Crown, 1 pint of cream, 1 pint of milk. Stir ingredients well. Serve cold with grated nutmeg on top.

Seagram's
KING ART
Distilled Lon
GI
90 PROOF
Soft-Stilled
Seagram's
King
Arthur
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN

ORANGE BLOSSOM

Into a cocktail shaker place ice cubes. Add 1 part orange juice, 2 parts Seagram's King Arthur Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glasses. This Orange Blossom is superbly rich, utterly smooth...for it glorifies all the qualities for which Seagram's King Arthur Gin is famous. You will find this gin marvelous for other holiday gin drinks as well.

Seagram's
Pedigree
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled in Canada
Bottled in Bond
under Canadian Government Supervision
Distilled & Bottled by
Jos. E. Seagram & Sons, Limited
WATERLOO, ONT
CANADA

CHRISTMAS LIQUEUR

Pour this rich, robust whiskey into a brandy snifter for a first-hand introduction to its inviting aroma. Slowly sip its full-bodied flavor. The pleasure is yours—at first acquaintance and forever after. Seagram's Pedigree will delight you anew in mixed drinks, in an extra-rich Whiskey Sour, in a glorious Old Fashioned.

THE BEST
—TO YOU
AND
YOURS!
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
AND DON'T FORGET TO
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette
ESTABLISHED
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
INCORPORATED
SPECIAL
SELECTION
LONDON, W.
ENGLISH BLEND
MANUFACTURED BY
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK
PHILIP MORRIS

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 20

"You *got* to." There were tears in the big Negro's voice. "It's yo' on'iest chance."

Eddie called on his reserve of youthful stamina. He danced out lightly to meet Willie Tabor. He stuck his left in Willie's face, and then let the other man come close.

He was alert now, knowing that he had just enough strength left for a fast three minutes.

For the infinitesimal fraction of an instant Willie relaxed. Eddie's right didn't travel more than five inches and it exploded against Tabor's jaw. The man went down—hard. He was dazed as he took an eight count and then struggled to his feet. Eddie, not even hearing the thunder of the crowd, knew that it was now or not at all.

It wasn't simple. Tabor knew the tricks, and he used them. Two minutes gone—two minutes and a quarter.

THEN Eddie shook off the powerful clinging arms of his opponent. He stepped back, and then in again. His left stuck itself into Tabor's face . . . his right came over.

Tabor went down and stayed there. "Oh, boy!" howled a leather-lunged fan in the gallery, "eight straight knockouts for Tinsel!"

"Gordon wins by a knockout," announced someone in the ring, officially but superfluously. But Eddie didn't climb down instantly and easily as he customarily did.

He lay back on his stool and permitted Feets to rub him with a towel and to cut his gloves off in leisurely fashion. Then he stood up and shook hands with Willie Tabor and grinned at the crowd. He was feeling pretty good by the time he reached his dressing room.

He greeted the crowd that jammed the narrow confines of the place to congratulate him; he welcomed a seat on the rubbing table. The apprehension of a few minutes since had vanished. Once again he was the conqueror . . . the invincible man.

He had been called upon to accomplish the impossible, and he had done it forthwith. He was feeling swell about it, so swell that when the door opened and Pat Mallory walked in he smiled at her.

But Pat did not speak to him immediately. Instead she addressed Feets Johnson: "Get these folks out, will you, Feets?"

"Yassum, Miss Patricia. Eeemedjitly!"

The giant Negro swung on the assembled multitude and made a gesture like shooing chickens: "Git out, ev'ybody. Mistuh Eddie craves hisse'f a hunk of privacy. Git out! Shoo!"

They surged through the door into the musty corridor and Feets followed. He closed the door, and stationed himself on the outside. And on the other side of that door, Patricia Mallory stood staring straight down into the eyes of Eddie Gordon.

There was nothing soft about Pat at this moment. Looking at her, you'd even be likely to forget how delectably feminine she was in that brown cloth coat; you'd forget the tendrils of soft brown hair that escaped from underneath the tight-fitting, pert little hat; you'd forget the curves you could see as the coat fell back to give you a glimpse of an intriguing figure. You'd forget everything except that her eyes were level and her voice was flat.

She said, "I suppose you're proud of yourself, aren't you, Eddie?"

Her tone snapped him up short. He met her eyes, but with a shade of resentment.

"Sure," he answered. "Why not?"

She picked her words carefully, and there was no warmth in them: "There's every reason why not. You're slipping, Eddie."

"So? I suppose eight knockouts in a row over good boys proves I'm a bum."

"What happened tonight proves that you could be—without half trying."

"What does Willie Tabor say about that?"

"I'm not interested in Willie Tabor. I'm interested in you."

"Very sweet," he said, his voice heavy with sarcasm. "Most touching. How can I show I'm overwhelmed with gratitude?"

"I'm afraid that'd be pretty difficult for you." Suddenly her manner changed. She became soft, gentle, feminine: "Look, Eddie—why don't you get the low-down on yourself? Why don't you wise up to where you're headed?"

His eyes remained hard. "You're doing fine with the vernacular, Pat."

"All right." She shook her head in exasperation. "If you won't play nice, you won't . . . and there's nothing I can do about it. So I'll go ahead with what I started to say, which is that you're doing a fine, efficient job of turning yourself into a tramp. God gave you a magnificent body—"

"Lady!" His tone was mocking. "How you do go on."

"And Pop taught you how to use it." She hoped he wouldn't see how deeply she was hurt; how desperately she was striving. "You have so much innate ability that you've been knocking over good boys in spite of yourself. But it won't last."

"I'm waiting," said Eddie, "for the first mention of the primrose path."

She bit her lip. "Your sarcasm isn't going to get a rise out of me, Eddie," she said coldly. "Personally, I don't care what you do—or with whom. But as your manager, I'm going to lay down certain rules and you're going to follow them."

"I've been waiting for you to try a bit of whip cracking."

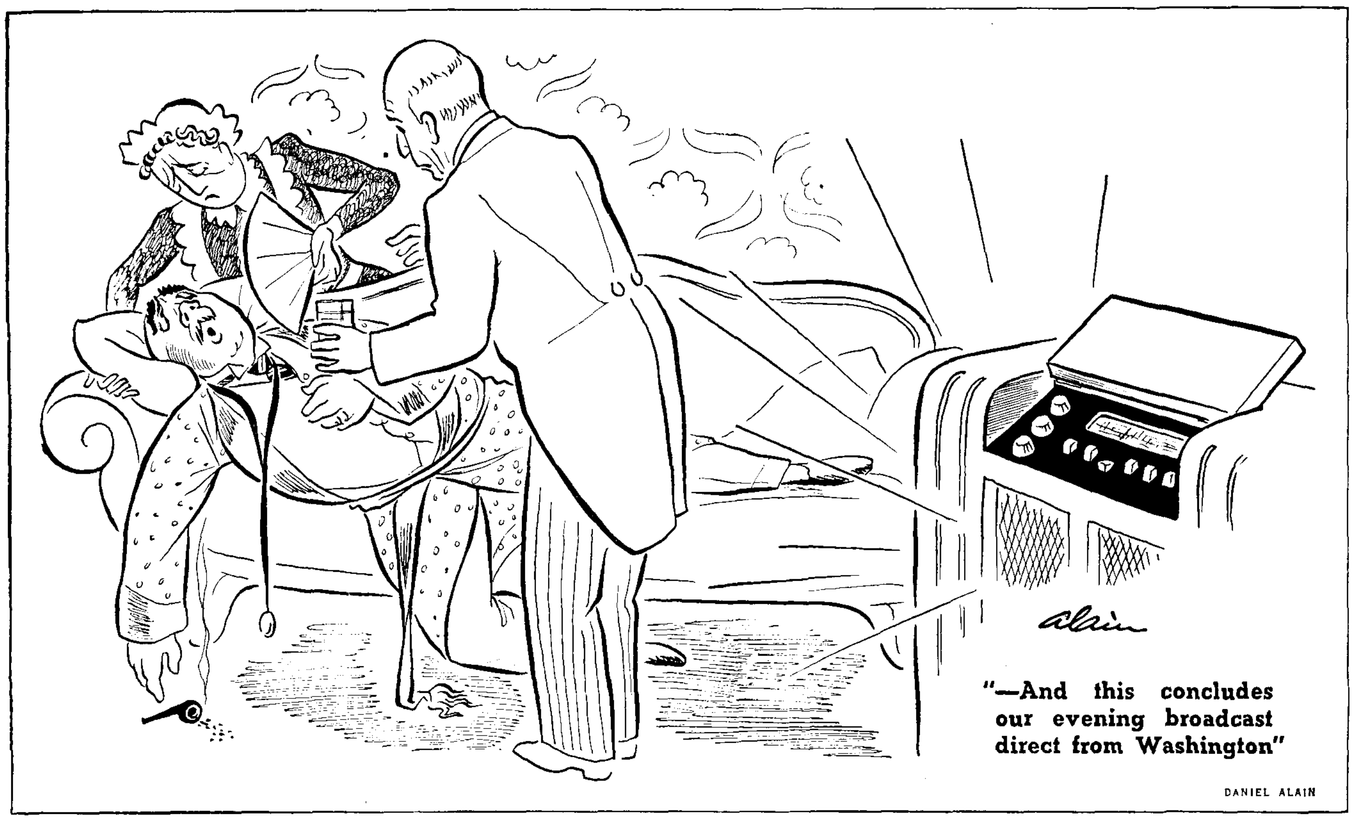
"So I'm doing it."

"And I don't intend to act pretty. In fact, Miss Mallory, I'm getting plenty fed up with you. You can cut in on my dough . . . there's nothing I can do to stop that. But you're not stepping over that line."

SHE stood back and regarded him through eyes which did not see as clearly as she would have liked. She felt the surge of an emotion that hurt and she said, as kindly as she could, "I'm seeing something that you don't see, Eddie. It's something that Pop would have seen long ago. I see a good young fighter—and a decent, clean young man—setting out blindly to ruin himself."

"My record doesn't say that."

"It isn't your record I'm concerned about. It's you. You've always been an honest person. So tell me this: were



"—And this concludes our evening broadcast direct from Washington"

DANIEL ALAIN

America's
MIAMI
WELSH

Shining Armor FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

Here's one defense that gloomy old King Winter's blitzkrieg can't get through—a sun-bronze coat of tropical tan—a protecting barrage of ultra-violet. From now till summer, literally thousands of happy Americans will beat a strategic retreat to America's own "Sunshine Citadel." People of every age, every taste, every income "bracket" will find here the warmth, the health, the gay diversions and quiet pleasures—the things *they* like. Because, against the background of a matchless climate, people from everywhere built Miami—fashioned here the things that appeal to *everyone*—made Miami truly *all* America's.

Miami's new official booklet will help you plan *your* escape from Jack Frost jitters. Your first step, mail the coupon for your copy today.

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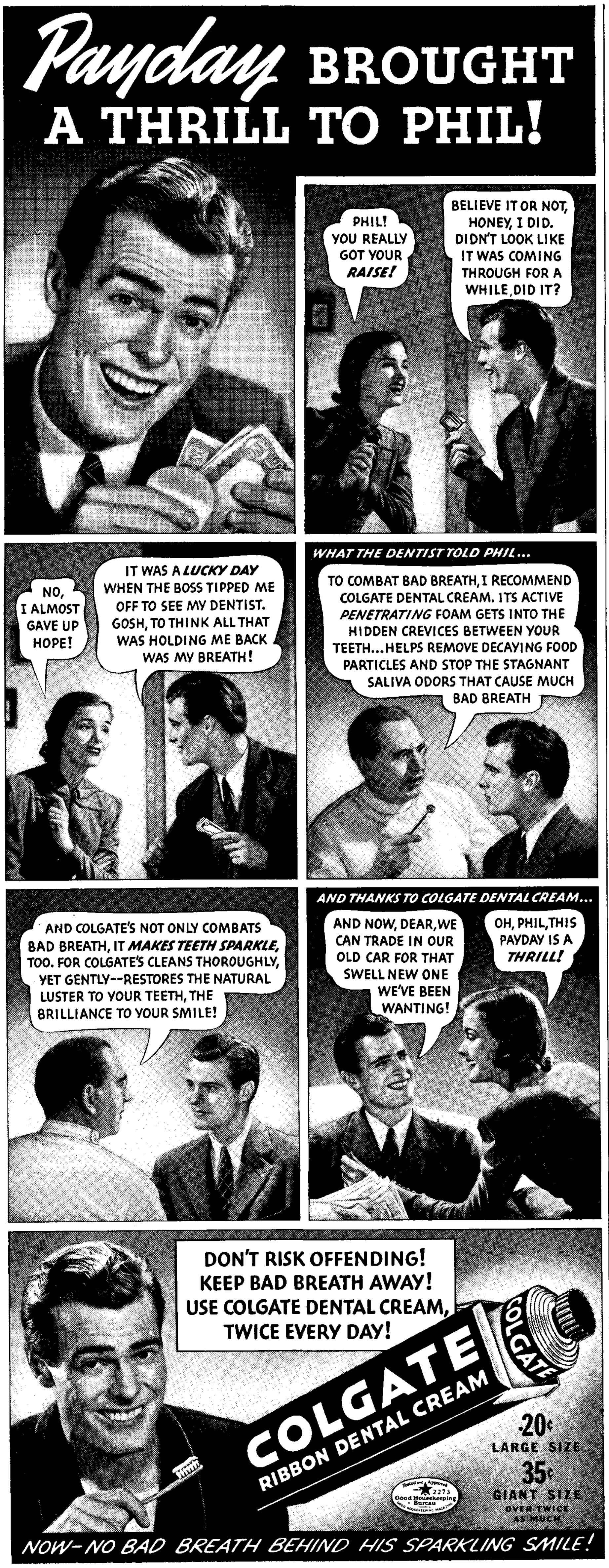

Payday BROUGHT A THRILL TO PHIL!
PHIL! YOU REALLY GOT YOUR RAISE!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY, I DID. DIDN'T LOOK LIKE IT WAS COMING THROUGH FOR A WHILE, DID IT?
NO, I ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE!
IT WAS A LUCKY DAY WHEN THE BOSS TIPPED ME OFF TO SEE MY DENTIST. GOSH, TO THINK ALL THAT WAS HOLDING ME BACK WAS MY BREATH!
WHAT THE DENTIST TOLD PHIL...
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH...HELPS REMOVE DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STOP THE STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS THAT CAUSE MUCH BAD BREATH
AND COLGATE'S NOT ONLY COMBATS BAD BREATH, IT MAKES TEETH SPARKLE, TOO. FOR COLGATE'S CLEANS THOROUGHLY, YET GENTLY--RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTER TO YOUR TEETH, THE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
AND NOW, DEAR, WE CAN TRADE IN OUR OLD CAR FOR THAT SWELL NEW ONE WE'VE BEEN WANTING!
OH, PHIL, THIS PAYDAY IS A THRILL!
DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Good Housekeeping Bureau
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

you really in such good shape tonight?"

"Good enough to win."

"I didn't ask that. I asked whether you were in good shape."

He shrugged impatiently. "Suppose I wasn't? I came through when the chips were down."

"That's the way you feel about it?"

"That's the way I feel."

"I'm sorry—awfully sorry. You're on the verge of getting a bad bump. Oh, I don't mean you're dissipating in the usual ways . . . although maybe you are."

"What's it to you?"

"It's plenty. . . ." She pulled herself together. "But I'll skip that part of it. I wanted to help you, but you won't let me."

"If I were you, Pat—I'd call the whole thing off."

"No, thanks. I'm sticking. I picked up where Pop left off, and I intend to carry on as I believe he would have done. I'm only sorry that we seem to be destined to live on opposite sides of a silly fence. Our interests are identical."

"Yours may be identical," he snapped. "But mine are not. So suppose you stick to your managing job."

She looked at him steadily. There were so many things she had wanted to say—so many things she hadn't said. Once again they'd got off wrong; once again they had clashed when that was the last thing in the world she had desired. She pulled her coat about her and turned away.

"Give me credit for trying," she said, with a valiant attempt at lightness. "It's too bad you can't understand what I've been hoping to do."

YOU would have had difficulty reading the billboard in the lobby of Madison Square Garden because the crowd was dense and eager, and it swept everyone with it. But if you were strong of arm and broad of shoulder, you might have been able to pause long enough to see what it said:

MAIN BOUT
EDDIE GORDON
Sensational Contender for Middleweight Title
—vs—
TOMMY GATELEY
Knockout Artist from Kansas City
15 rounds

Traffic on Eighth Avenue was jammed. At Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, policemen worked in squads of five—one man in the center of the intersection, one on each corner. At each change of light the crowd surged forward, always toward the brilliantly lighted entrance of the Garden. Once there, you could do nothing but move forward, clutching your tickets.

Eddie Gordon's initial appearance in Madison Square Garden; Eddie's first fight against a man who had a punch as devastating as his own.

"Gordon'll get his tonight," loudly proclaimed a stout gentleman. "This is the first time he's ever met a guy who can slug with him." Someone else said, "Yeah—he'll get it. Gateley'll slap that tinsel right back in his face." But most of the prospective spectators merely growled—more or less good-naturedly—"Hey, you! Quit shovin', willya?"

In the long, bare dressing-room corridor there was no crowd, no excitement, no sound save echoes from the vast arena.

Doors opened, men appeared; other doors opened, and the same men disappeared again. Behind one of those doors Feets Johnson labored diligently over Eddie Gordon. He was fussy and solicitous and worried. He stretched Eddie out on the table and moved gentle, expert fingers over the muscles of thigh and calf. He said, "Close yo' eyes a minute, Mistuh Eddie, an' grab yo'se'f some relax."

He tiptoed about the tiny, antiseptic room. His ears, attuned to the slightest sound, caught a faint tap on the door. He opened it gently, then stepped into the corridor, closed the door behind him and looked down into the wide eyes of Patricia Mallory.

He said, "You cravin' to make talk with Mistuh Eddie?"

She shook her head slowly. "No-o. I'd rather he didn't even know I was here."

"Aw, now—Miss Patricia . . ."

She smiled wanly. "Eddie and I haven't been hitting it off very well recently, Feets. If I went in there, it would only disturb him."

FEETS sighed. "Reckon you is correck, Miss Patricia. But it ain't right, nor neither fitten." A startled light appeared in his eyes. "You is gwine see the fight, ain't you?"

"Yes—certainly. But not from the ringside. I have a seat in the twelfth row."

"Golla . . . tha's awful fur back fo' Mistuh Halliday, ain't it?"

Pat laughed in spite of herself. "You see all and know all, don't you, Feets?"

"Yassum. I see plenty, all right. An' Mistuh Halliday . . . he's a fine gemmun."

Pat lowered her voice. "How's Eddie?" she asked tensely.

Once again the haunted expression appeared on the ebony face. "Not so good, Miss Patricia. In fack, he's not hahdly no good a-tall."

"Hasn't he been training?"

"Yas'm an' no'm. He makes the motions, but they ain't got no snap." Feets made an angry gesture. "I ain't aimin' to be disrespectable, Miss Patricia—but I don't like none of this."

"Of what?"

"It's Miss Ellison. She sho been leadin' Mistuh Eddie aroun' by the nose. Seems like she done shorn off his locks like that lady done to Samson in the Bible."

"You don't like her, do you?"

"No, *ma'am!*" Mr. Johnson's vehemence was unmistakable. "'Tain't up to me to criticize nobody, Miss Patricia . . . but dawg-gone . . ." Feets cast around for words with which to express himself. "It's this away: Some gals you look at an' you say, 'Oh, boy!' There's other gals you take one look at an' you say kind of low an' sad . . . '*Mmm-mmmm!*' Well, Miss Babs—she's one of them 'Mmm-mmmm!' gals."

"What are we going to do about it, Feets?"

"Ise dawg'd if I know, Miss Patricia. Seems like when white folks set out to git ruint—they gits ruint complete."

Pat opened her bag and drew out a letter. She said, without looking at the big Negro, "Give this to Eddie, will you?"

Feets was visibly embarrassed. He asked, "Is that another one of them notes fum Pop?"

"Yes." She caught his embarrassment, and asked, "Why?"

"'Cause, Miss Patricia—they ain't no use of my takin' him that. He never even read the last two I give him. Seems like he's jest havin' a fit of contrapciousness an' nobody cain't do nothin' with him."

She held out the note. "Try anyway, Feets. I want him to know it's here even if he doesn't read it."

"I'll try . . . but it ain't gwine git me nowhere." He forced a smile. "Now you go on out yonder befo' them aisles gits congestful. Mistuh Halliday is mos' likely th'owin' a fit wonderin' what's happened to you."

She made her way toward the arena, the roaring of the crowd swelling in her ears. She came out into the vast, brilliantly illuminated place; she passed a young fighter and his handlers—just returning to his dressing room from the ring. His face was cut, one eye was badly discolored, there was a swelling on the side of his jaw and she caught a glimpse of an ugly, purple spot on the young body, just over the heart. Then she saw one of the spectators shake the young fighter's hand. So the boy had won . . . and he looked like that. And Eddie would be in there in a few minutes.

PAT shrank inside. She hated this whole thing. She hated the people she met, she hated the blood lust of the spectators, she hated the smell of it and the sound. She almost hated the job she had undertaken because Eddie needed her.

She found her seat beside Cliff Halliday.

"See Eddie?" he asked.

"No."

"Has he still got a mad on?"

"I didn't try to see him."

"You children—always quarreling."

Her voice was tiny and afraid. "How good is Gateley?" she asked.

"He's good."

"As good as they say?"

Halliday looked down at her. "You want it straight?"

"Yes."

"Gateley's good enough to stop anybody who isn't in the pink." He lowered his voice. "Where does that put Eddie?"

"In trouble." She took his hand and held it tightly. "I'm scared, Cliff . . . terribly scared."

"So am I, Pat. And there's nothing we can do but watch."

There was a roar as Tommy Gateley climbed into the ring, and an even greater wave of applause when Eddie followed. Then the usual things happened: introductions, announcements, instructions from the referee, the awful silence as the fighters went to their corners, shuffled the resined soles of their fighting shoes on the canvas . . . then the gong.

It was an old, old story to Cliff Halliday—the same thing, night after night, year after year . . . with only the names of the fighters different. He'd seen men years ago who had packed this Garden and he didn't know where most of them were now. He didn't know where these two young men would be five years hence. It was like watching fireworks: a flash, an explosion, a dazzling display, a chorus of Aaaaahs! from an enthusiastic world . . . . and then oblivion. Yes, it was just another fight, just another pair of young men seeking to punch each other into unconsciousness . . . but tonight there was something that got under Cliff Halliday's hide.

It was the face of the girl beside him.

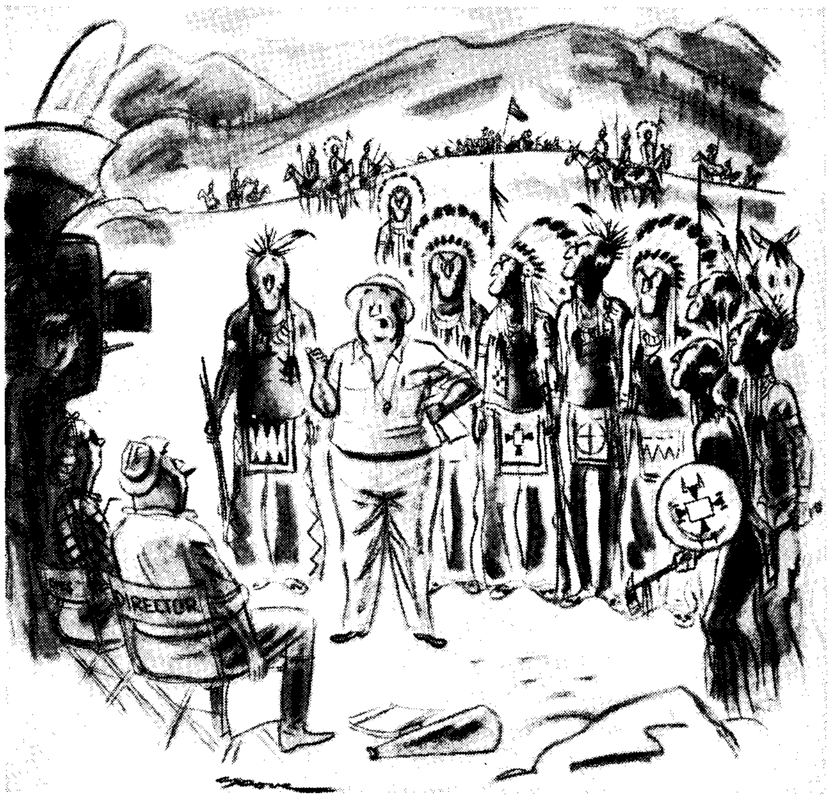
He watched the fight through her. He tried not to look at the ring. He knew what was happening by the way her body tensed, he knew when Eddie had been hit by the way she shrank as though the blow had struck her. He thought, "What a story! . . . if I could only write it as I see it."

Her guard was down, and Cliff Halliday was seeing things: He was seeing the hurt of a woman in love as she watched her man wage battle; he was watching her react to every vicious blow from Tommy Gateley's muscular arms. Emotionally, she was naked.

One round. Two. Three. Eight. The color had left her face. The roar of the crowd was as distant, and as impersonal, as the thunder of the surf. He knew what was happening . . . knew it more vividly than if he had been looking at the ring. He knew it from the pressure of her hand in his; by the quivering of her lips, by the occasional closing of her eyes as though to shut out something she did not have the courage to look at.

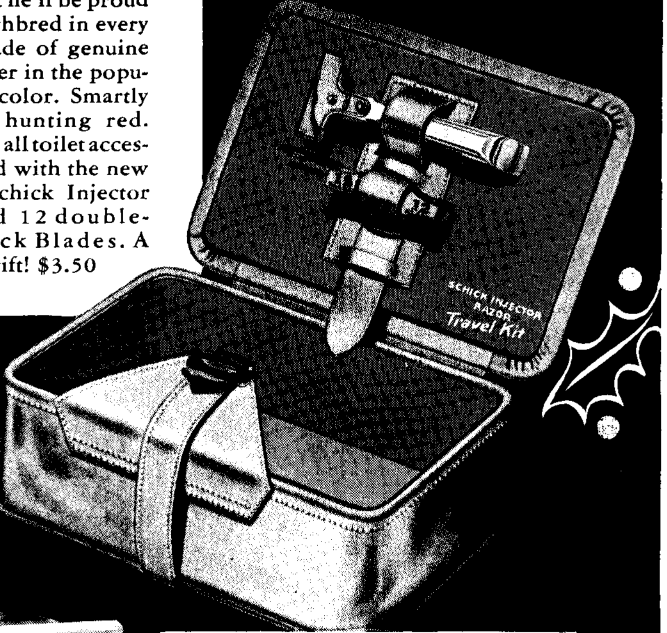
THE roar of the crowd became more insistent—more brutal. The spectators were sensing an upset—a kill. They were yelling for the overthrow of an idol who scarcely had settled himself on the golden pedestal they had erected for him. Cliff knew that Eddie was tiring, knew that he was taking a beating, knew that Gateley was stabbing home blow after blow and that Eddie's lack of condition was beginning to tell.

Cheers, groans, shrieks, thudding sound of leather on flesh, voice of referee —"Break!"—gong . . . the gong again after the pitifully brief minutes of rest . . . a young girl in travail; fine, sensitive features lined with agony; a girl who



"They refuse to continue with the massacre of Custer until you get rid of Lone Eagle here— He ain't a member of the Screen Actors' Guild"

LEONARD DOVE



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Schick Injector Razor

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

clutched his hand with incredible strength . . . a girl whose eyes were dry and whose cheeks were flushed . . . a girl watching the man she loved being cut down . . . cut down . . . punished . . . beaten . . . staggering . . . fighting on and on with nothing left but courage.

The ninth round. The tenth. The galleryites were beating a rhythm with their voices . . . evenly, regularly, bestially, and even without looking at Pat's face Cliff knew what it meant. They were timing the blows that Tommy Gateley was landing, chorusing the punches that were exploding on Eddie Gordon's young body. Cliff didn't have to look at the ring. The drama wasn't there. The drama was in the face of this young girl. . . .

THERE was a wild scream from the crowd. Pat's fingers tightened over Cliff's until it seemed that the bones in his hand would break.

There was an awful hush. Pat rose and stood staring off through the blue haze of cigarette smoke, and Cliff hoped he might never again see such a look as was in her eyes.

And then a sound came to him through a silence that was almost tangible. It was the sound of a word . . . of a simple, terrifying word, and it carried to the remotest part of that vast place

It was the voice of the referee, and the word he said was:

"Ten!"

Cliff kept his eyes on Patricia Mallory. The strength seemed to ebb from her body as though she, too, had felt the devastating impact of Tommy Gateley's knockout punch.

Neither of them heard the frenzied acclaim for the victor, nor the superfluous announcement of the officials; neither saw the giant figure of Feets Johnson as it climbed through the ropes and picked Eddie Gordon up from the floor. They didn't see Feets holding Eddie in his arms as though he were a baby who had dropped off to sleep. They didn't see the tears in the eyes of Feets Johnson, nor hear his sobs. They didn't even know that Max Ellison turned in his ringside seat and spoke to his business manager, who sat next to him. Nobody except the business manager heard the astute Ellison say, "Good! This is the break I've been waiting for!"

No . . . Cliff didn't see any of that, though he knew most of it was happening. He saw only the tragedy in the eyes of the girl beside him.

And then he saw the dam break. The eyes that had been dry were dry no longer. . . .

Pat Mallory turned to the man beside her. She put trembling hands over eyes that had seen too much, and she found relief in tears. . . .

The young lady on the rostrum was utterly bereft of clothes and superbly indifferent to the critical gazes of a half hundred young men and women. She was professionally accustomed to this, and rather proud of her classic contour.

An instructor walked about the room, scrutinizing the work of the students. He paused beside the easel of a most attractive young lady and asked, "What's the matter, Miss Mallory?"

Pat looked up from a blank piece of drawing paper. The faintest little smile touched her lips and she shook her head. "No can do," she confessed. "Perhaps I'm tired."

"Or perhaps," suggested the instructor sagely, "your mind is somewhere else."

Pat tried diligently to sketch during the balance of the period, but her efforts were not particularly noteworthy. Her mind was elsewhere. It still dwelt on the catastrophe of the previous night. She was still emotionally shaken by the experience, and exhausted by a night of sleeplessness. She watched her fellow students, all earnest, all eager, some with ability, some happily mediocre and a few impossibly bad . . . as they strove to transfer to paper, with some semblance of individuality, the luscious curves of the bored and weary model.

A gong sounded delicately, and instantly there was a relaxing of the tension. Students prepared to leave and commenced chatting with one another. Two young men slipped sketches into portfolios and drifted in Pat's direction. They talked easily and pleasantly; they commented on the weather, on their work, on other things that were relatively unimportant. Quite obviously they liked her . . . but this afternoon she wanted to be alone.

The two young men left with her. They came through the doorway and walked down the stone steps leading to Fifty-seventh Street. They both saw her expression change, saw her check them out of her mind, saw her hurry down the last remaining steps toward a young man who was standing at the curb. The students looked at each other, grinned sheepishly, shrugged, said, " 'By, Pat . . ." and went their way as Pat hurried forward—not too eagerly, she hoped—to greet Eddie Gordon.

Eddie, waiting for her outside the school. Eddie, standing somewhat grimly on the sidewalk, looking for all the world like a small boy who has erred; Eddie, more than a trifle scarred by the battle of the previous night. Eddie, who said bluntly, "I want to talk to you. Have you got a few minutes to spare?"

The doubt and uncertainty that had been plaguing her all day vanished. She said, "Why, of course, Eddie . . ." and turned the corner toward Central Park. He walked beside her, his jaw square, his eyes straight ahead, his attractive, homely face expressionless.

They entered the park at Seventh Avenue and walked along the curving driveway. Spring was in the air, and a delicate green had touched the tips of branches. Children played on the grass, workless men stretched out in the blessed warmth of the late-afternoon sun. They found a vacant bench facing a tiny, irregular lake. Pat placed her portfolio beside her, and waited. Eddie leaned forward, elbows on muscular thighs, big hands clenched, eyes focused on the water.

She waited patiently for him to speak and when he did, it was in a hard, flat voice . . . and without looking at her.

"All right," he said. "Go ahead."

"With what, Eddie?"

"Say 'I told you so.' It should give you a heap of satisfaction."

SHE smiled gently at the back of his head and was glad that he couldn't see her eyes. He was so like a kid, so hurt and ashamed and defiant. She said, "I'm afraid you don't know me very well."

"You're human, aren't you?"

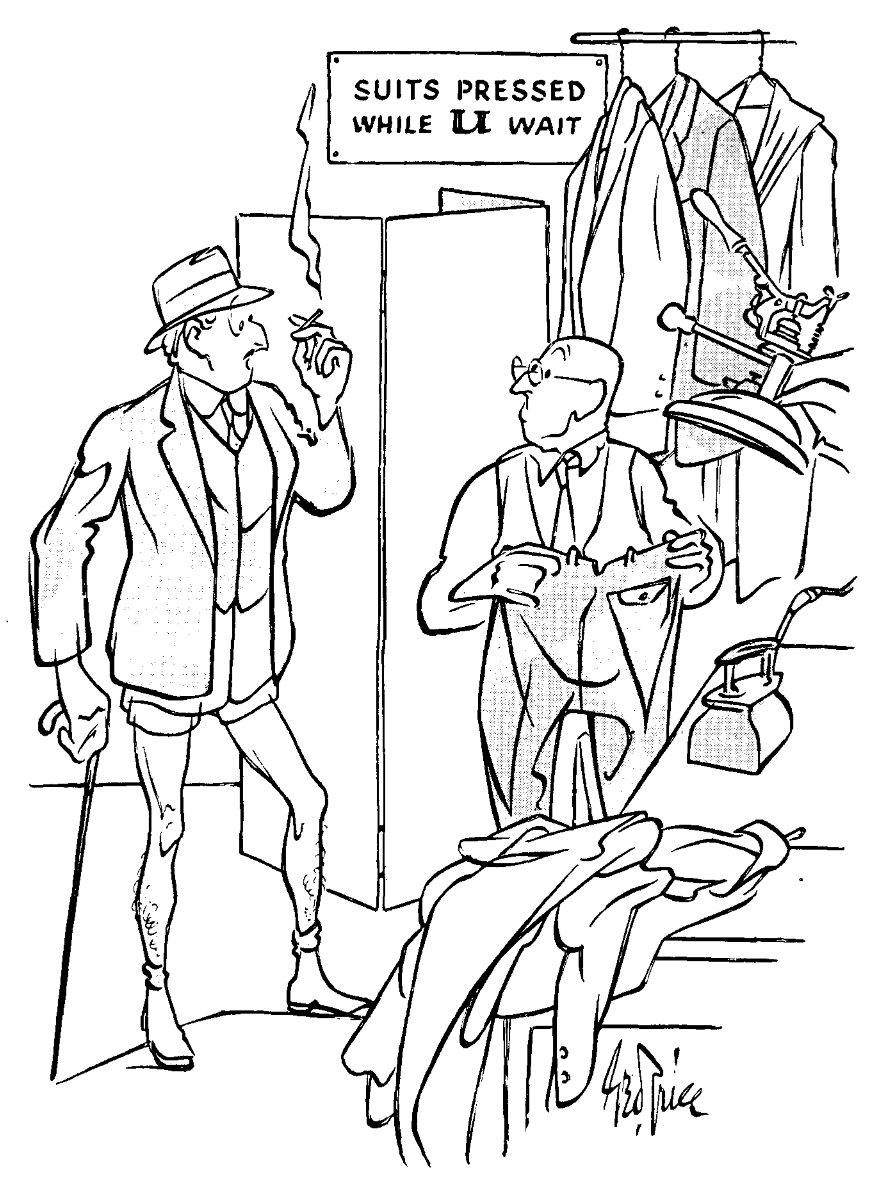
"It's taken you a long time to find that out."

His hands clasped and unclasped nervously. "I took a beating last night," he said finally. "I'm set for another one this afternoon. So make the most of it."

"What," she inquired gently, "am I supposed to do?"

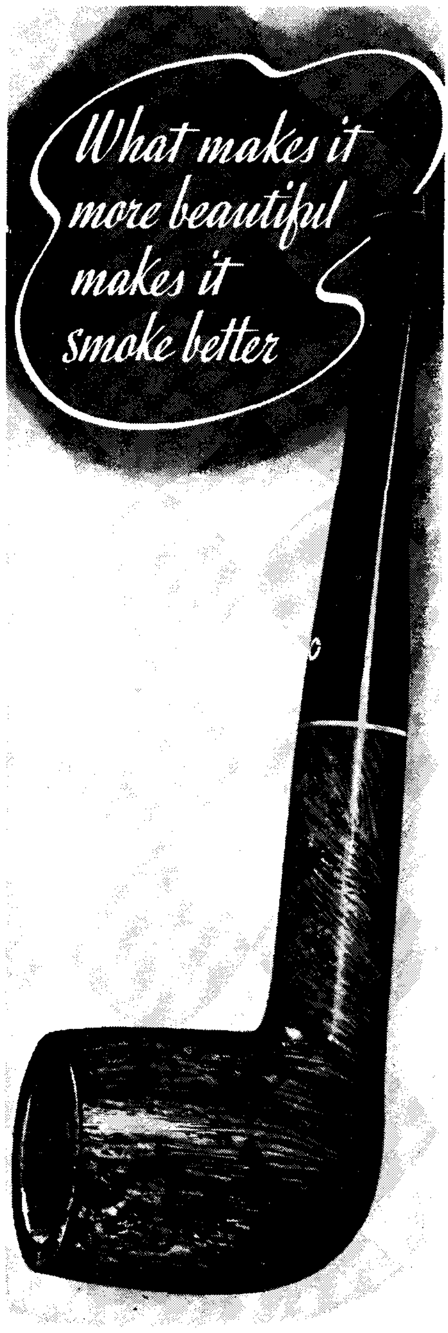
"You're supposed to tell me how right you were—and what a bum I am. You're supposed to tell me that if I'd listened to you I wouldn't be all washed up today. You're supposed to tell me that I looked terrible last night, and that I'm on the skids—but good."

Pat touched his arm. "I'm afraid I'm



"I'll wait"

GEORGE PRICE



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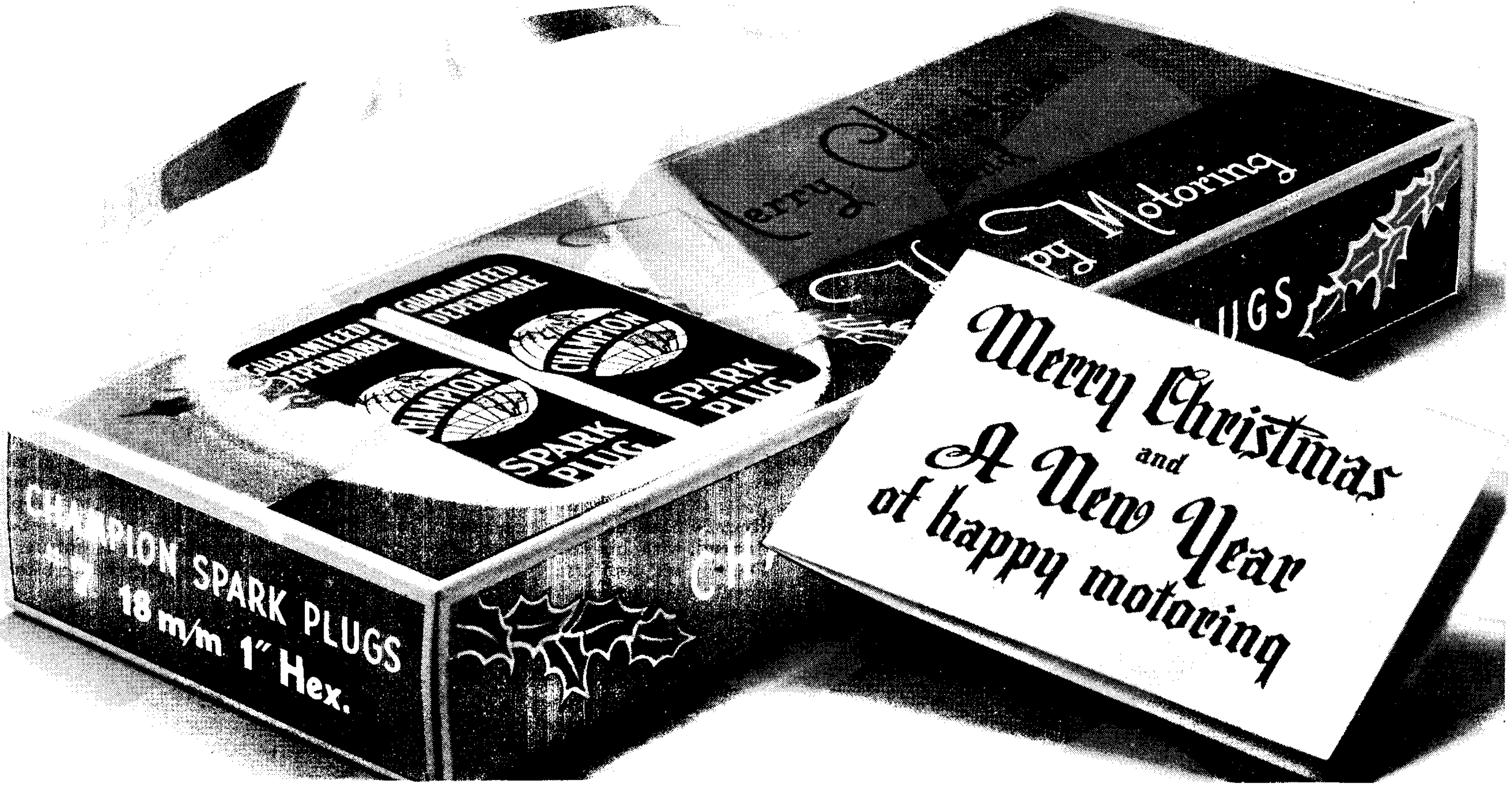
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CHAMPION
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Happy Motoring
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[illegible] YOUR MOTORING FRIENDS

going to disappoint you, Eddie. Part of what you're saying is true; part of it's not. The trouble with you at this moment is that you're wallowing in self-pity."

He turned his head and regarded her with level eyes. "You have an uncanny knack of making me feel uncomfortable. But today I'm not fighting back. What I came for was to find out where we stand. I suppose what happened last night means that we're through."

She spoke quietly: "Mind listening to a speech, Eddie? Because I'm about to make one. First, it may surprise you to hear that I think what happened last night might turn out to be the best thing *in the world for you* . . . and please don't crack wise. Second, I still think Pop was right about your ability . . . but we'll skip that. The third thing is that you need me."

He said, awkwardly, "I'm not debating even *that* point any more."

"You haven't a very high opinion of me, Eddie," she continued with some difficulty. "Maybe that's my fault, and maybe it isn't. You're sure that I dislike you—and that isn't true, either. But I *do* know you—better than you realize. You're sorry for yourself right now, and I could give you one shove in the wrong direction that would cause you to wind up walking on your heels." Her eyes were bright and clear and unafraid. She said, "I'm not giving you that shove, Eddie."

FOR a moment he stared. Then a frown appeared, and he shook his head. "You're a queer kid, Pat."

"No, I'm not. And maybe if you'd rid yourself of that idea, we might click better."

"Maybe . . ." He rose abruptly and said, "Let's walk."

She walked with him, waiting for him to speak again. "There's a lot of this that doesn't fit," he vouchsafed eventually. "I didn't figure our meeting to turn out this way."

"You've figured a lot of things wrong, Eddie."

An awkward silence fell between them. They were walking very close to each other, and she knew that Eddie was groping.

They approached an exit. Then suddenly Eddie looked down at her and grinned sheepishly.

"I never thought," he confessed, "that I'd ever find myself doing this."

"What?" she asked.

"This. . . ." She followed the direction of his eyes. His hand had closed about hers. He smiled with embarrassment. "It just happened," he said. "I don't know how."

She didn't dare to look at him. So she smiled and said, "I don't either, Eddie."

They didn't do much talking after that, even after climbing to the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. He walked with her to the entrance of her apartment house and shook his head when she suggested that he come up with her. "We've still got plenty to talk about," she suggested, and he said, "I know. But I'd better straighten myself out first."

She watched him as he started off. He took a few steps, them came back to her. "Thanks," he said, "for not rubbing salt in the wound."

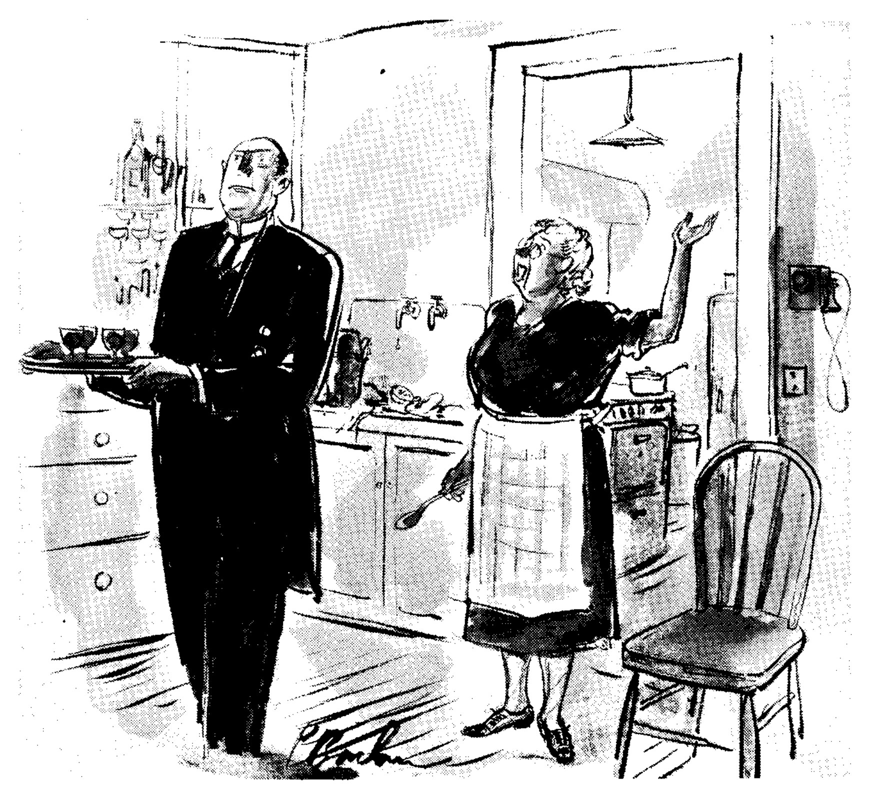
This time he went—and without looking back. She entered the building, moved across the lobby to the desk, and accepted a little packet of letters that the clerk handed her. She glanced at them indifferently. The envelope of the top one said "Gotham Investment Company," but it didn't interest her.

Nothing interested her then except what had just happened in the park. She entered her tiny abode and seated herself on the couch. She felt funny inside, and wondered whether she was being silly.

"It doesn't mean a thing," she told herself fiercely, hoping that it wasn't so. Eddie had taken a beating—inflicted by himself more than by the fists of Tommy Gateley. His ego had been jarred cruelly; his pride had been hurt. Being young, he had dramatized the situation unduly, seeing himself as the victim of a disaster. He had kept vigil outside the Art Students' League spoiling for a fight, determined to flagellate himself, and then to start rebuilding his pride on a basis of resentment of whatever she might say. It obviously had not occurred to him that she would meet him with gentleness and understanding.

Pat knew that wherever Eddie was at *this moment he was bewildered. It was* good for Eddie to think. It was good for him, and she even dared hope that perhaps it might prove to be a good thing for her, too. . . .

She glanced indifferently at her letters. She snapped on a reading lamp. A letter from somebody, sent to the Birmingham address and readdressed in Mrs. Ross's scrawl. An advertisement from a bridge club. A receipt from the telephone company. Then this letter from the Gotham Investment Company, whatever that might be. . . .



"Queer, isn't it? Six chauffeurs, two butlers, a gardener and two housemen, and it's the master who gets drafted"

PERRY BARLOW

She tore it open without interest and took the letter from the inside. She unfolded the sheet of paper, and as she did so, something fell out.

It was a rectangular piece of green paper. It fluttered to the floor, falling face up. Pat's eyes opened wide. She said, "A check . . ." and stooped to pick it up.

The check was made out to the order of Patricia Mallory.

It was for seven thousand five hundred dollars.

HER first thought was, "That's silly . . ." Then she thought, "There's some mistake."

But the thing seemed regular enough. There was her name. The envelope was correctly addressed. She was the payee, and the maker was the Gotham Investment Company. The amount was seven thousand five hundred dollars. She inspected it closely, suspecting some sort of novel advertising stunt.

Puzzled and amused, she opened the letter. It, too, bore the caption of the Gotham Investment Company, and it was very definitely and unmistakably addressed to her.

Curiously, she read—and as she did her eyes opened wider and wider:

"Dear Miss Mallory:

"We take pleasure in enclosing our check to your order for $7,500. This represents the total of $2,500 that you bet against $5,000 that Eddie Gordon would be knocked out by Tommy Gateley. We trust that our promptness in remitting will merit your further patronage. . . ."

At first it didn't register. It was too *amazing, too incredible, too shocking.* The letter seemed obtuse—until she began to think it over. . . .

Wild, crazy thoughts flashed through her mind. Eddie? No, he couldn't have done it. He had never suspected that any middleweight could stop him. Cliff Halliday? Even more absurd.

Her brain was clearing now. This was no accident, no mistake. It was too neat—too precise.

For a long time she sat staring at the brief letter as though constant re-reading might suggest a solution. She did not even hear the buzzer when it sounded the first time.

But the second time it rang, she roused herself and crossed the room, snapping the switch to the ceiling light as she did so.

She opened the door. A man about fifty years old stood there: a kindly, paternal, semibald individual with a gentle face, mild eyes and metal-rimmed spectacles.

"I'm Max Ellison," said the stranger. "May I come in?"

It was difficult for Pat to reconcile Max Ellison's appearance and manner with his reputation. He settled himself comfortably in an easy chair, asked permission to light a cigar, and smiled gently. His attitude was benign, and yet Pat knew that he was certainly the most powerful, and perhaps the shrewdest, manager in a game that demanded granite hardness.

His first words enhanced the feeling of mellowness that his presence imparted. He leaned forward and said, "I knew your father very well, Miss Mallory."

She nodded. "I've heard him speak of you." To herself she was saying, "On guard, Pat. You don't understand half you know about this."

Max removed his glasses, polished them with a sheer linen handkerchief, and regarded her gravely. "I had a great admiration for Pop," he said. "I would hate to see his daughter in a serious jam."

Her mind flashed back to the letter she had just received, but her smile was disarming. "That's awfully nice of you, Mr. Ellison," she said, "but fortunately I'm not in any jam."

"I'm afraid you are, my child." *Ellison shook his head sorrowfully.* "And before I discuss it, permit me to say that I don't blame you for anything you've done."

"That's kind of you. But what have I done?"

Max shrugged. "Putting it bluntly, Miss Mallory, charges are about to be placed before the boxing commission alleging that you successfully engaged in a crooked fight deal."

Something clicked in Pat's brain. The letter. Max's visit—so perfectly timed. "I'm beginning to understand a few things," she said slowly. "But I'd still like to hear more."

MAX'S manner was that of an indulgent parent explaining something to a willful child. "Certain affidavits are about to be filed with the boxing commission. These will charge, first, that you encouraged your fighter, Eddie Gordon, to neglect his training for the fight with Tommy Gateley last night. Secondly, they will assert that, after you had satisfied yourself that he was not in good condition, you bet twenty-five hundred dollars against five thousand dollars that he would lose by a knockout. One of the affidavits has been made by the Gotham Investment Company, a well-known betting firm, through which you placed your wager. I understand that they have already sent you a check."

"Yes. . . ." Pat was thinking fast and saying as little as possible. "I received it a little while ago."

"This is all most unfortunate, Miss Mallory." Max's voice was silky, his manner unctuous. "Of course you will vehemently deny the charges, but I am afraid that the commission will not believe you. With several affidavits alleging a frame-up, plus evidence that you bet against your own fighter . . . well, I'm telling you as a friend that it doesn't look healthy."

She asked tensely, "Is Eddie accused of having been in on this?"

"Eddie? Oh, certainly *not!*"

"What will happen if the commission believes these charges?"

"A great deal could happen, my dear. But perhaps the most important thing would be that you would lose your license—"

"And so my contract as Eddie's manager would be automatically canceled, wouldn't it?"

"You seem to grasp things quickly, Miss Mallory."

Pat's brain was clear now, and she struggled to control a rising tide of anger. She spoke more sharply than she intended: "Just to keep the record straight, Mr. Ellison—let me say that the whole thing *is* untrue."

"Surely, my child. I knew you'd say that."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Ellison . . . and there's no subtlety behind that statement. *You* happen to know the truth."

He smiled thinly. "I'm sorry to say, Miss Mallory, that it isn't always the truth that counts. It's what the commission happens to believe to be the truth, and in this case I feel sure that they will believe you guilty."

(To be continued next week)

Fight Talk

Continued from page 23

never is stumped by Mexico which is "May-hee-co" in his book. He also gives the proper Spanish twist to "Pwair-to Rico" and would rather be caught in the Garden ring without his tuxedo than to say "Cue-ba" when the authentic Castilian version is "Coo-ba." At the Harlem clubs where the patronage is chiefly Latin-American, Harry always prefaces his announcements with the plea: "*Silencio por favor,*" an idiosyncrasy that has given rise to the legend now prevalent in the Puerto Rican colony that he is the son of an immensely wealthy cattle baron from the Argentine. These three words happen to be Harry's entire stock of Spanish.

Proving that, despite his immaculate attire and fastidious delivery, Harry is only human after all, he unfailingly pronounces elite "Ee-light." His superfluous "r's" also trip him up. For instance, he has never been known to pronounce "arena" other than "arenar." Attempting to apply the authentic Hibernian twist to the name of Danno O'Mahony, the Irish wrestler, Professor Balogh introduces him as "Danno O'Ma-ha-hony."

Suffering Syntax

One of Harry's delightful tricks of syntax is the expression: "A man who bars and never has barred anyone, regardless of race, creed or color." This is a form of emphasis invented by Harry in defiance of the rules of grammar. You will note that he shuns "irregardless," a byword among other fight announcers. Harry cast that off with his armory-announcing clothes. In the old days he varied between "irregardless" and "disregardless" and once, out of deference to the borough of Brooklyn, in which he happened to be orating that night, he invented "misregardless."

Balogh derives great pleasure out of introducing Barney Ross, the former lightweight and welterweight champion, whenever he attends a fight in New York.

Then Harry's civic pride surges up in him and he reaches bombastic heights. Tracing Barney's entire career, he will wind up with the exhortation: "Give him a big hand, ladies and gentlemen, for he is a former native of New York." Some day a boxing writer is going to bestir himself and get a great story out of Barney by prying out of him the secret of how he managed to transfer his birthplace, along with his residence, to Chicago, when he moved there from New York City.

Announcer Balogh has long since weaned himself from the typical New York accent. His diction contains no crude "foists" or "thoids" and it took only one reprimand in the newspapers for him to drop the second "g" which he was putting in "Long Gyland," when he arrived on the Big Time.

Nothing delights Harry more than to encounter a long foreign name. His favorite in this respect is "Melicia Theoderescu" whom other announcers call "to the rescue." Harry gives this fine, old Rumanian family name the McCoy Bucharest inflection that so delighted Melicia after a recent fight that he planted a kiss on Balogh's brow when he was announced as the winner.

Harry Balogh took to announcing as a beaver does to damming streams. As a youth he hung around Dreher's Café at 116th Street and Lenox Avenue in Harlem. "It was considered the best saloon in Harlem in those days," explains our hero. There he announced all the important sporting events off the ticker tape. One of his earliest jobs of extemporizing, dramatizing and "circumlocutionizing" a sporting event was done on the Hayes-Dorando marathon race in the London Olympics in 1908. Harry made this race more vital and thrilling to those who were gathered over their ale in Dreher's saloon that day than to those who actually saw the famous incident of Dorando collapsing near the finish line at Stamford Bridge Stadium and being carried over it by a group of admirers. Old man Dreher sold enough beer that afternoon to float the Irish navy, such was Harry's skill at keeping them constantly with their tongues hanging out over his torrid oratory.

In between volunteer ticker jobs (for the labor was one of pure love) the Harlem Demosthenes fought as a bantamweight under the name of Smiling Harry. He wasn't much of a success at fisticuffs, however, due to the artistic streak in him that sought outlet in oratory. Besides, Mr. Balogh is essentially kindhearted, so much so, in fact, that to this day in introducing the most neglected preliminary boy he gives him a build-up fit for a world's champion. Sometimes he is driven to desperation for superlatives to describe the pugilistic attainments of some chump who is best characterized by a three-letter word starting with "b" and rhyming with rum.

Explaining this custom, Mr. Balogh says: "You can never tell how many friends a fighter has out there in the crowd who'll feel he's been slighted and hold it in for you if you don't give him a good send-off."

From hanging around Dreher's ticker, Harry was graduated to the managership of Billy Grupp's Gym in Harlem—in those days the leading rendezvous for boxers in New York. Balogh would introduce the fighters who trained there, giving each a build-up fit for the Maharaja of Lahore. One day, after Johnny Dundee had won the junior lightweight title, he came to the gym with his championship belt and Harry gave him such a mess of panegyrics in introducing him that Johnny was hanging on the ropes instead of bouncing off them, as was his custom.

The Reproof Courteous

"I felt like John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett and Jack Dempsey rolled into one," said Johnny, describing the thrill the Balogh build-up gave him, "so I called him aside after it was over and told him he ought to be introducing fighters in the big clubs because he was the best announcer I ever heard."

Balogh, encouraged by such praise from Olympus, applied for and got the job as announcer at the Queensboro Stadium when it was opened in 1921. After that he became the official announcer for all soldier bouts in the New York City armories. It was while on this job that Mr. Balogh permitted himself one of the few departures from the dignity that characterizes his work.

At the 102d Medical Regiment Armory one night Harry first vouchsafed himself a spot of persiflage. A famous character at this club was a fan who came week after week, sat in the fifty-cent section in the gallery and repeated over and over again while the boys were fighting: "I want blood. I came here for blood." One night he interrupted Balogh as he was about to announce the winner of a dull bout.

"What's the matter with them bums, Harry?" he cried. "I want blood. I came here for blood!"

Balogh transfixed the knave with a

The Pearls and the Senator's Daughter

SENATOR: Hey, June—my pills! You know dang well I can't get along without 'em!

JUNE: Never mind the old pills, darling. You come along to breakfast and I'll show you something. You shouldn't *let* yourself have these bad days. I have a hunch you can *prevent* that old constipation instead of trying to *"cure"* it every time it comes.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

JUNE: It's so simple even a statesman can understand it. We all need "bulk" in our diets to help us keep "regular." You probably don't get enough. If so, we'll get at the *cause* of the trouble by having KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast.
SENATOR: Good logic, June! And blamed if ALL-BRAN doesn't *taste* good, too. Pass the cream.

JUNE: Oh, Dad, it's too much for a little idea about what you should eat for breakfast!
SENATOR: June, little ideas have changed the fate of men and nations! Why, I'm practically a new man since I joined the "regulars."

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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EVERY BEAU BRUMMELL TIE DRAPES INTO A PERFECT DIMPLED KNOT AND IS EITHER BAR-TACKED OR SLIP-STITCHED BY HAND

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AT BETTER MEN'S SHOPS EVERYWHERE

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BEAU BRUMMELL TIES, INC., CINCINNATI

withering stare. Then, suddenly inspired, he replied haughtily: "I'm sorry, my good fellow. We don't give transfusions for fifty cents!"

This bon mot really bowled them into the aisles and gave Harry a reputation as a wit on which he has been coasting ever since. Joe Humphreys loved to be heckled by a smart aleck in the crowd because he could always floor the bounder with a witty Irish comeback. But Harry believes in maintaining the dignity of his profession and seldom does he employ the barbed retort or the wisecrack to squelch a gallery wit.

At a wrestling show at the Broadway Arena one night last winter, Mr. Balogh had to put aside his customary decorum once more to handle a situation. A couple of big burpers were committing mock mayhem on each other but not fooling the crowd when there came whizzing through the air from the back of the hall a large, soft, white Bermuda onion. It was aimed at one of the wrestlers but went wide of its mark and hit a ring post instead. It landed with the dull, soggy thump of a custard pie hitting an ingrowing face, and attar of onions was wafted on the smoke-laden breeze, causing ringsiders to reach en masse for their crying towels.

And Still They Like Him

"I saw that a crisis was at hand and that the wrong act on my part would precipitate a riot," said Harry. "So I started off in a mild vein, saying I knew the chap who had heaved the Bermuda love-apple had no malice in his heart but was merely thoughtless. I dwelled a while on the subject of thoughtlessness and, when I had them all in a penitent mood, I gave them the smash line. 'I know the fellow who threw that onion was thoughtless,' I told them, 'because if he weren't he would have thrown a steak to go with the onion.' Well, sir, that panicked them and I had no more trouble at the Broadway Arena."

Harry likes to appeal to the fair play of the crowd in long speeches. Almost any other announcer would be shouted down with: "Hit the ramp, you tramp," for, of all sporting crowds, a boxing audience is the least tolerant of oratory. But, somehow, the sight of well-groomed, sad-eyed Harry signaling for their "attention, please," makes them stretch a couple of points.

One of the most memorable speeches Harry made from the ring was on the night of September 26, 1922, when the first mixed match under the Walker Law was about to be held. Because of the racial angle, the boxing commission was scary of consequences. Now, mixed matches are the rule rather than the exception, but as recently as eighteen years ago they were thought to breed race riots. On this occasion, Danny Edwards, colored fighter from Chicago, was booked to meet Irish Johnny Curtin of Jersey City.

Before the main bout, Announcer Balogh asked for silence and then proceeded to lecture the crowd on sportsmanship. He said boxing was on trial and that its future was dependent on how the crowd comported itself that night. Doubling back over his tracks like a hounded fox, Balogh practiced all those arts of circumlocution, redundancy and tautology that have since made him the darling of boxing crowds everywhere. To make sure he hadn't skipped anything, he then went over the ground once more for emphasis. When he had finished, the crowd was limp and any racial prejudices it might have had were submerged.

Asked later if he extemporized that night, Harry said: "No, I made it up as I went along."

Harry sees the fine hand of fate using him as its instrument. He was substituting for Joe Humphreys that night. Thirteen years later, a colored heavyweight made his first appearance in New York, to fight Primo Carnera. It was during the Italian-Ethiopian crisis and feeling ran high in Harlem and the near-by Italian section. Again, Joe Humphreys had to call on Balogh to substitute for him, and once more the boxing commission found itself with a ticklish racial problem on its hands.

A Triumph for Everyone

"Leave it to me," said Balogh to General John Phelan. "I will not only handle the situation but will also take care of it."

"Well and good," replied General Phelan, entering into the spirit of the thing.

That night Orator Balogh gave them his 1922 speech warmed over with new spices of redundancy to flavor it. Reaching a climax, in a burst of sheer inspiration, he cried: "Leave us show no favor or prejudism!"

Joe Louis knocked out Carnera that night and made a tremendous hit but no more so than did Balogh after knocking out the crowd with his oratory. For this service to boxing, he was cited by the New York State Athletic Commission. The commendatory letter in General Phelan's best double talk is now framed in Harry's den, along with a photo of Joe Louis, autographed: "To Harry Balogh, one of my greatest admirers."

"I think it was the hand of fate that called me to duty on both those nights," says Balogh, discussing the coincidence.

Star-Spangled Christmas

A memorable story by Kathleen Norris

In Next Week's Collier's

In recent years Balogh's fame as a Demosthenes of the resin-strewn rostrum has spread so rapidly that he has to turn down half the offers he gets. From all parts of the country came demands for the services of the fight announcer who dresses like a gentleman and uses such big words. Harry accepts some of the small-town offers but he doesn't guarantee a tuxedo job for every tank town.

"One must draw the line somewhere or they will be cheapening themself," he said. "I put on my dinner jacket only for fights in the Garden and big outdoor shows. The smaller clubs must take a business-suit job and like it. My white tuxedo coat is reserved exclusively for outdoor fights in New York." Harry's ambition is to be invited to make the announcements at the National Sporting Club in London some day so that he may don tails (which he is said to wear with that certain air of *je ne sais quoi*).

Balogh never turns down a call upon his services for charity, and for these jobs he refuses to accept a fee. On these occasions, he feels free to let some of the repressed adjectives and adverbs flow out of his system. The boxing commission and the Madison Square Garden Corporation are always censoring his speeches and asking him to make them shorter and snappier, actuated no doubt by the false premise that the crowd comes to see the fights, not to hear Harry Balogh.

The accomplishment of which Harry is proudest, next to his appeal to the crowd at the Carnera-Louis bout to cast aside its "prejudism," is that he held aloft the hand of Henry Armstrong, only man ever to hold three world's championships simultaneously, on each of the three occasions when he won a title.

"It not only is a source of gratification to me but I am very proud of this distinction," says Harry. "No other fight announcer in all the history of the ring or since the dawn of boxing has been so honored."

One wonders, after listening to Harry, whether Armstrong, in winning the three titles, had accomplished as great a feat as Announcer Balogh had in introducing him.

Balogh has averaged four nights' work a week for twenty years, and in that time estimates that he has introduced 25,000 boxers. He has had the privilege of introducing Joe Louis no less than seventeen times, but, impressed as he was on each occasion by the importance of his duties, he nevertheless was able to make several observations concerning Louis that may have escaped fans who never get as close to the champion as he does.

"Three things about Joe Louis have impressed me," he reveals. "First, I have never seen him bleed. Second, I have never seen him perspire. Third, I have never seen him excited. Even when he won the title, he displayed no emotion."

Those who have been watching Harry Balogh closely while he was taking in Louis have observed three things about him, also:

First, he has never appeared in the ring with one strand of his hair misplaced to mar his well-groomed appearance.

Second, he has never settled for one word where five could be squeezed in, edgewise.

Third, he has never attempted to make himself look smart at the expense of one of his subjects.

Balogh's name is a fertile field for punsters who call him Harry Bellow or Harry Baloney. But such feeble witticisms leave him unperturbed.

He realizes that a man of his importance must expect such stuff from the masses. Only once has Harry taken offense at a sobriquet. That was when an admirer referred to him as the Cicero of Boxing.

"Cicero?" repeated Mr. Balogh, annoyed. "That's where Al Capone's headquarters used to be. Please, if you will be so kindly, don't call me Cicero."

What Makes You Tired

Continued from page 24

He remained there for fifteen minutes and suffered no particular damage. The man's adaptive body had generated quantities of perspiration and evaporation of this fluid had kept his body cool within safe limits.

The Harvard men set up their case. Since fatigue seemed to be very largely a question of adaptation, why not study men as they adapted themselves to conditions as dramatic as possible? See what happened to them, and try to shed new light on the chemistry of tiredness?

Pursuing this course, they have gone on expeditions to the flaming hot Black Canyon region of the Colorado River basin; and into the sweltering tropical humidity of Barro Colorado Island in the Panama Canal's Gatun Lake. They have worked in the Youngstown steel mills and in the highest permanent town in the world, a sulphur mining camp perched 17,500 feet up on Mt. Aucanquilcha in Chile.

The Harvard men have brought back quantities of practical information. The trip to Boulder City, Nevada, site of the Boulder Dam construction camp, will illustrate. During the first year of construction in this sweltering rock crevice, fifteen men died of heat, and scores of others had heat cramps—a malady accompanied by pains comparable only to those of childbirth.

It had been previously suggested that heat cramps and heat fatigue might trace to loss of body salt by excessive sweating. Under really severe conditions a man loses as much as four gallons of moisture a day. Taking this as a cue the Harvard men began investigating that most un-Harvard substance—sweat.

For hours on end workers walked on treadmills, clothed only in socks, shorts. Weighings before and after indicated the amount of sweat that had been lost; and baths in rubber tubs filled with distilled water showed composition of that sweat. An alarming loss of body salt was indicated. This was particularly true for newcomers. Men long on the job sweated just as much but their sweat contained less salt. It was the old business of adaptation. After a while their bodies had learned to conserve salt.

Just Add Salt

Once large-scale tests had indicated the extent of salt loss it was a simple matter to remedy this deficiency: by adding salt to drinking water. After this was done workmen remained alert and fresh when they otherwise would have been miserably tired. Heat deaths stopped and heat cramps became rare. A similar piece of work in Youngstown steel mills ended with equally striking results.

As a consequence of this work, salt in drinking water is now a routine matter in hot industries; in glass making, steel, baking and even on the Detroit assembly lines when a heat wave strikes. Astute football trainers feed salt—or bouillon, which is more palatable—to players in hot, early-season games. For the first time in years, the Duke University team, which adopted the practice in 1938, went through a season without a single case of heat cramps.

Oxygen starvation contributes to another type fatigue—the panting tiredness felt after hill climbing or other sustained hard work. Study of this phenomenon took the Harvard group to the Andean sulphur camp already mentioned. Lured by high wages, workmen live in bleak stone huts perched at an altitude at which no vegetable life exists. Newcomers always have violent headaches, and nausea, and may even lose consciousness. Yet such is the body's adaptability that native workmen even play football; a slow-motion variety to be sure, but football just the same.

They erroneously attribute their ability to work in this spot on the roof of the world to the fact that they constantly chew dried cocoa leaves dipped in ash. From this they extract minute amounts of cocaine. A better explanation of their work ability is that they have an abnormally large number of red blood cells to carry oxygen. Infants, however, do not have this faculty.

Women must go to lower altitudes to deliver their babies. The air at the camp is so thin—one breath will deliver only half as much oxygen as a similar breath at sea level—that newborn infants are suffocated.

Working here and in a temporary camp on the mountain summit (20,140 feet) the Harvard men underwent considerable hardship. One man lost 26 pounds and the average weight loss was 15 pounds. Thawing canned food in water which boiled at 175 degrees F. instead of at 212 was a tedious process. Six or seven rapid steps left them breathless and their lips were always blue from oxygen starvation.

Man's Far from a Perfect Machine

Study of blood samples withdrawn at this altitude explained the weariness that comes with being "winded." During a heavy expenditure of energy the body burns fat and sugar rapidly. It must have oxygen for this process. Failure of lungs and circulatory system to supply it results in fatigue.

The blood of the well-trained athlete has greater oxygen-carrying capacity than the blood of an untrained man; and the athlete's tissue can absorb oxygen faster. This explains why Tarzan Weissmuller easily swims distances that would leave most of us as breathless as a beached flounder.

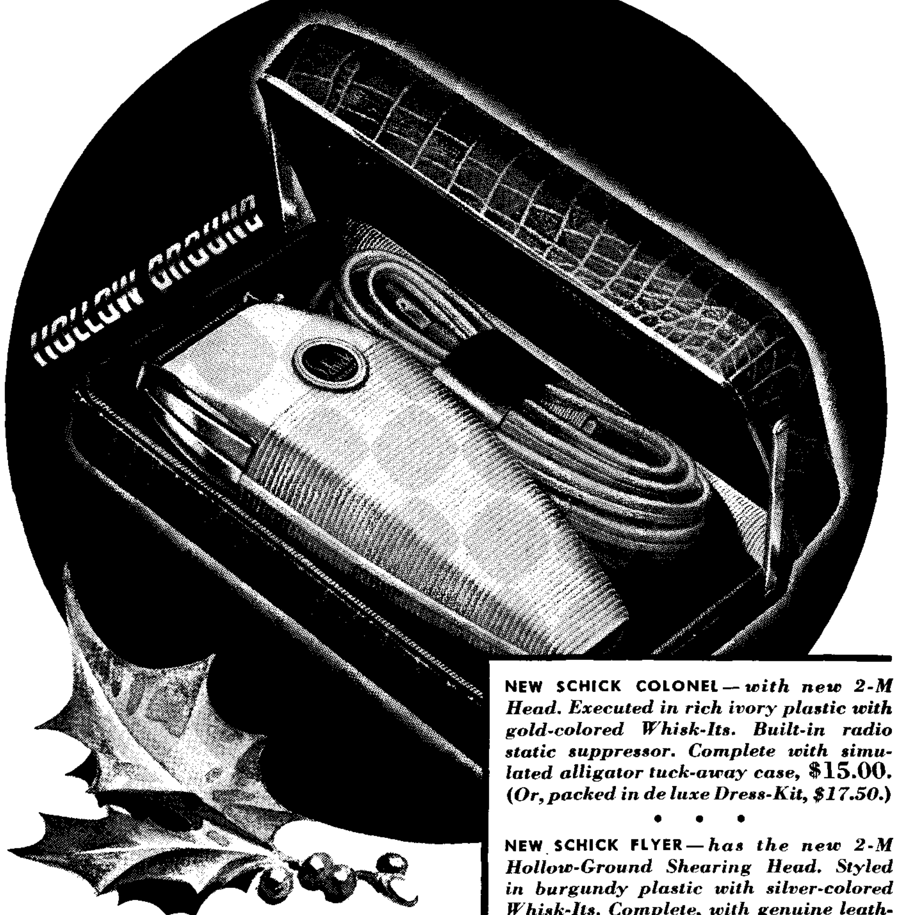
Treadmill measurements show a man's total capacity for work and the efficiency with which he does that work. Note in passing that man is nowhere like the perfect machine high-school biology teachers would have us believe him to be. The Diesel engine, the high-compression auto motor and the mercury vapor turbine all surpass him. Man's efficiency ranges from 16 to 20 per cent—which is to say that only this amount of chemical energy consumed as food is converted into external mechanical energy. A consoling thought for the middle-aged: At 50 a man's body may be far more efficient than it was at 20.

Figures so far available disclose that a man can expend energy at the rate of one third of his capacity without becoming unduly tired. Any factory management that was so minded could check any employee against the requirements of his job to see whether he was safely inside this limit.

The laboratory workers have yet to produce a magic pill that will banish fatigue. Much work must be done before the tired feeling that catches up with us at least once a day can be completely explained away. Meanwhile, no one need call Harvard seeking relief as one excited woman did.

A dog-weary researcher answered the phone late one night and a high lilting voice informed him that the speaker was just simply exhausted and wanted to know what to do about it. "Lady," he said, "I haven't the slightest idea."

HERE'S THE GIFT *for your Santa Claus!*



NEW SCHICK COLONEL—*with new 2-M Head. Executed in rich ivory plastic with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Built-in radio static suppressor. Complete with simulated alligator tuck-away case,* **$15.00.** *(Or, packed in de luxe Dress-Kit, $17.50.)*

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NEW SCHICK FLYER—*has the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head. Styled in burgundy plastic with silver-colored Whisk-Its. Complete, with genuine leather case for only* **$12.50.**

Schick prices begin as low as $9.95 for the popular CAPTAIN model with straight Speed King Head and Whisk-Its. *Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms.*

Give him a New Schick with the 2-M Hollow-Ground Head

Beards are all right at Christmastime. But the rest of the year, your "Santa" should be clean-shaven.

And we mean *clean!* No shadow of an imperfect shave to mar his manly features.

So, we repeat, give him the slickest, quickest whisker-whipper any man can own—*a new Schick.*

Its sensational 2-M Shearing Head is *hollow-ground* to arch the skin surface and make the whiskers stand up to be snipped off.

That's why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, *better!*

All Schick Shavers are sold on a 30-day trial plan—with a money-back guarantee!

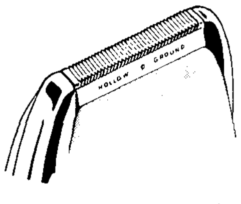
Only Schick offers all this!

● **NEW 2-M SHEARING HEAD**—hollow-ground to arch the skin surface—makes the whiskers stand up to be cut off. That's why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, *better.* ● **FLYING SHUTTLE SHEARER**—powered by an improved, faster motor—performing more than 14,000 shaving operations per minute. ● **WHISK-ITS**—to catch all beard clippings. No other shaver offers this feature. ● **BRAND-NEW STYLING** by Raymond Loewy—world-famous designer.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

ATTENTION, SCHICK OWNERS!

. . . Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!



We made this marvelous new 2-M Head so that it can be used on any of the 2,500,000 Schick Shavers now in service!

And it's yours for only $3.00! You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer—or send it to us at the factory in Stamford—or take it to a Schick Shaver Service Office in:

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DETROIT
HARTFORD, CONN.
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MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
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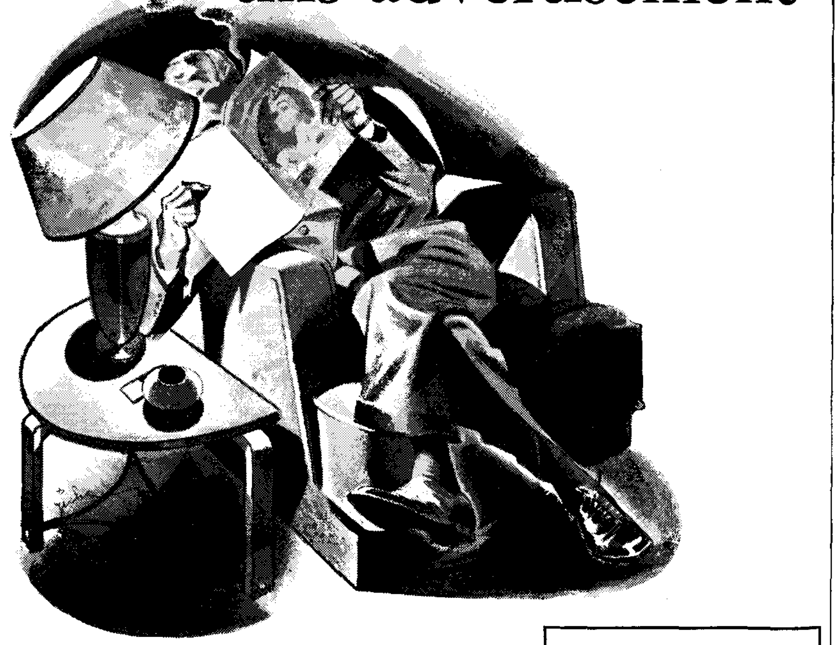
"I hope MY wife sees this advertisement"



"It was nearly driving me crazy! Twice now Molly has borrowed a bulb from my reading lamp, leaving me practically in candlelight. So, tonight, I was ready for murder, when I found the lamp so dim that I had to twist like a pretzel to read. And then there it was! The BIG IDEA . . . in an advertisement. '*Keep spare G-E MAZDA lamps on your cupboard shelf . . . and end bulbsnatching!*' This ad goes on Molly's plate tomorrow morning. But just in case she doesn't catch on, I think I'll bring home some new G-E MAZDA lamps myself."

See how little it costs to keep a husband happy

7½, 15, 25-watt . . 10¢
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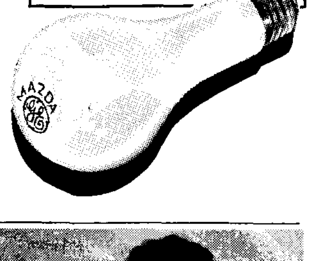
BRIGHT IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS: Give him (or her) the eye comfort and protection of a Certified I•E•S lamp, too.

G·E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC



. . SHE MAKES A Good Living!

IN 1933, Miss Anne Levy of Texas (pictured at the right) sold her first subscription to COLLIER'S. "*Since that time,*" says Miss Levy, "*I have built a business that is independent of time clocks and routine. I have made a good living and have met countless new friends in this profitable work.*"

Miss Anne Levy of Texas

ANOTHER successful representative is Mr. Geo. P. Welsh who says, "*My personal enthusiasm helps make sales and I have found my Crowell-Collier work both pleasant and profitable!*"

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Increase Your Income In 1941!

HUNDREDS of other representatives are earning extra money by using this easy plan. The same opportunity is open to you. There is at least one prospect in every home. Many of your friends are already subscribing—their renewals will bring you the same big commission as new subscriptions.

IF you want to increase your income as a Community Representative for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier publications, just paste the coupon below on a penny postal *and mail now!*

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YES, I want to increase my income in 1941. Please send me full details of your profitable plan.

Name.................................Address.................................

Town.................................State.................................

Sleeping Beauty

Continued from page 12

showed up two weeks later in Providence with a touring company of The Old Maid, a Wee and Leventhal outfit starring Violet Heming and Mabel Taliaferro.

"I thought when I was that close to Milford, I might as well go on to New York," she explained to the family.

That part brought her thirty bucks a week and she later played in other Wee and Leventhal plays, getting an occasional engagement when the fabulous Mr. Leventhal put on such good productions as Stevedore and Waiting for Lefty at Brighton Beach.

The way she got a job with Mr. Leventhal was to come down to his office and wait around with a dozen other people. Through the open door of the office Leventhal could be seen playing pinochle. When the game finished he came out, looked around calmly and pointed to the actor he wanted.

"You," he would say, and the rest went off till another day.

She was getting fifty a week with the Leventhal production of Dead End when Billy Grady saw her in Los Angeles and approached her about the films. The part she had was one of the worst in the play, that of the sappy Sutton Place dame, and Grady must be given credit for clairvoyance in seeing merit in anybody doing that hopeless role.

If Hussey had trouble with her shape at Northport, she was even worse now. She was plump, her legs were on the muscular side, although shapely, and she looked a bit like Buddha. She had sense enough to boost Billy up to a figure of $150 a week, which got him into trouble with the higher-ups who wanted to know what prompted him to drag this in.

"Speaking voice," said Grady, a bit tartly. "We can whittle those gambs down."

They cut off her nice long hair, plucked her eyebrows, gave her a new mouth and started in on the physique. Mrs. Saunders, the masseuse, whanged her about for weeks, taking a little off here and adding a bit there. She went into Big City and did a small part; another in Man Proof; another in Madame X. Then she had bits in Bad Man of Brimstone and Love is a Headache. When she got a few lines in Marie Antoinette she thought she was set but when Yellow Jack came along she lost out to Virginia Bruce. Option time was coming along and she was worried. Then she lost another part in Sweethearts and her number seemed to be up.

And There was Light

All this time she was ruining herself by looking like a rag bag. Worse than that, on the set between scenes she had the disconcerting habit of seeming to be dead. When the director talked the part over with her, she just looked at him and nodded and said nothing. Grady's speech cured the business of the clothes and long after, in Susan and God, George Cukor knocked the other business out of her.

"For heaven's sake," he cried after he had talked to her, "let something light up!"

The only saving grace was the fact that when she got before the camera she acted the ears off the part. She knew they were whispering behind her back that she had no allure and she decided that if they ever gave her a test after the flop in trying to get into Sweethearts, she'd turn it on. She set her mind on getting into Rich Man, Poor Girl with Robert Young. From being a cold potato she started to be a nuisance. She dogged people, she smiled, she bounced through the studio as if she were being prodded by a sharp stick. She sat on the doorsteps of Fred Datig and Billy Grady and Ed Chodorov, the producer. That seemed to do some good because the front office called her in, tore up her old contract, which had not increased in price since the beginning, and doubled her salary.

She went down on the beach to celebrate and came home with a sunburn so luscious that she had to go to bed. Then came a call from the studio for tests on the new picture. The doctor said she couldn't go. She said, third-degree burn or not, I'm going. She made tests during the day and went back to the hospital at night, lying on her tummy to sleep. She got the feminine lead in the picture.

It's All Different Now

But that almost finished her, too, because in a horseback scene she picked a nag that hated movie actors so thoroughly he would have made a good screen critic. It bunged her up so badly that she could only sit on the set in one position. While she was still unable to move, a heavy studio lamp dropped and landed on her foot.

"Would have cut my toes off if I hadn't been wearing boots," she reports.

But it was a cinch after that and she was in everything, including some of the better ones like Northwest Passage and Another Thin Man. The bawling-out by Cukor removed the last flaw in her personal actions.

"I always got it when they talked to me," she says, "but I didn't know how to show it. I'd sit there thinking about what they had said instead of answering and they decided I was half-witted."

Despite his feeling about her stupidity, Cukor took her into Philadelphia Story and that ironed out the last conflict.

With a change in her studio luck came a difference in her personality. For two long years she lived in a little apartment by herself and saw nobody.

"Didn't have a date all that time," she admits sadly. "Never heard that telephone ring except on studio business."

In that period she was fancying herself as a serious student of economics. She read books, she hoped that some fresh guy would call up and ask her out to dance, she read more economics. Then the break came and nice young freshly washed gentlemen did phone and she decided to desert economics.

For a while during her dog days, she tried to get her mother to come out and keep her company of nights but Mamma was not that dumb. So Miss Hussey did her own cooking and yearned for companionship and finally landed it. So now she never eats at home any more, being squired about by young men who prefer to do their eating in public places and preferably joints where it is possible to hoof a bit between courses.

The studio still looks at her avoirdupois with sternness but in reality the old shape is quite good and there are no complaints. When the pressure gets extreme she goes back on a diet. When that wipes out the usual eight pounds, she immediately goes back on the feed route.

"What's the matter with these?" she asks, holding up a leg. "A little plump but mighty shapely. Absolutely excellent for the rumba. I'll see you at Ciro's Saturday night."

Quite a change in a dame, really.

The Hard Way

Continued from page 17

Russia. That's where Germany gets it and the Nazi technicians have been making vital airplane and tank and gun parts with beryllium while the best we've been able to do, with an Army purchasing system which demands "easily obtainable, standardized, already tested materials," is to make probably the best phonograph needles and hypodermic needles in the world and a few springs.

But thanks to Whitney, who had faith and money, and a certain Irishman out in Reading, Pennsylvania, who had plenty of faith but no money, American metallurgy will outstrip German in the practical application of beryllium. Washington has been roused by that Irishman's persistent prods into realization of beryllium's immediate possibilities. The Irishman's name is Andrew Gahagan. In his late fifties, he's as tough and bouncy as one of his beryllium springs, as case-hardened as one of the bright, live-gold pigs of beryllium copper. Andy's a metallurgist.

An Essential in Plane Design

Yes, we are in the Alloy Era now. Bobby pins made from some of Mr. Gahagan's beryllium copper will never break and corset stays will retain their shape longer than the corset. We'll make indestructible telephone plugs and airplane motor bearings that never wear out and valve springs that never fail. We'll make those superpowered plane engines which even now engineers are dreaming up with T square and ruling pen and slide rule.

We matriculated into this Alloy Age when scientists found how to put muscles in a flaccid metal called aluminum. Everything was wrong with aluminum except its light weight. It is soft, easily hammered, twisted, squeezed, bent or stretched. As an industrial metal it was practically useless until someone found that by mixing it with other metals it retained some of its lightness and acquired a strength comparable to that of steel.

The present airplanes, capable of high speeds and long range, the fighters, bombers, transatlantic clippers and U. S. Army flying fortresses and stratosphere sleepers are possible only because of aluminum alloys. Otherwise planes and their engines would be so heavy as to be either impractical or impossible. New alloys will make for bigger, more powerful planes as well as other armaments. Already engineers have plans on their drawing boards for the construction of airplane engines of 5,000 and 6,000 horsepower, or from two to four times the energy of current power plants.

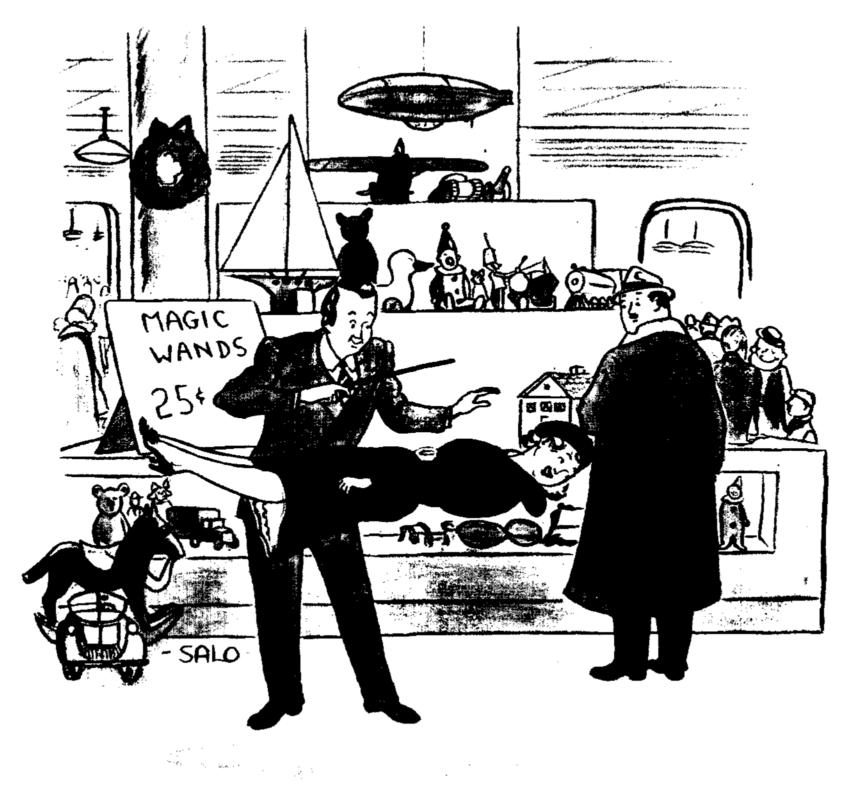
More power will mean faster planes, for one thing. Stronger metals—alloys, rather—will mean stronger materials for wings and fuselages and this, added to increased power, will make the dream of 300-passenger transports, freight-carrying and tank-lugging planes come true. It will certainly mean that very soon you'll be breakfasting in Binghamton and lunching in Los Angeles.

Peacetime applications for new alloys are limitless, covering the range from pins to more sensitive altimeters, but the vital fact is that these new alloys will help the United States of America arm effectively and quickly.

War and metallurgy are allied arts. The history of one is the story of the other. Man's increasing skill in the technique of destruction is the story of his progress in mastering the chemistry of metals. He went from tomahawk to blunderbuss to machine gun as he progressed from stone to iron to steel. But it was when he discovered alloys that he emerged into a fantastic new era. He began his postgraduate work in civilization and in the art of destruction.

Alloys aren't new. Skill in their preparation has given some races superiority over others. The ancient Hittites, a lost race whose descendants are now supposed to live in the mountains of Syria, achieved supremacy because they discovered iron. But even when their neighbors had iron, the Egyptians attained superiority because they had an alloy of copper.

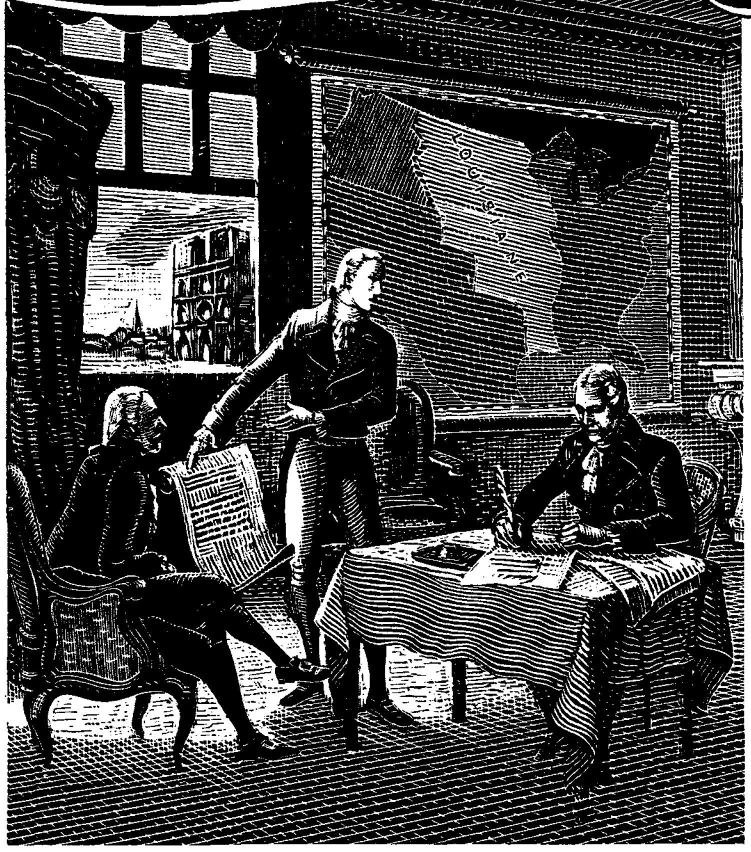
It wasn't until Wöhler isolated it in 1828 that beryllium took its place in the



"Look, dear, do you think Junior would like one of these?"

SALO ROTH

137 years ago...in 1803...the Louisiana Purchase was made



313 YEARS AGO...IN 1627
the Haigs were making Scotch!

You can be sure of utmost enjoyment in Scotch that has satisfied the public for over 3 centuries! So choose Haig & Haig! It is the only Scotch that can point to a 313-year-old history of continuous satisfaction. And yet Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame!

PINCH BOTTLE 12 YEARS OLD

EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
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SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

chart of the elements along with oxygen, iron, carbon, sulphur and the others that constitute what you and I and everything about us is made of. Scientists solved the riddle of the beauty of the emerald, the stone which in Bible times was assigned fourth place of honor on the breastplate of the high priest of the Tabernacle, and learned how the Egyptians made tough weapons from soft copper, and gave us the metal which will probably make the best firing pins ever placed in rifle, machine gun, cannon or howitzer.

Copper alloyed with two per cent of beryllium and a fraction of one per cent of nickel makes an indestructible firing pin and other parts of gadgets like the Garand rifle. Gahagan, after years of trying, finally convinced the Army and Navy people down in Washington that he had something out in his plant. He had moved the factory from Cleveland to Reading just to be handier to Washington.

After one of his Washington trips Gahagan rushed out to his smelly, noisy place, where steam hammers pound and blast furnaces roar and where there is a stench of exhausted gases from retorts and vats. He translated drawings into shiny pieces of precisely cast and machined parts for a Garand gun. Within three days the pieces were being tested at Springfield, Massachusetts, and given a thorough beating.

The Army testers would have been happy indeed if the parts had held up after five hundred test shocks. If that isn't exactly clear don't blame us. Neither they nor Gahagan will talk much. What's happening in these tests, or exactly what they're testing, is a military secret. Gahagan is the closest-mouthed Irishman you ever saw and while he'll admit he's experimented successfully with firing pins, he won't say what the new Garand parts are. Anyhow, after ten thousand test shocks the parts were still ticking, or shooting, or whatever they were supposed to be doing.

"I am now besieged with military enthusiasm," growls Gahagan. "We are now extending tests of beryllium alloys for many other uses in military machinery."

Most Durable of Alloys

One cannot exactly blame the Army men for previous skepticism. Mr. Gahagan's pronouncements on the physical properties, or behavior under various trying conditions, of beryllium alloys read with the optimism of an enemy's war communiqué. Here are some of the claims. Luckily for aviation, preparedness, American democracy and Mr. Gahagan, the claims are substantiated by supervised official tests:

A spring is a coiled wire or coiled flat strip or just plain ribbon that keeps two mechanical pieces apart or tends to draw them together. Like the coil in an airplane engine valve that keeps it oscillating and keeps life in the motor by shutting and opening the valve at just the right times.

Well, if this valve spring is made out of a beryllium alloy it will keep going twenty billion times instead of only five hundred thousand times for phosphor bronze or two to three million times for steel before breaking in tests.

Beryllium alloys have the highest tested tensile strength known to metallurgy. Beryllium nickel, composed of 98 per cent nickel and two per cent beryllium, twists to a break after the application of 260,000 pounds to a square inch. Structural steel snaps after a mere 60,000 pounds. It takes 90,000 pounds to break stainless steel.

A few years ago a man who knows his way around in the field of mechanics and metallurgy, Henry Ford, heard about beryllium. Ford immediately ordered some and declared he was going to make his planes out of beryllium, exclusively. He gave that up because in those days Mr. Ford might just as well have tried to make his planes out of platinum. Beryllium was that expensive. That was five or six years ago.

Fifty years ago beryllium cost about $5,000 a pound. Whitney's outfit makes beryllium copper for fifteen dollars a pound and they believe they can bring the price down to about five dollars.

One of the most important of beryllium alloys' peculiarities is that a tool made of such a substance, when used against steel, does not spark. That may not seem so much at first glance. But when you realize that many fires are started by a steel tool dropped or struck against a steel surface, you begin to get an idea.

In the paint and petroleum industry fires are a constant menace and insurance premiums are high on properties housing their stills, vats and retorts. A spark from a tool, say a wrench slipping against a flange bolt, is enough to ignite the vapor-charged air in the area and blow up the works along with lives and dollars. Beryllium-alloy tools—we amused ourselves out at Gahagan's plant by slicing strap steel with a hammer and cold chisel that were 98 per cent soft copper—don't make sparks.

It's the Gift

Comes the season once again
Of peace on earth, good will to men,
Of Santa Claus on every block
In garments lately out of hock,
Of Christmas greetings, sweet and damp,
Dripping from each rubber stamp,
Of trees, not made by God, but very
Much like ladies' millinery;
Hark, the herald angels sing
Of ever fancier packaging
Bearing no resemblance to
The packages that once I knew.

No more, no more, the simple holly
That used to make my boxes jolly;
No little sprig of mistletoe
Tied with green or scarlet bow.
Last year my Christmas presents were
Dressed in feathers and in fur,
Topped with gilded bells that rang,
With little tinsel birds that sang,
Hung with brilliants, draped with chintz,
Wrapped in genuine Godey prints,
Bright with gold and silver shot,
Heaped with orchids, real and not,
Trimmed with heads of silver foxes,
Such sophisticated boxes.

What did all this glory hide?
I did not dare to look inside!
"Friends," this year I'd like to say,
"For the coming holiday
Leave aside such needless trappings
As expensive Christmas wrappings.
Nothing's pleasanter, I think,
Than a gift of honest mink
Not wrapped in gold and all that stuff:
Last Sunday's Times is good enough.
Rubies and diamonds may come
Sealed with common chewing gum.

"It's not the package, but the gift
That gives my heart a joyous lift,
That makes my eager spirit bounce.
With me it is the gift that counts."

Selma Robinson

The Germans, with their usual canniness about metals, surged way ahead in the adaptation of beryllium in the hard-wearing parts of airplanes, in those parts where infallibility in operation is essential. They've used beryllium alloyed with nickel or copper in valve springs, rocker arms, fuel-line connections, wires, struts, braces, rivets and in welding joints. Beryllium welds a tight joint because it is so active chemically and metallurgically.

Gahagan and Whitney have developed the production process for beryllium to a new simplicity and speed. One operation, for instance, which still takes the Germans seventeen hours to perform in the extraction of the metal is done out in Reading in from two minutes to two hours.

Here is another field where beryllium scores. The larger parts of engines and machinery of all kinds are cast. Molten metal is poured into a sand, steel or plaster-of-Paris mold and comes out roughly the size and shape required. Then the parts are machined, milled, lathed, drilled, ground, scraped and buffed to size down to within the few fractions of a thousandth of an inch required for high performance.

Right the First Time

There are many reasons for the measurable imperfections of castings. Imperfections in the mold due to the contraction and expansion of the poured metal and its effect upon the sand or whatever the mold happens to be made of cause variations in size. The machining processes are essential to produce exact uniformity and fit.

Beryllium does something to metal that causes it to pour uniformly, exactly, into a mold and produce castings more nearly to size than they would otherwise be. Little machining is required to make the finished product. We've seen some fittings for airplane fixtures that came out of their molds as clean, bright as a perfect apple. They hadn't been machined or even buffed to give them a polish. This would indicate that, at least, machining processes will be speeded up in our armaments program.

But Gahagan, the irrepressible, believes he can go further. He is sure he can produce perfect castings of certain things—bullets for instance—to within the close tolerances, or margin of error measurable by the split strand of a hair, permitted by Army inspectors. Bullets usually are turned out on an automatic lathe. They must be perfect for accurate shooting. But if they can be cast, millions will be produced where thousands were turned out before. And nowadays airplanes and Garand rifles and similar mechanisms fire them by the thousands where they fired hundreds before. Something must be done, Gahagan reasons, to supply more bullets, bombs, shells, and he thinks he's got the answer. Army people are sufficiently intrigued to be pottering about the Reading plant weekdays and Sundays, testing, testing, testing.

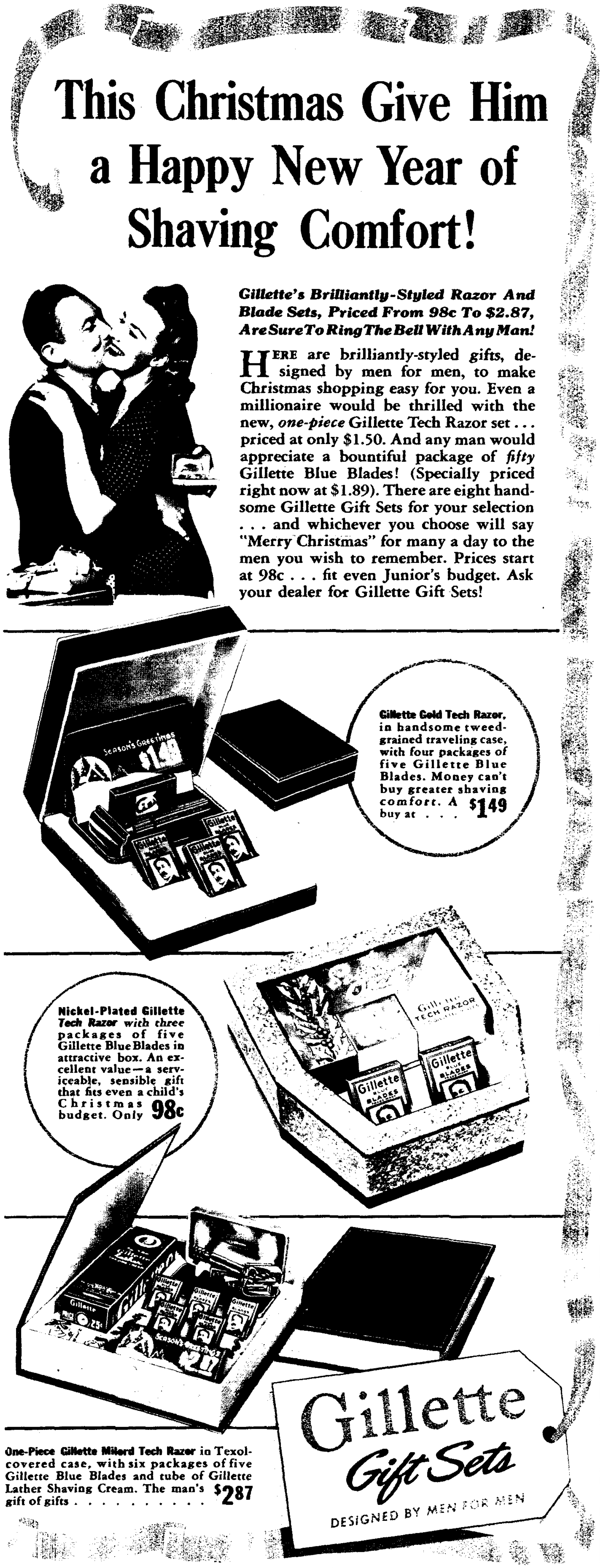
So far the metal has been exploited largely for springs. You have no idea how many springs there are in the things you use every day or which make modern life possible until you examine the innards of a certain mechanical bookkeeper made by the International Business Machine Company. It has 15,000 little springs of various sizes. Their longevity and infallibility is due to beryllium.

Tom and Jerry
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
TRADE MARK
W
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich straight Bourbon whiskey distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois U.S.A.
HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON

You Give the Spirit of 32 Delicious Holiday Toasts

. . . when you say
"Merry Christmas" with
a gift-wrapped quart
of TEN HIGH!

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OR STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY. 90 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



This Christmas Give Him a Happy New Year of Shaving Comfort!

Gillette's Brilliantly-Styled Razor And Blade Sets, Priced From 98c To $2.87, Are Sure To Ring The Bell With Any Man!

HERE are brilliantly-styled *gifts*, designed by men for men, to make Christmas shopping easy for you. Even a millionaire would be thrilled with the new, *one-piece* Gillette Tech Razor set . . . priced at only $1.50. And any man would appreciate a bountiful package of *fifty* Gillette Blue Blades! (Specially priced right now at $1.89). There are eight handsome Gillette Gift Sets for your selection . . . and whichever you choose will say "Merry Christmas" for many a day to the men you wish to remember. Prices start at 98c . . . fit even Junior's budget. Ask your dealer for Gillette Gift Sets!

Gillette Gold Tech Razor, in handsome tweed-grained traveling case, with four packages of five Gillette Blue Blades. Money can't buy greater shaving comfort. A buy at . . . $1.49

Nickel-Plated Gillette *Tech Razor* *with three* packages of five Gillette Blue Blades in attractive box. An excellent value—a serviceable, sensible gift that fits even a child's Christmas budget. Only 98c

One-Piece Gillette Milord Tech Razor in Texol-covered case, with six packages of five Gillette Blue Blades and tube of Gillette Lather Shaving Cream. The man's gift of gifts $2.87

Gillette Gift Sets

DESIGNED BY MEN FOR MEN

A Little Imagination

Continued from page 16

Her voice dropped a whole octave, it sounded like the end of the world. *"All—the boxes—on the bench,"* she said.

"Yes ma'am," he said, and disappeared.

Was she cursed with stupid servants, or were all servants cursed with stupidity? She positively envied the poor, a nice little apartment, no servants, no entertaining to do.

By the time she had got Nora straightened out and made half a dozen telephone calls, she was ready to go and Denny had not come back. He came in just in time to make her ten minutes late for her fitting, ten minutes late for everything because of the stupidity of people you paid to be on time.

SHE didn't make up that ten minutes all day long. Late for lunch, but Jane had been later still. The lunch hadn't been bad; Marguerite was always fun, and Jane, in that extraordinary get-up, charging in like a cavalry officer, showing off her figure—if you could call Jane Tuckerman's bones a figure.

Fifteen minutes late for the Shop. But the meek little woman who always sat there in the back said, "It's all right, there's been nobody in since the ladies left."

She took off her coat and surveyed herself in the long mirror near the window. Outside, a girl in a gray coat and a brown sports hat was going by, holding her coat collar to her throat against the blustering wind. She had almost passed when she saw the window, stopped, retraced a few steps, looked up at the sign above the door, then in through the window. Their eyes met, and the girl looked suddenly embarrassed, hesitated, and then hurried on by.

There were a lot of new things in the shop today. The racks were full. She wondered who was sending them in; apparently the shop was catching on in a big way. There was her yellow chiffon—*what* a yellow it was—and she had just spotted that old white jersey of Marguerite's when she heard the door open and looked around. It was the girl who had paused by the window a minute before and then gone on. They often *did* come back.

She had stepped halfway inside, and was holding the door against the wind.

She knew this type—timid and undecided. You had to be *very* sweet and helpful, and practically make up their minds for them.

"Won't you come in?" she said, smiling graciously.

The wind caught the door and slammed it shut behind the girl. "Oh," she said, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it to slam."

"Would you like to see some of our things?"

"I—don't know," said the girl, but she came a few steps farther, her eyes wandering toward the racks.

"We have some really quite nice things, if you're interested. Was there something you had in mind? Something you were looking for?"

"I thought—if you had something perhaps I could wear in a coat—something in brown."

"Let's see what we have today," and Mrs. Blake went briskly over to the racks and began to look among the coats. The girl had followed and was trying to conceal the fact that she was looking for price tags.

"Must it be brown?" asked Mrs. Blake, holding out a green Rodier fabric coat with gray caracul. "This is a *very* good buy, if it isn't too large; we'll see."

"It must be brown," said the girl, "to go with this dress. But how much is that one?"

Mrs. Blake consulted the price tag. "Only seventeen dollars, and you can see what it *is*." She wondered who'd sent it in; didn't remember seeing it before.

"I know," said the girl, "but I wanted brown. That's a brown one, isn't it, there?"

"So it is," said Mrs. Blake, and brought out old Mrs. Kelleher's brown coat—she remembered seeing her in it year before last.

The girl had taken off her gray cloth coat which had certainly seen better days; no wonder she wanted something else. Now she picked up the brown coat and put it on. It had been form-fitting on Mrs. Kelleher, but it lapped nearly twice around the girl's waist; the shoulders weren't bad, but the skirt reached below her calves.

"It would be well worth buying and having it fitted," said Mrs. Blake.

"I wouldn't have time," said the girl, "I can't wait to have anything fitted. I want it today." She got slowly out of it. "I thought just a brown tweed, maybe, with a fur collar, they have them in the department stores. For around sixteen dollars, I've seen them advertised, twenty at the most."

There simply wasn't *another* brown coat, only several beige ones that wouldn't do when she hopefully tried them on.

"What about *fur?*" said Mrs. Blake. She had just caught sight of a brown fur sleeve on that farther rack.

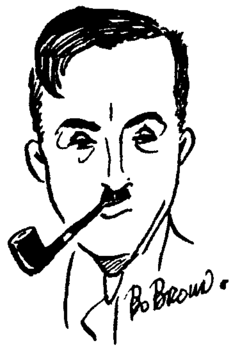
"Oh, no," said the girl, "I can't afford fur."

"We'll just see what it is," said Mrs. Blake, and went over and took it from the rack A longish jacket, and *very*

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists

No. 18



Bo Brown says he married a swell business manager, has a son, two big dogs, a two-century-old house in Pennsylvania and a car of unknown vintage. Before accumulating these he went through twelve years of school in twelve years, graduated (with a Phi Beta Kappa key) from the University of Pennsylvania and pursued the study of law for eighteen months before taking up cartooning (see page 50).

good-looking, too. Could it be mink—surely not; and hardly worn at all. Forty dollars! An extraordinary imitation; it was amazing, really, what a good job the dyers were doing these days; it hardly paid to buy expensive furs.

"It's lovely," said the girl, her pale eyes brightening, "but I couldn't afford anything like that."

"Anybody, but *any*body can afford a coat like this at forty dollars!" said Mrs. Blake.

The girl didn't even look at it as she put it on; she seemed to be thinking of something else. She looked at her wrist watch and held it up to her ear before she turned to face the mirror.

Well, if she couldn't see what it did for her, she *was* a fool. The warm brown of the fur seemed actually to bring out a few glints in the neat mouse-colored hair. If she only had a decent hairdresser and the proper rinse—and her features were really quite nice; the girl could *do* something with herself if she only tried, if she had any spirit, any imagination, any verve.

"It's charming," said Mrs. Blake, "and it suits you, it suits you perfectly."

"I know," said the girl, "but twenty dollars was all I'd planned to spend."

THIS was so idiotic, so completely without sense, but just like these people, no real idea of economy—twenty this year, twenty next, twenty the next, sixty dollars and three shoddy coats, when forty at the right time would keep you really well-dressed for years. It was why they never had anything, why they never got anywhere.

"I've spent so much time," the girl was going on in her helpless voice, "I'm afraid now I wouldn't have time to go anywhere else. My appointment's at half past three—I should have had more time to shop, but I didn't get the appointment until noon today—" It was funny how they all took to explaining at a certain point; even this little scared rabbit had come to it now. "—and I can't be late, or I won't get the job," she finished breathlessly.

So that was it. She was applying for a job, she had sense enough to know she must be decently dressed for the interview, and she was *hesitating* about a coat like this at forty dollars!

"This coat would help you get the job. It gives you distinction, it gives you background, and it's better not being entirely new; you've *had* it, it's your coat. Men like women well-dressed, you know."

"I wouldn't want to look *too* prosperous," she said. "He might not think I needed the job."

What a fool! She didn't deserve the coat. She didn't deserve the job. But somehow she'd got her teeth into it now.

"If *I* were going to interview an employer," Mrs. Blake said, "I'd *borrow* to get this coat."

"Oh, I couldn't borrow when I wasn't working—"

"I thought that was when people *did* borrow," said Mrs. Blake. But the girl wasn't listening. She had wandered helplessly back to the rack, stood fingering the cloth coats, all the coats that were too big, too little, all the coats that wouldn't do. It was positively nonhuman to be as uncertain and vague as that.

She opened her purse and shut it again. "I *have* forty dollars—only I ought to have something—I oughtn't to spend it all—" She looked at her watch, and started as if her name had been called.

Quite suddenly she opened her purse, pulled out three bills, a twenty and two tens, and thrust them toward Mrs. Blake as if she were glad to be rid of them.

"I'll have to take it," she said. She picked up the coat and put it on, glanced almost carelessly into the mirror, gathered up her old gray coat and rolled it into a bundle.

"Have you a paper—some wrapping paper?" she asked, and then before there was time to answer unfolded the coat. "No, don't bother," she said, "I'll carry it this way. There's just time to get home and downtown by half past three if I hurry fast." She was already backing toward the door. "And thank you, thank you so much. You've been so very nice."

"Thank *you*," said Mrs. Blake, and as the girl went through the door she called after her, "And good luck with the job!"

"Oh, thanks!" cried the girl as the door closed after her.

Through the window she watched her bending against the wind, with the gray coat flying from her arm.

"I don't know why on earth I insisted on her having that coat," she thought. "And good heavens, *wasn't* I *sweet!* I hope I don't have to do any more of that this afternoon."

And she didn't. Almost immediately two *priceless* old jaybirds came in and attacked the racks as if they were bins of corn, chattering madly without even looking in her direction until they came out with those ridiculous old evening gowns, two apiece, that had been there since opening day and that nobody in their right minds would buy. "For the material," they said as they handed over the money.

At precisely five o'clock the car arrived for her. "That's better," she thought, "on the dot at last."

At home she went straight through to the kitchen to see that nothing too awful had happened to the dinner. It was a relief to find that Jackson had Nora in hand and everything going smoothly.

SHE had heard the telephone ringing and as she started up the stairs Eugenia came to the landing above. "The telephone, madam," she said.

"I'll take it down here," she called, and went back to the telephone in the lower hall. "Yes," she said, "hello. Mrs. Blake speaking."

"Oh, Mrs. Blake, good evening," said a man's voice. "This is Mr. Sachs." What a nice voice the man had, so deep and distinguished for a merchant, so courtly and well bred; what *was* he asking about—

"I was anxious to know how you liked your coat."

"My coat?" She hadn't bought a coat.

"Your mink, that you asked me to have remodeled for you last spring. I think my man did a very good job on it—"

"But you still *have* it, Mr. Sachs!"

"I sent it out to you this morning; it must be there."

"I've been out all day, just a minute until I see." She looked about helplessly, beginning to feel a little queer. Somebody was passing through the upper hall.

"Eugenia!" she called. "Eugenia!" The girl came to the head of the stairs. "Did my mink coat come this morning from Sachs?"

"Not that I know of, madam. I didn't see anything."

The girl was maddening; you'd think it wasn't her business; you'd think she didn't care. "Where's Jackson? Hold on, will you, Mr. Sachs? I'll ask the butler."

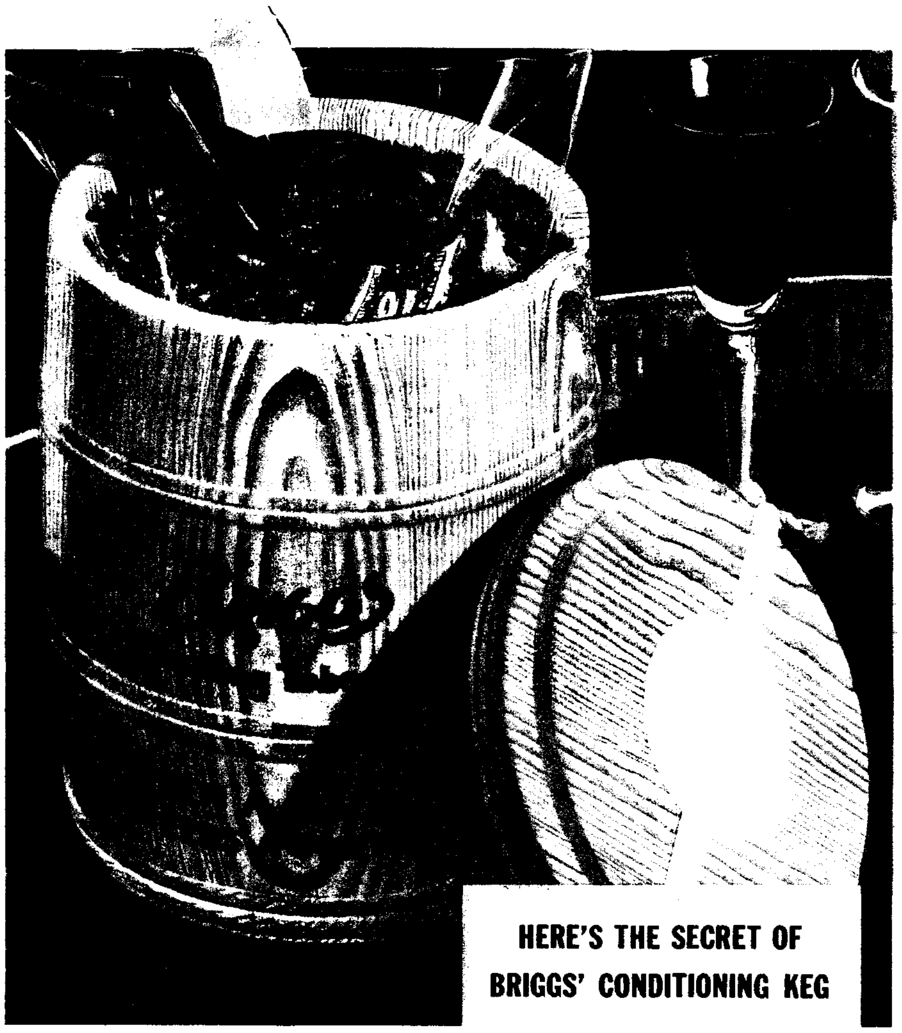
She swept across the hall and pushed a bell, and then came back to the telephone. Almost immediately the butler appeared.

"Did a box come this morning from Sachs, Jackson?"

"I think not, madam. At least I didn't see it."

"But you *would* have seen it, wouldn't you?"

A cask of tobacco as fragrant & mellow as old wine



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Here's a keg of good cheer . . . to delight the eye of your "pipe man", and please his palate with its richness and fullness of flavor.

Briggs is a blend of blue ribbon tobaccos, aged extra long in oaken casks to remove every bit of bite.

Long slumber in the wood turns all this natural golden goodness into a mellow-mildness that's as fragrant as a fruit cake . . . as flavorful as old wine.

Even the keg itself is a gracious gift! Inside its cover is an ingenious device that keeps the tobacco properly moist, invitingly fresh, to the last pipeful.

In the top of each 1-lb. keg of Briggs Tobacco is a patented disc of Aztec Moistening Clay. A few drops of water on this disc, every other week, keeps Briggs Tobacco as fresh and fine and full of flavor as the minute it was packed!

Give him a barrel of Briggs. A full 1 lb. of this fine tobacco in its charming Conditioning Keg, is well within your budget . . . and *what a gift!*

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"May ye ne'er want for a friend, nor a bottle to gie him."

There's one decisive thing about a gift of Teacher's Scotch: This famous old "hieland" whisky is always in good taste!

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TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

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NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

"I should think so, madam. Did you ask Eugenia?"

"She hasn't seen it." She swung the transmitter around and spoke into it again: "There must be some mistake, Mr. Sachs. Are you sure it was sent out?"

"I sent it out myself, personally," said Mr. Sachs, "by special messenger."

AT THAT moment the street door opened and the chauffeur came into the hall. "Wait!" she said, and laid down the telephone. "Denny, did you take in a box from Sachs this morning?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't take anything in."

"Did you *see* a box or anything from Sachs?"

"There was a Sachs box with the things you sent to the Thrift Shop this morning."

"A *new* box—was it a *new* box?"

"I thought so, ma'am; I thought that looks like a new box, the way it was tied, you know."

"And you *took* it, you took it without *asking*, without saying a word. . . ."

"I tried to ask you, ma'am, but you insisted I was to take *all*—the boxes—on—the bench."

"Perhaps," said the butler with maddening calm, "perhaps Nora took it in while I was at market this morning."

She seized the telephone. "Was it a little tight-rolled collar with a—kind of bat wing tie—and were the sleeves—"

"Oh, you've found it! The collar's charming, don't you think?"

"*No*, I haven't found it!" Even he was talking like a fool, couldn't anybody get anything straight? Somebody had to help her—somebody had to do something—

"What's the matter, Mrs. Blake—?" he was asking.

"Now listen, it's too insane! With a whole houseful of servants, a houseful of idiots—and just because it happened to be on the same bench, and without my ever seeing it or knowing it was *here*, it was taken off to the Thrift Shop and sold!"

"*Sold?*"

"Yes *sold*—my beautiful coat—and for forty dollars—"

"Not forty dollars, Mrs. Blake, surely not forty dollars for that beautiful mink—it cost forty just to remodel it, you know—"

"How would *I* know it was my coat? I'd never seen it like that! It was entirely changed, my coat was—"

"But you knew it was *mink!*"

"Would it ever occur to *you* that a coat as good-looking as that marked forty dollars was *mink?*"

"What did you think it was?"

"I thought it was one of those hideous new dyed furs—and that girl, that stupid pasty-faced girl, she probably knew what it was, knew just what she was doing, saying she was applying for a job—"

"What girl?" asked Mr. Sachs.

"The girl who got it, who did you think?"

"Who was she? You have her name and address?"

"How would I? Certainly not. We don't ask questions, it's a rule of the shop. But I'll get the police—they'll find her and bring her back. The police find people, don't they Mr. Sachs?"

Mr. Sachs cleared his throat. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Blake, that the police couldn't help you much, if I understand the facts. The young woman seems to have bought the coat in good faith—I'm sorry about it, of course, but—"

Mrs. Blake slammed up the telephone.

There was the flick of a skirt at the head of the stairs, and across the hall a stealthy footfall as Jackson stepped back into the room beyond. But Denny the chauffeur, caught between the street door and the telephone stand, stood staring upward at the ceiling, his face completely blank.

"*Baboons!*" she muttered to herself as she snatched up her gloves and purse and marched steadily up the stairs. "Baboons, baboons, baboons."

In her room she ripped off her coat and flung it violently toward a chair where it slithered off to the floor. She could have torn the house down over her head. Striding about the room, she seized a brush from the dressing table and hurled it after the coat.

"I could kill them all!" she said aloud.

In the silence that followed she heard a step outside in the hall and the door of the next room open and close. George! She had forgotten George. Now George would have to know. Thank God for that annoying habit he had of getting himself a highball and reading the paper straight through before he would budge from his chair. It gave her time to think.

When she opened the door into George's room he was buried in the paper as usual, a half-full highball glass on the table beside his chair. Above the paper she could see the top of his graying head.

"Hello," he rumbled comfortably from behind the paper.

"Hello," she answered ever so casually, and sat down quietly to wait. She could have screamed at him, she could have torn the sacred paper out of his hands—but she knew her technique with George. This sitting quiet would get his attention much more quickly than anything else she could do.

"Want a highball?" he asked presently, peering at her through his reading glasses over the paper top.

"A little one, maybe. Don't bother, I'll get it, I'd rather," and she got up and trailed her orchid velvet negligee across to the table beside his chair. He pushed over the tray with the decanter and siphon without taking his eyes from the paper, and she measured out the whisky and siphoned the soda into her glass with slow, languid movements, elaborately silent, elaborately not disturbing him. Then she went across to the window and sat on the deep window sill, looking down at the street below.

George turned his head and pulled down his reading glasses to look at her over the rims.

"That's pretty," he said good-naturedly, "that thing you've got on. Have I ever seen that before?"

She looked down at the trailing orchid velvet, indulgently amused. "Yes," she said, "you've seen it before, and you've asked me that before."

"Well, I must like it. I like that color," he said.

This was right. This was the atmosphere.

"George," she said, "I did something today that was awfully foolish, I know."

"What did you do?"

"I gave my mink coat away."

George took off his glasses and laid his paper down. "Well," he said, "that does sound a little foolish, I must say. You gave your mink coat *away?*"

"You'd have done it yourself, George, you'd have done the very same thing if you'd seen the girl—"

"She'd have to be a pretty good-looking girl," said George.

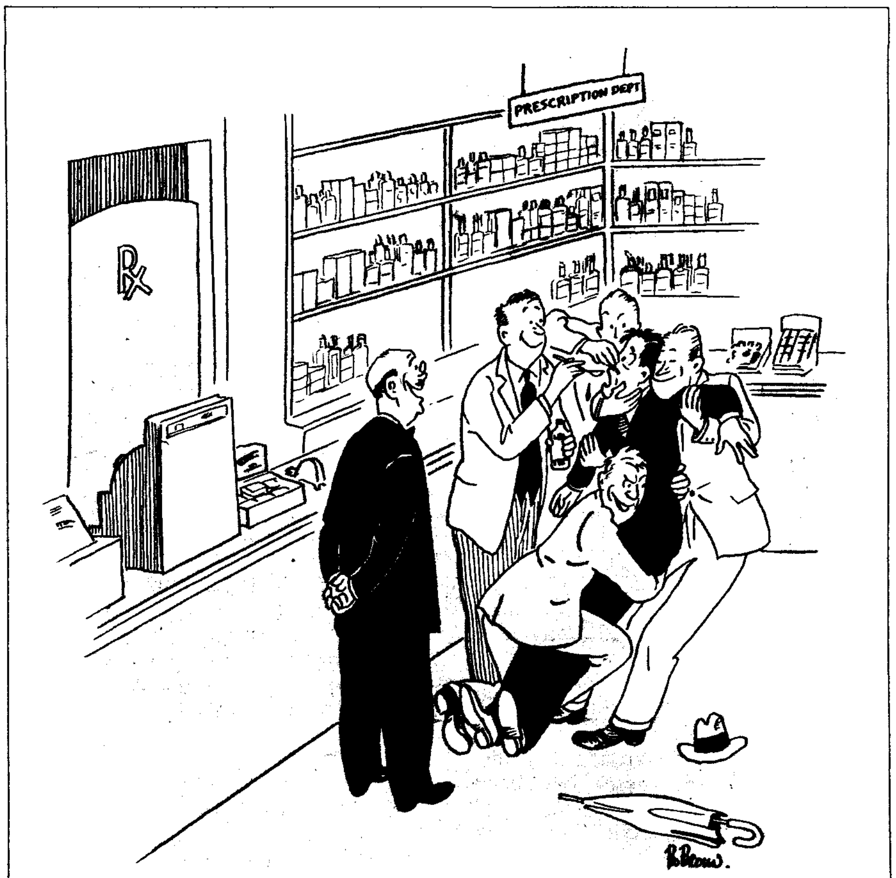
"If you could have seen her—a delicate young thing, but shabby, George, and so lovely it would break your heart. She had that wonderful shade of red hair you love, and gold-brown eyes. She came into the Thrift Shop this afternoon looking for a coat—"

"OH," SAID George, glanced quickly up at her and down again as she went on.

"She'd just got an appointment for an interview about a job, and she simply *had* to have a coat. But there wasn't a coat in the shop she could wear—you know the kind of things most people send in—and by the time she'd tried them all she hadn't time to look anywhere else. I think it was quite a good job she hoped to get, and she knew she had to be decently dressed. I couldn't bear it, George; and suddenly I saw my coat hanging there—I'd worn it to the shop—I knew she could wear it and what it would do for her, and I got it out and pretended it was in the shop for sale—"

"Sale?" said George, glancing quickly up again, "I thought you *gave* it away."

"I wanted to—but she wasn't the kind



"We not only fill your prescriptions, sir, but we see to it that you take your first dose"

BO BROWN

of girl you could offer things to. She'd planned to spend forty dollars for a coat, and you know what you can get for that. I didn't get the money—it went to the shop. She wouldn't have taken it otherwise. I don't know why, but I couldn't bear her not having it—"

George hadn't moved. He was still silent, gazing down at the paper which had slipped to the floor.

She went over and stood behind his chair, slipping her arms about his neck. "Georgie," she said, "do you suppose I'm turning into a fool?"

He reached up and took her hands and lifted them from about his neck. He pulled her clumsily around to his side.

"If you are," he said, "I guess it's the kind of fool I like."

Good old George, good old sentimental George! It was wonderful, really. "You're wonderful!" she said. "And you *don't* think I shouldn't have done it?"

He shook his head and patted her hand.

"I suppose it was about time you had a new fur coat anyhow."

SHE cried out like a happy little girl. "No, George, no! I didn't think of that, I didn't think what I would do; but you sweet old thing, you would, you would!" She sank down on the arm of his chair, and gave him a little pecking kiss.

"Well, you can't go without a coat," he said, "and one good turn deserves another, you know; everybody will be happy then."

She waited a minute before she said, "Do you know, I don't really want another mink coat."

"No?" he asked, "Why not?"

"I just don't want mink again; it's good but it's common; everybody has mink; stenographers go around in mink coats. I don't know how they do it, but they do—"

"That's funny," said George, "we took on a new girl in the office today and I noticed she had a snappy mink coat—"

"George! *You* didn't give that girl—"

"No, no," George cut her short, "this wasn't your girl, and it wasn't your coat. This was no red-haired beauty, just a plain matter-of-fact working girl, but a crack stenographer. You wouldn't look at her twice, that's why I noticed the coat, not a long one like yours—just a short one, but it looked like darned good mink."

She got up slowly from the arm of the chair, drew in a deep breath and began to pace up and down.

"So you don't want mink?" said George. "What *do* you want?"

"Sable," she announced.

"*Sable?*"

"*Sable,*" she said.

"Now wait a minute, Bess. I'll grant that you may have to have a new coat, but these are no times to go throwing money away—"

"Who's proposing to throw it away? I'm proposing to buy a sable coat."

"But why sable? Heaven knows the mink cost enough."

"Surely you can afford a better coat for your wife than your stenographer."

"*I* didn't buy that girl's coat," he said.

"You're *sure* you didn't?" she snapped, throwing him a dark look over her shoulder.

This set her up enormously, and the expression on George's face made her feel almost herself again.

"What *is* this?" he asked irascibly, "For Pete's sake you don't think—"

"Don't be an ass, George. You brought it up, I didn't. And I might point out that you brought up the idea of a new coat, too. But apparently you meant a nice *cheap* coat—"

"I only said that it seemed to me a *sable* coat, in the state of the world today—"

"The state of the world today is exactly the reason for buying a sable coat. We may never *have* any more sable, any more anything decent from abroad. I'd be a fool not to get it now. It's an investment, absolutely an *investment,* even if I still had the other coat it would be an investment."

"If you only had a little imagination," said George.

"If *I*—only had a little imagination!" She threw back her head and laughed a short, derisive laugh.

"I meant about practical things," he said weakly.

She merely looked at him. She looked at him so long that he sighed and said what he always said when he gave in:

"Well, see what you can do, and let me know how much it's going to cost."

Windward Passage

Continued from page 15

The beginning of it was on Sunday night, when François and I were sitting in the Café du Canape Rouge off the Champ de Mars in the center of Port-au-Prince. We were drinking iced vermouth. The band was playing a meringue in the park, and François was humming, tapping his fingers on the table. I was reading the auto-tire and headache-powder ads in a Haitian newspaper. François was a Haitian; big-shouldered, black-haired, brown-skinned. His father had been a Frenchman and his mother a Negro woman from Cap-Haitien or somewhere up there in the north of the island. He was a very nice guy. According to his own lights, he was as honest as any man can afford to be. His promise was as good as money in the bank.

I was fond of François. Generally speaking, he didn't care much for Americans—the U. S. Marine occupation of Haiti had something to do with this—but he liked me well enough. We hit it off fine together. When the tanker I was working in sailed out of Port-au-Prince without me, I ran into François and he fixed me up with a couple of jobs. They paid well, even if I had to look over my shoulder most of the time.

All right—it was Sunday night. We were sitting in the Café du Canape Rouge. A white man came in from the street and walked up to our table and spoke to François. This was the German called Ober. He said, talking low, beyond the ears of the waiter, that he'd been told François had a fast boat. "The fastest in Haiti," said François, which was true. "All right," the German said, "what is your fee for transporting me and four of my friends across the Windward Passage to Cuba?"

François looked him over, like a tailor planning a suit, and said, "There's a small freight steamer running over to Santiago de Cuba every couple of weeks, and I think the fare is fifteen dollars. In the Pan American airplane you pay thirty-five dollars for the flight to Santiago. But if you ride with me, it's different. I charge a hundred. Each person."

"That's rather high," said the German.

"It is," said François.

"What about fifty?"

"You want to show me your passports?"

The German smiled.

"The price," said François, smiling

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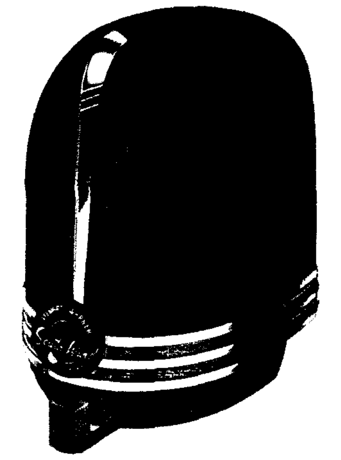

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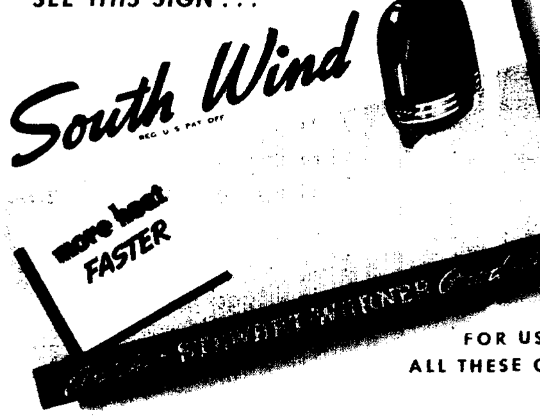

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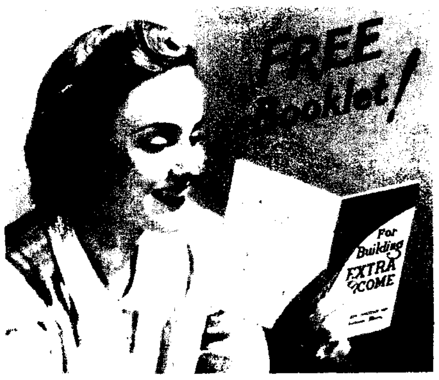

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back at him, "is one hundred each."

After a little more talking back and forth the German agreed to the price—five hundred for himself and his four friends. He was to pay on the pier when we shoved off. "When do you want to go?" François asked. The German said, "Tuesday night. As soon as it's dark."

"It's dark at six-thirty."

"I know," the German said. "If we leave at seven can you reach Cape Maisi in Cuba before daylight?"

"You want to land at Cape Maisi?"

"Near there. Punta Fraile. Know it?"

"Yes. Northwest of Cape Maisi. About eight miles."

"Can you put us ashore there before daylight?"

"I can," said François Marmontel.

Then François told the German about his little wharf on the bay near Riviere Froide, out beyond the city limits, and they agreed on seven o'clock Tuesday night.

The German bought us a drink.

That was Sunday night. We sailed Tuesday at seven, half an hour after dark.

WHEN I woke up in the stern of the Quisqueya I sat for a minute watching the lamp swing. François Marmontel had not changed his position. "What time is it?" I asked.

"Almost one."

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Right under the Mole," François said. "We'll be going around soon." I saw what he was doing—Mole St. Nicholas is the extreme northwest point of Haiti, about fifty miles across the Windward Passage from Cape Maisi in Cuba; a strong current sets north around the Mole, and François had been running four or five miles off the Haiti coast to take advantage of the current's shove.

"I can see the light now," François said suddenly.

I couldn't see the coast, everything was black; and the sea was running pretty high, booting the Quisqueya's stern. As François swung us into the north a sea came over, and then another one; I was soaked in a minute but I didn't care, the night was plenty warm. I had both eyes wide for the light, and after a while I saw it too. That's an awful light they've got on Mole St. Nicholas. I'm told it's fourteen feet off the ground. It's about as strong as the lit end of a cigar. But I saw it.

"Yes," I said, "there it is. Are you going across now?"

"Now," François said, shoving the wheel over.

From where we were, it was about forty-five miles over the Passage to Cape Maisi. It's nice sailing; no obstructions, plenty of water all the way. But you have to watch for ships. There's a whole lot of traffic in the Windward Passage.

"Do you want me to take over?" I asked.

"Why not?" François said. He slid over. I took the wheel. She was kicking, but not too much.

"How have the de luxe passengers been acting?" I asked.

"Not a peep," said François.

I could see them up forward.

"I figured a couple of them would be seasick," I said. "The way we're bucking."

"Not those guys," François said. "If one of them was sick he'd choke before he'd show it."

"Maybe so."

François slid low in the stern seat. He touched my arm, and when I looked around at him he slipped me the revolver. I had none of my own. "Keep it handy," he murmured. I put it in the right side pocket of my coat. It was just then that I saw the lights of a ship. I nudged François and pointed. He sat up and stared. "That's a big one," he said.

The Germans had seen it too. The one named Ober came aft, walking cautiously, knees bent, holding on.

"What ship?" he asked.

"If we had a radio, I'd ask the operator," François said. "But we haven't got a radio."

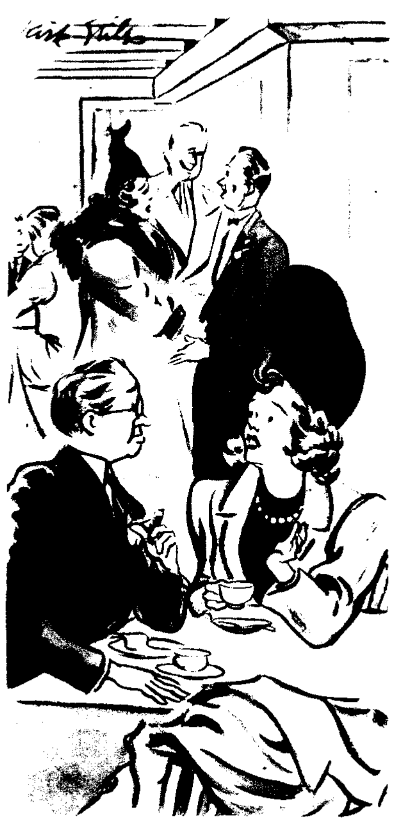
The German straightened up. I could see he was offended. "How do you know it's not a Cuban patrol boat?"

"I don't," said François. "But if it is, they're building them big these days. That ship's fifteen thousand tons or I'm a Gestapo agent."

The German looked hard at him, and even in the bad light I could see the tightness of his mouth. "Shut up," he said.

François grinned and shrugged. "Why don't you go lie down?" he said. "This is the bridge—we don't allow passengers on the bridge."

The German stood uncertainly for a minute, braced against the bucking of the boat, without saying anything; then he turned around and went forward. François said, "Take her a bit north. Get behind that ship."



"Don't you think Chaplin's new picture might make Hitler realize how foolish it all is?"

KIRK STILES

He yawned, with his hand over his mouth.

The ship went south and her lights disappeared, leaving the night and the sea blacker than ever. I kept one eye on the compass and the other on what I could see of the waves. The currents are a bit tricky at the north end of the Windward Passage. In the middle of the Passage there's generally a current setting to the southwestward, hardly ever more than three quarters of a knot; on the Cuban side there's a northerly current around Cape Maisi, and sometimes in summer an easterly current off the point; close under the Haitian coast a current runs northward, but six miles or so offshore the stream sets westward or west-southwestward.

You can run into rip tides that pitch you up. You've got to watch your compass.

I figured, with the night the way it was, it would be more than two hours before we'd pick up the Cape Maisi light. Say about three-thirty, quarter to four.

I settled down, making myself comfortable in the stern seat but keeping my eyes wide. I wasn't sleepy.

François began snoring, like he always does; I listened for a while, thinking how terrible it sounded. After a few minutes I noticed that the Germans were talking again up forward. The two had come down off the cabin roof, and all five of them were on the deck, sprawled out, talking. I still don't like this, I thought; running Chinamen is one dish and running Germans is another. Even for a hundred bucks I don't like it.

I felt in my pockets for a cigarette; the pack was under François' revolver, and I fingered out one cigarette and lit it, holding the wheel with my knee while I cupped the match. I told myself that as far as the Germans were concerned what I did—me, personally—wasn't of any importance, if you look at it in the broad way; I made out a nice case for myself. These Germans were going to get into Cuba anyhow, some way or another, with François or with somebody else, and if I didn't lend a hand somebody else would. Somebody else would get the hundred bucks. It was all clear as a picture. How the hell are you going to keep Germans from getting into Cuba if they want to get there?

WELL, that was that. I argued it all out, making it okay with myself. And while I was wrestling with it, I saw another light. A small light, winking and disappearing and coming back again. It was due ahead of us, northwest. The waves piled up and blackened it out, but it came back again.

Those Germans were better lookouts than a crow's-nest full of Japanese. They saw the light too. The one named Ober slid aft again, almost crawling. "You see the light?" he said to me, very crisply. As if I was probably sleeping.

I reached across the wheel and punched François in the ribs. He was wide awake in an instant. I leveled my arm out and showed him the light. For a long minute he sat there staring into the black, watching the jumpy speck of light.

Finally he said, "That's an oil lantern hung up on a mast. It's a fishing boat."

"Haitian or Cuban?" the German asked.

"If I could see it I could tell you," François said. "In these waters it's probably Haitian. Out of Mole St. Nicholas or Perle Point or maybe Henne."

"Could it—" the German began.

"Look!" said François, loud.

A high tongue of open flame had leaped up from the sea. François was on his feet, excited, pointing. He dropped a hand on my shoulder. "They're burning oil rags!" he said.

"What's up?"

"They've seen our lights," he said. "There's something wrong. They're telling us there's something wrong."

We were going fast, plowing not too unsteadily through the sea that was running out of the west, and we stood up watching the flame that burned high and red ahead of us. The distance between us and the flame was narrowing fast.

"I can see the boat," François cried.

I could see it too, then. It was a Haitian fishing boat all right. There's no mistaking that madhouse rig, with the stump of a mast and the boom too long. She had no canvas out at all; the sea was combing over her stern. She had her belly full, no doubt of that.

"She's a big one," François said.

She was pretty big, as those things go. Thirty-five feet long, it looked like. Then, in the light of their red flare, I could see the men aboard her, huddled forward by the mast—

"You see them?" I said.

"She's got a dozen aboard," François said, gripping my shoulder.

The German had turned around and was looking straight at us. I thought his expression was damned odd.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"I don't know," François said, occupied with his thinking. "We can cut under the lee and put a line aboard her —they can take a line and swing—"

The German said, "You fool! Do you know what time it is?"

François looked at him; for a second I thought François was startled, because he did not answer.

"We must be on shore before daylight!" the German said, and his voice was almost shrill.

Then François rubbed his face with his hand, slowly; there was spray in his eyes. "I don't understand you," he said, speaking almost quietly, with a dangerous gentleness. "It sounds as if you mean— Tell me, do you want me to run on past these people—leave them here to drown?"

I could just make out his words; but his voice was like a club. I have never seen such quick, dangerous anger.

The German held himself upright against the swaying of the Quisqueya. I could see he wanted no trouble if he could avoid it. "I'm sorry," he said coldly. "It is no doubt deplorable. I agree with you. But—" he was standing stiffly, facing François, "but I have paid you to land us in Cuba before daylight. You must do it— it is essential— it is important! I tell you it is of the utmost importance—"

"You can go to hell!" François shouted. "Get forward! Get out of my way." He touched my arm. "I'll take the wheel," he said. "Get a line out of the locker—"

"Stay where you are, please," the German said. "Sit there. Sit still."

I sat there. I sat still. Out of the corner of my eye I watched François. He was on the right side of the wheel, gripping it with one hand. His face was lifted up toward the German.

We weren't pitching so much then, but the sea was still what you would call rough, and spray was coming aboard, slapping our faces, wetting us down.

The German named Ober had a revolver in his hand. He braced himself against the side of the cockpit and kept the revolver trained on the wheel, just between François and me, ready to swing it either way. I'm a fool not to have figured out that something like this would happen, I told myself. Running Chinamen is one thing—a picnic; but running Germans is another. I knew it. I felt it. I like Chinamen all right, but I don't like this. Not even for a hundred bucks—

And I wondered what François was planning in his head, because I knew François and I knew he wasn't just going to sit there.

BUT I sat there; I figured: This is François' headache, let him work it out. I took a quick look at the fishing boat, which was very close to us now. And then I heard François' voice, cold with anger. "You are a stupid man, Herr Ober," François said. "I tell you to put that revolver away and go forward."

"Shut up!" Ober said. "Keep your hands on the wheel."

"There's rain coming up," François went on, evenly, but cold as ice. "In half an hour, in twenty minutes, it will be raining. Herr Ober, if you shoot me you'll never get to Cape Maisi. You know that? You'd never find Cape Maisi without me—you'd go on a reef and that would be the end. If you shoot me, say goodby to your four friends—not one of you will see Cuba. Maybe you'd get there some day, but you'd wash ashore, floating, face down—and

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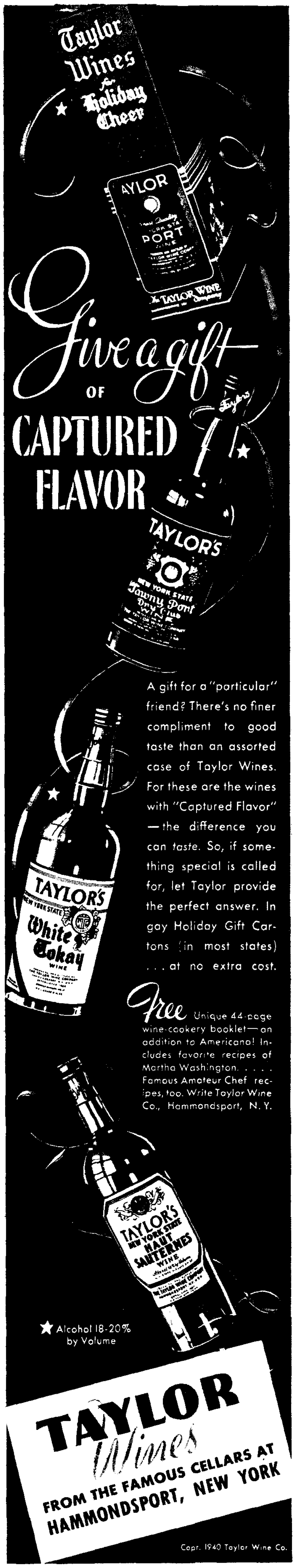
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your eyes might be open but you wouldn't see the beach."

"I'm not going to shoot you," Ober said. "Not if you keep your hands on the wheel and continue to Cape Maisi."

"After we pick up these fishermen—"

"There is no time for that!"

François shrugged. I wondered what was going on in his head. The German turned part way round and called a name; one of the other Germans—a younger man—crawled aft along the deck. He was a nice-looking young fellow in a linen suit, and very wet. Ober spoke to him briefly. I could understand none of it. Then the younger man went forward to rejoin his companions; and Ober gave us his full attention once again.

"We're going ahead," Ober said. "We're going straight to Cape Maisi, M'sieu Marmontel."

The fishing boat was on our port side now, close in. We had drawn level with it. We were going by. I could see the men crowded forward by the mast—ten or twelve of them. Some of them had their arms up, waving to us; I could hear shouting, very distinctly. The sea was piling in over the stern of her. I knew what was the matter. A rotten timber had gone out of her bottom. She was not going to last much longer.

François knew that too. He had his eyes on her. His face was tight and hard. François had white blood in him but he was a Haitian first and last; and the Haitians have a very peculiar way of sticking together when the going is bad. You can read Haitian history—the revolution, the bloody crushing of the French and British back a hundred and fifty years ago—or you can sail out with the Haitian fishermen; either way you learn something about a people who hang together like brothers when the odds pile up against them. François had it in his blood, as strong as any Negro on the Caribbean coast—and I knew it and it didn't make me rest at all easy.

The fishermen in the sinking boat were yelling across the water in Creole, the native lingo they use in Haiti; I got none of it, but François did. He turned his eyes away from them, back to Ober, and then he looked ahead of the Quisqueya. He looked off toward Cuba.

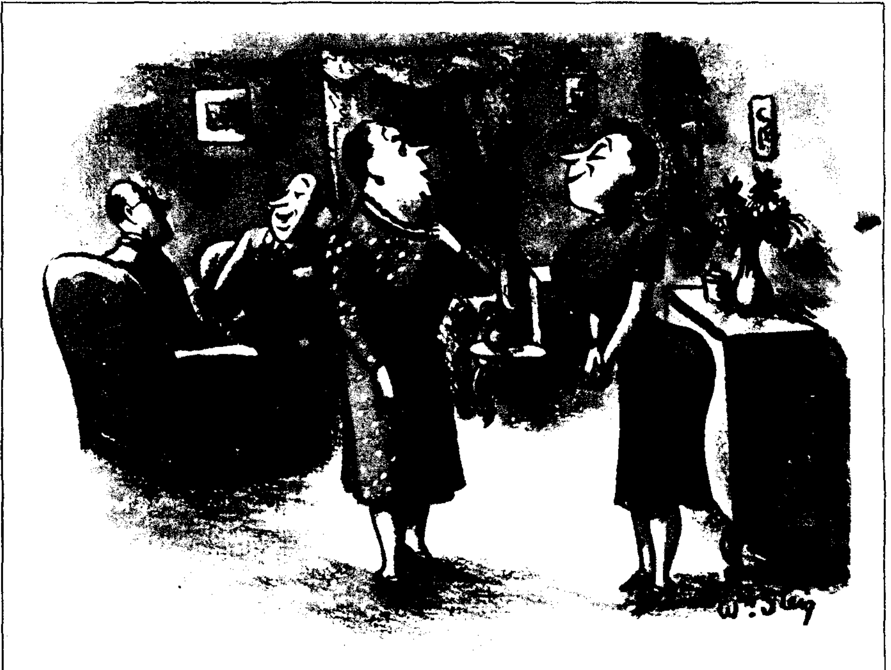
I looked where he looked. And then I saw the wave.

It was a bigger wave than the others around us; not spectacular, not especially dangerous or anything of that sort, but just a damned big wave rolling down on us like the Grand Central Limited. I saw it vaguely, a gray thing white-topped in the dark, and if I'd been holding the wheel I'd have put our nose squarely into it. That way it would do us the least harm.

François said two things, fast. To Herr Ober he said, almost yelling, "All right. You give the orders!" To me he said, "Hang on!"

THEN he put the wheel over—the wrong way. It was one of those split-second timing jobs. He swung our bow north and we slid into the trough; the heavy wave caught us full on the port side and climbed aboard. The Quisqueya heeled as if she'd been smacked amidships by a New York-Chicago bus. My eyes and mouth were full of black sea water. I had my left arm hooked around the seat, but I was pitched into the cockpit, legs sprawled out, and I almost went overside.

Ober did go. As François had planned, in the instant that he saw the wave, Ober did go. He was swept out of the cockpit as if he'd been a cork. And then François straightened us out and we came up flinging water off us like a wet Spaniel—and in the swirling sea and the blackness aft of us there was no sign of the German named Ober. I looked; I stared aft. Ober was gone.



"A hundred and sixty-eight pounds? Why, where do you keep it all?"

WM. STEIG

François had a grip on my arm.

"Take the wheel," he panted. "Give me the revolver."

Only one of them was armed, François came down in the middle of them—climbing forward along the port side and over the low cabin roof—and he put one shot into the air to illustrate that he was tired of talking. They weren't exactly lively; they'd lost most of their strength through joy, or whatever it was they pepped themselves up with. Two of them were sick and the other two were hanging on tight. I'm not the man to blame them. We were bucking—myself, I was holding the wheel with both hands; but François stood up there on the deck, light on his feet, like a cat. Our lamp threw a beam forward, and I could make out the gun in his right hand.

There was a brief conversation, back and forth; then François came aft, stepping along the deck as if it was a sidewalk of the best concrete. He dropped into the stern seat and took the wheel with his left hand. He had two revolvers then, his own and the German's. He put one in his side pocket. "All right," he said. "Get out the heaving line, will you?"

"What's the program?" I said.

"We're swinging back."

I looked behind us, left and right. The glare of the fishing boat's fire was gone.

"They're out of sight," I said.

"Sure. We'll find them."

"What about the de luxe passengers?"

"They've been advised—if one of them so much as moves on the deck I'll plug him. They know I'm not kidding. I don't think they feel so good. I don't think they'll be any trouble."

"They don't look so lively," I said.

François laughed, turning to look at me. "They're not sailors," he said. "They're brainworkers, those guys."

I went into the locker for the heaving line, and François put us about. When I looked at the compass again we were running southeast, back over our course; but after twenty minutes or so we still hadn't seen the fishing boat flare.

"Maybe the flare's gone out," François said.

"Maybe they've sunk."

He lifted his shoulders in a shrug, keeping his eyes on the sea to the south of us. "They were drifting pretty fast," he said.

"Not over three or four knots."

"No." He tugged on the wheel and we went due south for a few minutes, then east, then north. Fifteen or twenty feet beyond the boat there was only deep, velvet blackness, and nothing to see.

François was silent, but his eyes were moving restlessly. I dropped the heaving line between my feet and slouched in the stern seat; I got out a cigarette and lit it. The Germans were sitting up on the deck, staring aft, and I could make out their faces in the beam of our lamp. After another fifteen minutes François spoke. I thought his voice sounded tired. "It looks like they're gone," he said.

"I think it's hopeless," I told him. "If the sea's put out their lantern, that's enough. We could pass twenty yards away from them and not see them—"

THE waves were jamming under our stern, shoving us forward. We were heading southeast again, with the wind behind us.

"There's not a chance in a million," I said.

"That's right," said François slowly. "We've messed it up. We've missed them."

"It's not your fault."

"No," François said. "It's not my fault."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. I nodded toward the compass. "We're running southeast."

"We're going back. We're going to dump these Germans in Mole St. Nicholas."

"Not in Cuba?"

"Not in Cuba."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I've changed my mind," François said. His voice was harsh. "Have you got any objection?"

"Me?" I said. "No. I haven't got any objection."

Then, because my mind runs that way, I said, "What about the five hundred bucks?"

"What do you think?"

"You're going to keep it?"

"No."

"You're going to give it back to them?"

"I thought you'd guess it," François said.

It was my turn to shrug. "You paid for the gasoline," I said. "It's your party, not mine."

"Sure," François said. "Put it that way. It's my party." He was very bitter.

The rain came up after a few minutes and it was colder than it had been. I got oilskins out of the locker for us. We saw the Mole St. Nicholas light through the rain when we were less than three miles off the Haitian coast. I showed it to François, but he had already seen it. He was silent. I don't know what he was thinking.

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 19

Kenneth Marshall said, with sudden vehemence, "Yes, and that's just what I hate."

"Hate?" She was startled.

"Yes. Sort of attitude to life there is nowadays. If you take on a thing and don't like it, then you get yourself out of it as quick as possible! Dash it all, there's got to be such a thing as good faith. If you marry a woman and engage yourself to look after her, well, it's up to you to do it. It's your show. You've taken it on. I'm sick of quick marriage and easy divorce. Arlena's my wife, that's all there is to it."

Rosamund leaned forward. She said, in a low voice, "So it's like that with you. 'Till death do us part?' "

Kenneth Marshall nodded his head. He said, "That's just it."

"I see," Rosamund said.

MR. HORACE BLATT, returning to Leathercombe Bay down a narrow, twisting lane, nearly ran down Mrs. Redfern at a corner.

As she flattened herself into the hedge, Mr. Blatt brought his car to a halt by applying the brakes vigorously.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo," said Mr. Blatt cheerfully.

He was a large man with a red face and a fringe of reddish hair around a shining bald spot.

It was Mr. Blatt's apparent ambition to be the life and soul of any place he happened to be in. The Jolly Roger Hotel, in his opinion, given somewhat loudly, needed brightening up. He was puzzled at the way people seemed to melt and disappear when he himself arrived on the scene.

"Nearly made you into strawberry jam, didn't I?" said Mr. Blatt gaily.

"Yes, you did," Christine Redfern said.

"Jump in," said Mr. Blatt.

"Oh, thanks—I think I'll walk."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Blatt. "What's a car for?"

Yielding to necessity, Christine Redfern got in. Mr. Blatt restarted the engine, which had stopped owing to the suddenness with which he had previously pulled up.

"And what are you doing walking about all alone? That's all wrong, a nice-looking girl like you."

"Oh! I like being alone."

Mr. Blatt gave her a terrific dig with his elbow, nearly sending the car into the hedge at the same time.

"Girls always say that," he said. "They don't mean it. You know, that place, the Jolly Roger, wants a bit of livening up. Nothing jolly about it. No *life* in it. Of course, there's a good amount of duds staying there. A lot of kids, to begin with, and a lot of old fogies, too. There's that old Anglo-Indian bore and that athletic parson and those yapping Americans and that foreigner with the mustache—makes me laugh, that mustache of his! I should say he's a hairdresser, something of that sort."

Christine shook her head. "Oh, no, he's a detective."

Mr. Blatt nearly let the car go into the hedge again.

"A detective? D'you mean he's in *disguise?*"

Christine smiled faintly. She said, "Oh, no, he really *is* like that. He's Hercule Poirot. You must have heard of him."

"Didn't catch his name properly. Oh, yes, I've *heard* of him. But I thought he was dead. . . . Dash it, he *ought* to be dead. What's he after down here?"

"He's not after anything—he's just on a holiday."

"Well, I suppose that might be so." Mr. Blatt seemed doubtful about it. "Looks a bit of a bounder, doesn't he?"

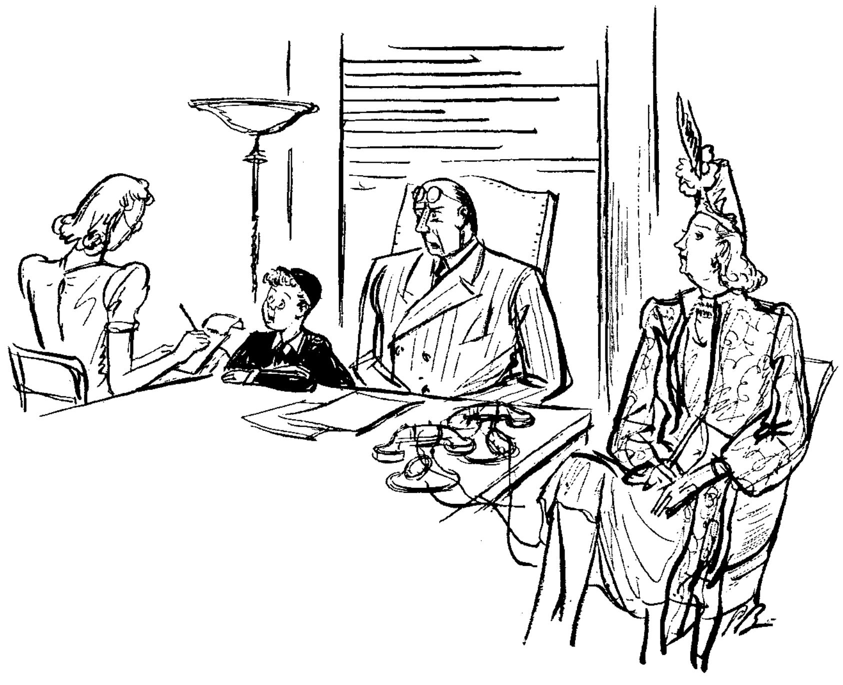
"Well," said Christine and hesitated. "Perhaps a little peculiar."

"What I say is," said Mr. Blatt, "what's wrong with Scotland Yard? Buy British every time for me."

He reached the bottom of the hill and with a triumphant fanfare of the horn ran the car into the Jolly Roger's garage, which was situated, for tidal reasons, on the mainland opposite the hotel.

LINDA MARSHALL was in the small shop which catered to the wants of visitors to Leathercombe Bay. One side of it was devoted to shelves on which were books that could be borrowed for the sum of twopence. The newest of them was ten years old, some were twenty years old and others older still.

Linda took first one and then another doubtfully from the shelf and glanced



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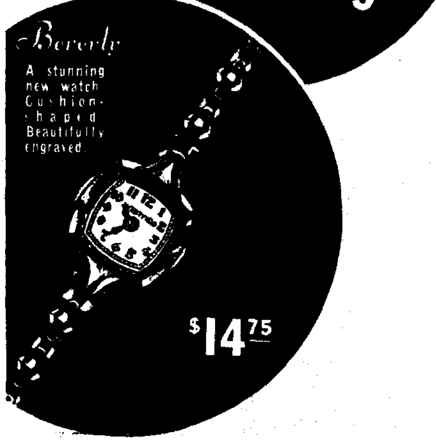

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into them. She decided that she couldn't possibly read The Four Feathers or Vice Versa. She took out a small, squat volume in brown calf.

The time passed. . . .

With a start Linda shoved the book back on the shelf as Christine Redfern's voice said, "What are you reading, Linda?"

"Nothing. I'm looking for a book," Linda said hurriedly.

She pulled out The Marriage of William Ashe at random and advanced to the counter fumbling in her purse for twopence.

"Mr. Blatt just drove me home—after nearly running over me first," Christine said. "I really felt I couldn't walk all across the causeway with him, so I said I had to buy some things."

"He's awful, isn't he?" Linda said. "Always saying how rich he is and making the most terrible jokes."

"Poor man. One really feels rather sorry for him."

Linda didn't agree. She didn't see anything to be sorry for in Mr. Blatt. She was young and ruthless.

She walked with Christine Redfern out of the shop and down toward the causeway.

She was busy with her own thoughts. She liked Christine Redfern. She and Rosamund Darnley were the only bearable people on the island in Linda's opinion.

Neither of them talked much to her for one thing. Now, as they walked, Christine didn't say anything. That, Linda thought, was sensible. If you hadn't anything worth saying why go chattering all the time?

She lost herself in her own perplexities.

"Mrs. Redfern," she said suddenly, "have you ever felt that everything's so awful—so terrible—that you'll—oh, *burst?* . . ."

The words were almost comic, but Linda's face, drawn and anxious, was not. Christine Redfern, looking at her at first vaguely, with scarcely comprehending eyes, certainly saw nothing to laugh at. . . .

She caught her breath sharply.

"Yes—yes—I have felt—just that. . . ."

"SO YOU'RE the famous sleuth, eh?" Mr. Blatt said.

They were in the cocktail bar, a favorite haunt of Mr. Blatt's.

Hercule Poirot acknowledged the remark with his usual lack of modesty.

Mr. Blatt went on: "And what are you doing down here—on a job?"

"No, no. I repose myself. I take the holiday."

Mr. Blatt winked. "You'd say that anyway, wouldn't you?"

"Not necessarily," Poirot replied.

"Oh, come now. As a matter of fact, you'd be safe enough with *me. I* don't repeat all I hear! Learned to keep my mouth shut years ago. Shouldn't have got on the way I have if I hadn't known how to do that. But you know what most people are—yap, yap, yap about everything they hear! Now you can't afford that in your trade! That's why you've got to keep it up that you are here holiday-making and nothing else."

"And why should you suppose the contrary?"

Mr. Blatt closed one eye.

"I'm a man of the world," he said. "I know the cut of a fellow's jib. A man like you would be at Deauville or Le Touquet or down at Juan les Pins. That's your—what's the phrase?—spiritual home."

Poirot sighed. He looked out of the window. Rain was falling and mist encircled the island.

"It is possible that you are right! There, at least, in wet weather there are the distractions."

"Good old Casino!" said Mr. Blatt. "You know, I've had to work pretty hard most of my life. No time for holidays or kickshaws. I meant to make good and I have made good. Now I can do what I please. My money's as good as any man's. I've seen a bit of life in the last few years, I can tell you."

Poirot murmured, "Ah, yes?"

"Don't know why I came to this place," Mr. Blatt continued.

Poirot observed, "I, too, wondered."

"Eh, what's that?"

POIROT waved an eloquent hand. "I, too, am not without observation. I should have expected *you* most certainly to choose Deauville or Biarritz."

"Instead of which, we're both here, eh?"

Mr. Blatt gave a hoarse chuckle.

"Don't really know why I came here," he mused. "I think, you know, it sounded *romantic.* Jolly Roger Hotel, Smugglers' Island. That kind of address tickles you up, you know. Makes you think of when you were a boy—pirates, smuggling, all that."

He laughed rather self-consciously.

"I used to sail quite a bit as a boy. Not this part of the world. Off the east coast. Funny how a taste for that sort of thing never quite leaves you. I could have a tiptop yacht if I liked, but somehow I don't really fancy it. I like mucking about in that little yawl of mine. Redfern's keen on sailing, too. He's been out with me once or twice. Can't get hold of him now—always hanging around that redhaired wife of Marshall's."

He paused, then, lowering his voice, he went on:

"Mostly a dried-up lot of sticks in this hotel! Mrs. Marshall's about the only lively spot! I should think Marshall's got his hands full looking after her. All sorts of stories about her in her stage days—*and* after! Men go crazy about her. You'll see, there'll be a spot of trouble one of these days."

"What kind of trouble?" Hercule Poirot asked.

Horace Blatt replied, "That depends. I'd say, looking at Marshall, that he's a man with a funny kind of temper. As a matter of fact, I know he is. Heard something about him. I've met that quiet sort. Never know where you are with that kind. Redfern had better look out—"

He broke off, as the subject of his words came into the bar. He went on speaking loudly and self-consciously:

"And, as I say, sailing around this coast is good fun. Hullo, Redfern, have one with me? What'll you have? Dry Martini? Right. What about you, M. Poirot?"

Poirot shook his head.

Patrick Redfern sat down and said, "Sailing? It's the best fun in the world. Wish I could do more of it. Used to spend most of my time as a boy in a sailing dinghy around this coast."

"Then you know this part of the world well?" Poirot asked.

"Rather! I knew this place before there was a hotel on it. There were just a few fishermen's cottages at Leathercombe Bay and a tumble-down old house, all shut up, on the island."

"There was a house here?"

"Oh, yes, but it hadn't been lived in for years. Was practically falling down. There used to be all sorts of stories of secret passages from the house to Pixy's Cave. We were always looking for that secret passage, I remember."

Horace Blatt spilled his drink. He cursed, mopped himself and asked, "What is this Pixy's Cave?"

"Oh, don't you know it? It's on Pixy Cove. You can't find the entrance to it easily. It's among a lot of piled-up boulders at one end. Just a long, thin

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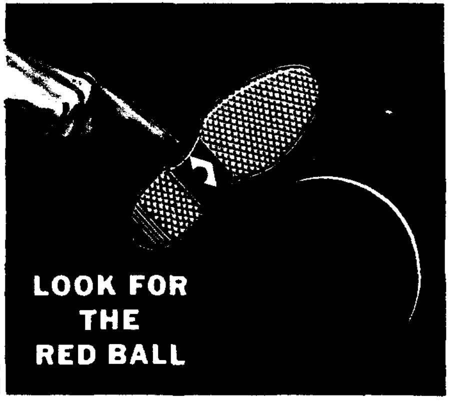


LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

crack. You can just squeeze through it. Inside, it widens out into quite a big cave. You can imagine what fun it was to a boy! An old fisherman showed it to me. Nowadays, even the fishermen don't know about it. I asked one the other day why the place was called Pixy Cove and he couldn't tell me."

"But I still do not understand," Hercule Poirot said, "what is this Pixy?"

"Oh! that's typically Devonshire," Patrick Redfern said. "There's the Pixy's Cave at Sheepstor on the Moor. You're supposed to leave a pin, you know, as a present for the pixy. A pixy is a kind of moor spirit."

"Ah! but it is interesting, that," Hercule Poirot said.

Patrick Redfern went on: "There's a lot of pixy lore on Dartmoor still. There are tors that are said to be pixy-ridden, and I expect that farmers coming home after a thick night still complain of being pixy-led."

"You mean when they've had a couple?" said Horace Blatt.

Patrick Redfern said with a smile: "That's certainly the common-sense explanation!"

BLATT looked at his watch. He said, "I'm going in to dinner. On the whole, Redfern, pirates are my favorites, not pixies."

Patrick Redfern said with a laugh, as the other went out, "Faith, I'd like to see the old boy pixy-led himself!"

Poirot observed, meditatively, "For a hard-bitten businessman, M. Blatt seems to have a very romantic imagination."

Patrick Redfern said: "That's because he's only half educated. Or so my wife says. Look at what he reads! Nothing but thrillers or Wild West stories."

"You mean that he has still the mentality of a boy?"

"Well, don't you think so, sir?"

"Me? I have not seen very much of him."

"I haven't really, either. I've been out sailing with him once or twice—but he doesn't really like having anyone with him. He prefers to be on his own."

"That is indeed curious. It is singularly unlike his practice on land."

Redfern laughed. "I know. We all have a bit of trouble keeping out of his way. He'd like to turn this place into a cross between Margate and Le Touquet."

Poirot said nothing for a minute or two. He was studying the laughing face of his companion very attentively. He said, suddenly and unexpectedly, "I think, M. Redfern, that you enjoy living."

Patrick stared at him, surprised. "Indeed I do. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" agreed Poirot. "I make you my felicitation on the fact."

Smiling a little, Patrick Redfern said, "Thank you, sir."

"That is why, as an older man, a very much older man, I venture to offer you a piece of advice."

"Yes, sir?"

"A very wise friend of mine in the police force said to me years ago: 'Hercule, my friend, if you would know tranquillity, avoid women.' "

"I'm afraid it's a bit late for that, sir. I'm married, you know."

"I do know. Your wife is a very charming, a very accomplished woman. She is, I think, very fond of you."

Patrick Redfern said sharply, "I'm very fond of her."

"Ah," said Hercule Poirot, "I am delighted to hear it."

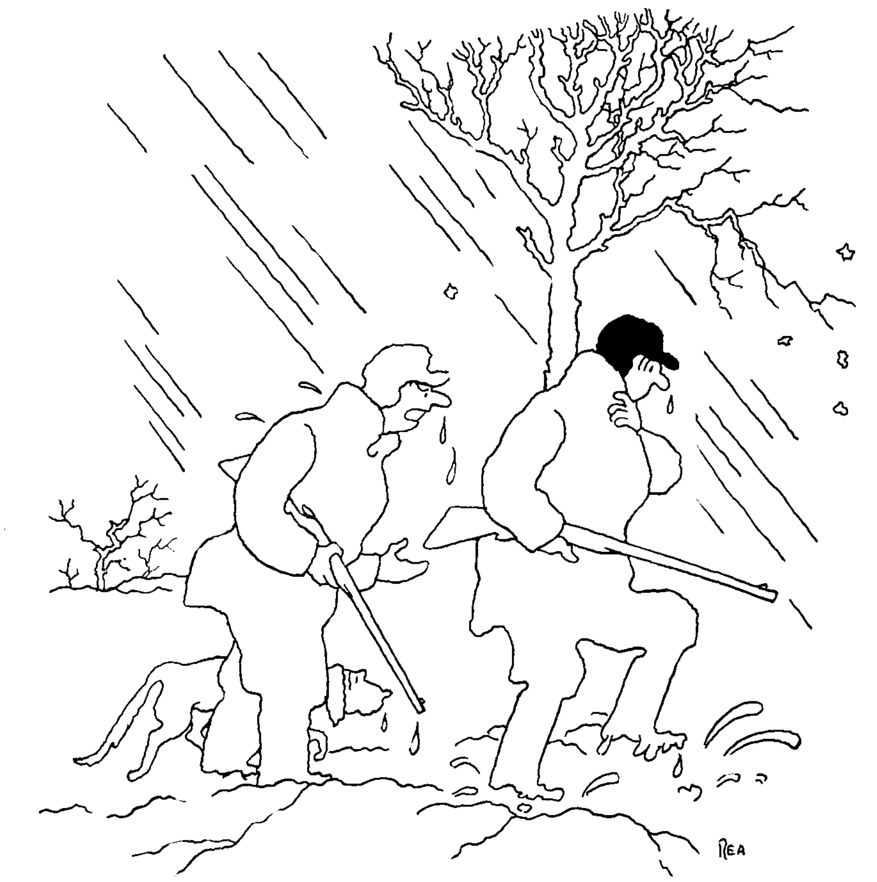
Patrick's brow was suddenly like thunder. "Look here, M. Poirot, what are you getting at?"

"*Les femmes.*" Poirot leaned back and closed his eyes. "I know something of them. They are capable of complicating life unbearably. And the English, they conduct their affairs indescribably. If it was necessary for you to come here, M. Redfern, why, in the name of heaven, did you bring your wife?"

Patrick Redfern said, angrily, "I don't know what you mean."

"You know perfectly," Hercule Poirot said calmly. "I am not so foolish as to argue with an infatuated man. I utter only the word of caution."

"You've been listening to these damned scandalmongers. Mrs. Gardener, the Brewster woman—nothing to do but to clack their tongues all day. Just because a woman's good-looking—



"One more week and the season's over, thank heaven!"

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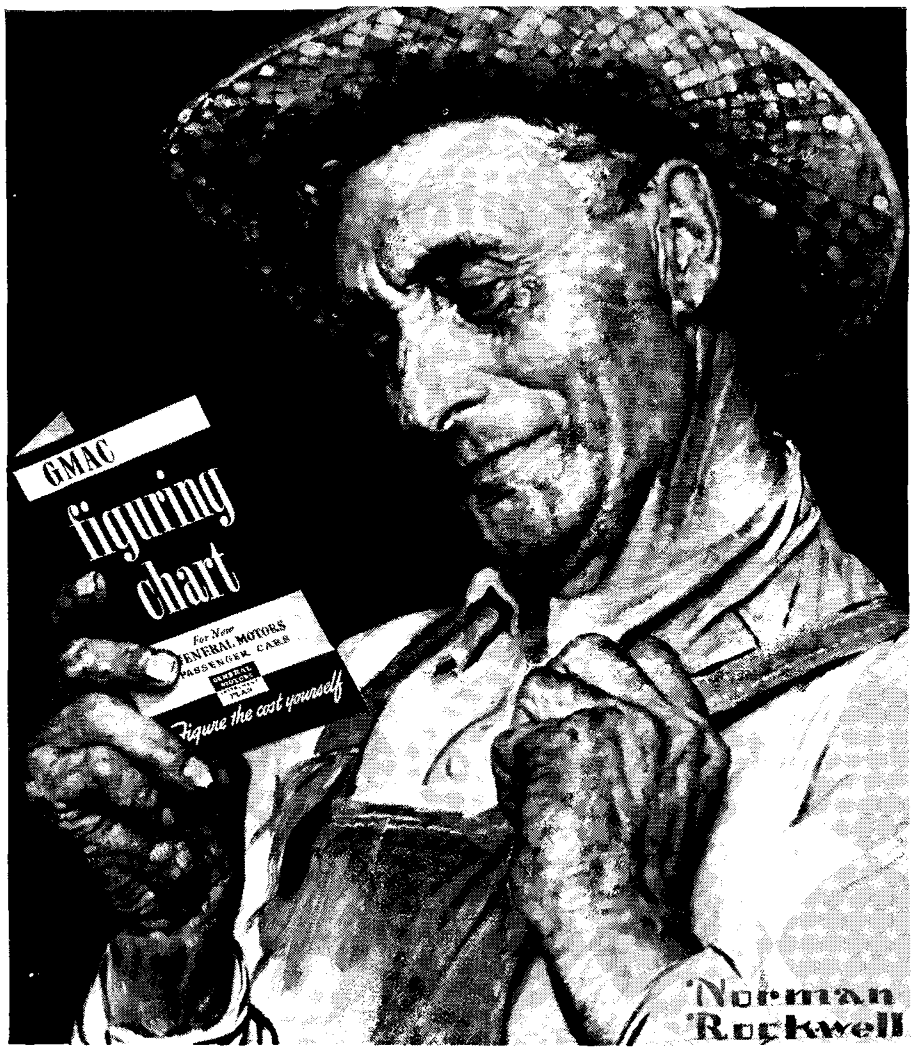

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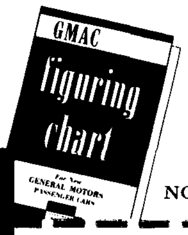

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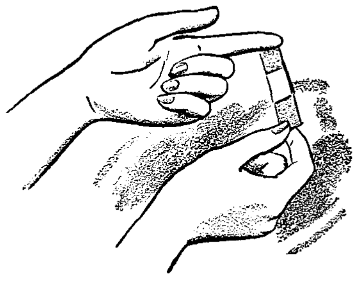

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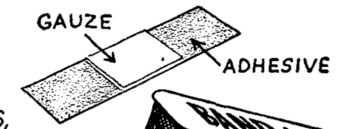

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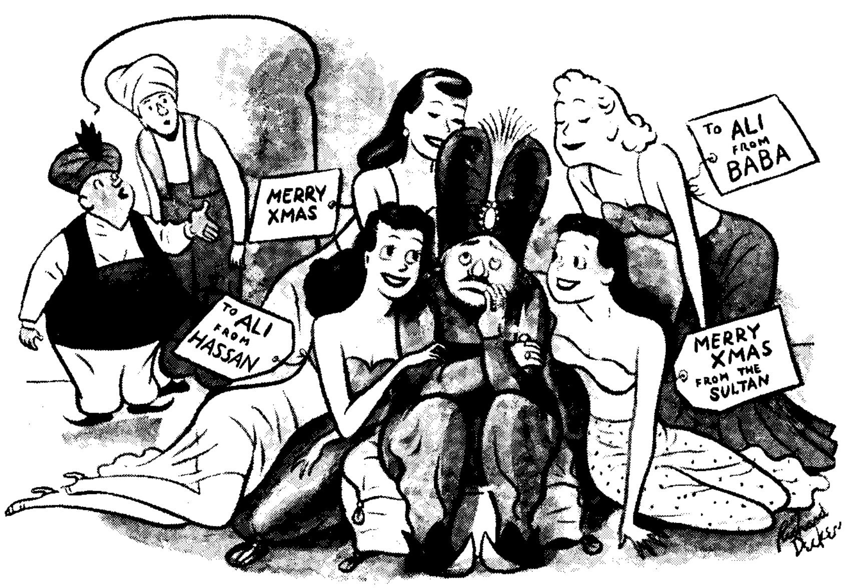

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they're down on her like a sack of coals."

Hercule Poirot got up. He murmured, "Are you really as young as all that?"

Shaking his head, he left the bar. Patrick Redfern stared angrily after him.

HERCULE POIROT paused in the hall on his way from the dining room. The doors were open—a breath of soft night air came in.

The rain had stopped and the mist had dispersed. It was a fine night again.

Hercule Poirot found Mrs. Redfern in her favorite seat on the cliff ledge. He stopped by her.

"This seat is damp," he said. "You should not sit here. You will catch the chill."

"No, I shan't. And what does it matter anyway?"

"Tscha, tscha, you are not a child! You are an educated woman. You must look at things sensibly."

"I can assure you I never take cold."

"It has been a wet day. The wind blew, the rain came down, and the mist was everywhere so that one could not see through it. *Eh bien*, what is it like now? The mists have rolled away, the sky is clear and up above the stars shine. That is like life, Madame."

Christine said in a low, fierce voice, "Do you know what I am most sick of in this place?"

"What, Madame?"

"Pity."

She brought the word out like the flick of a whip. She went on: "Do you think I don't know? That I can't see? All the time people are saying: 'Poor Mrs. Redfern—that poor little woman.' And, anyway, I'm not little, I'm tall. They say little because they are sorry for me. And I can't bear it!"

Cautiously Hercule Poirot spread his handkerchief on the seat and sat down. He said thoughtfully, "There is something in that."

"That woman—" she began, and stopped.

Poirot said gravely, "Will you allow me to tell you something, Madame? Something that is as true as the stars above us? The Arlena Stuarts—or Arlena Marshalls—of this world—do not count."

"Nonsense," Christine Redfern said.

"I assure you, it is true. Their empire is of the moment and for the moment. To count—really and truly to count—a woman must have goodness or brains."

Christine said scornfully, "Do you think men care for goodness or brains?"

Poirot said, gravely, "Fundamentally, yes."

Christine laughed shortly. "I don't agree with you."

"Your husband loves you, Madame. I know it."

"You can't know it."

"Yes, yes. I know it. I have seen him looking at you."

Suddenly she broke down. She wept stormily and bitterly against Poirot's accommodating shoulder.

"I can't bear it," she said. "I can't bear it. . . ."

Poirot patted her arm. "Patience—only patience."

She sat up and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. She said in a stifled voice, "It's all right. I'm better now. Leave me. I'd—I'd rather be alone."

He obeyed and left her sitting there while he himself followed the winding path down to the hotel.

He was nearly there when he heard the murmur of voices.

He turned a little aside from the path. There was a gap in the bushes.

He saw Arlena Marshall and Patrick Redfern beside her. He heard the man's voice, with the throb in it of emotion:

"I'm crazy about you—crazy—you've driven me mad. . . . You do care a little—you do care?"

He saw Arlena Marshall's face—it was, he thought, like a sleek, happy cat—it was animal, not human. She said softly:

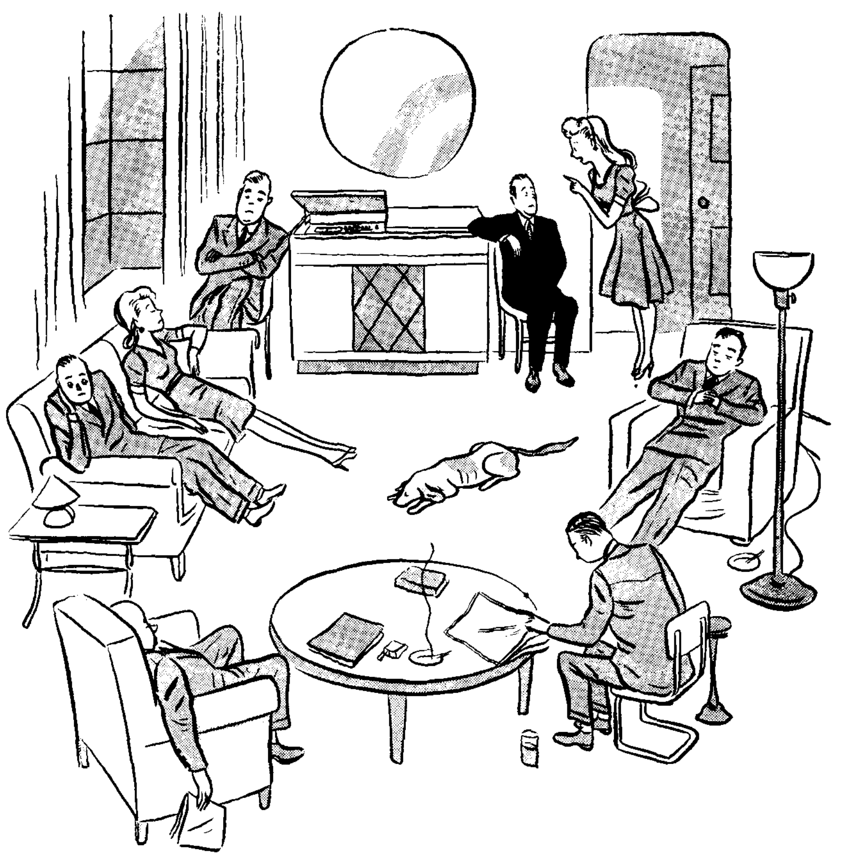
"Of course, Patrick darling, I adore you. You know that. . . ."

For once Hercule Poirot cut his eavesdropping short. He went back to the path and on down to the hotel.

A figure joined him suddenly. It was Captain Marshall.

"Remarkable night, what?" Marshall said. "After that foul day." He looked up at the sky. "Looks as though we should have fine weather tomorrow."

(To be continued next week)



"Turn on the radio, dear. I want to start everyone talking!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

The Queen of Tijuana

Continued from page 10

Arthur looked from the picture to Pío and again at the picture. "Is it you?"

"Sure! Sure is me!" He threw back his head and laughed delightedly. "I was his chief *banderillero*. Was me that got him loose—remember? Well, well, well! Is very, very funny you was there that day, and now you come here in my place in Tijuana, is not?"

"Ees small *mundo!*" observed Trini sagely, nodding her lovely head. "Ees very funny! But wait, Mister, and you see something more very funny. Hi, Gregorio!" she called, banging her glass on the table. "*Ven aquí, perruelo!*"

SLOWLY, the kitchen door swung open and in came a little, drooping, pockmarked fellow in a greasy silk shirt and white cotton pants. He was of that Spanish-Indian-Chinese mixture so common in northwestern Mexico, but Arthur started as he recognized him. For he was El Chino, the matador who had taken that fearful ride on the horn.

"Gregorio," said Pío, "this gentleman saw you get it, that time. He was there in Barcelona, Gregorio."

Gregorio turned his almond eyes in Arthur's direction and blinked them slowly. "You saw it?" he asked, not without a certain dull pride. "You saw me get it? You saw me die?"

"He think ees dead," giggled Trini. "Gregorio ees noots."

The cook shook his head. "No, Señorita Trinidad, I am not noots. I am only dead. This gentleman was there. He can tell you how that bull kill me."

"Show him the *cornada,*" said Pío.

"Yes, sstrp for show him," urged Señorita Trinidad.

Gregorio pulled up his shirt. Gouged out of the left side of his body was a notch, a groove, as though someone had started to chop him down with an ax and desisted when a quarter way through.

"The horn rip my all side out," he explained, looking down at himself impersonally. "Rip my ribs out, rip my heart out—rip, rip, rip was everything!"

Trini giggled again. "Yes, we see. Fix now your shirt, Gregorio, or you will catch cold and die dead."

El Chino did as he was told and then turned to Arthur.

"The Señorita Trinidad always saying I am not now dead. The Señorita Trinidad ees liar," he declared, evenly. "But—you were there, you saw the bull kill me. And look, here is also to prove it!" He took a wallet out of his hip pocket and produced a number of frayed clippings from Spanish newspapers, headed "Death of a Matador," "Tragedy in the Plaza Oriental," "El Chino Killed at Barcelona" and so on.

Pío looked over Arthur's shoulder at the headlines. "Yes, that night very many of the papers printed like this, all over Spain," he said. "That was because when we carry him into the little hospital of the bull ring and Doctor Menendez was sewing him and the priest was there, the young men from the newspapers keep sticking their head in the door and say, 'Is he dead, Doctor Menendez? Is he dead? Is he dead, doctor?' And pretty soon Doctor Menendez get sore and he yell at them, 'Yes, yes, yes, he is dead, he is dead, he is dead, so please go to hell out of here and stopping to bother me!'"

"And so I am dead," said El Chino, with conviction. "I hear Doctor Menendez say I am dead. And when I wake up next week in the hospital de Nuestra Señora Dolorosa, I find my heart is rip out and I know he say true."

"Noots!" scoffed the Queen of Tijuana, with a tinkling, silvery laugh. "Noots, Gregorio!"

Gregorio considered her at length, his pock-marked face impassive. "Señorita Trinidad," he said, "your father was a burro and your mother was a goat."

Arthur says that, much as he is ashamed to confess it, he was just about to get up and sock the fellow when Trini went into action. She snatched a fork and sprang for El Chino hell bent. She tried to stab him in the eyes. Pío grabbed her by the wrist and around the waist, forcing her back into her chair.

"Ts-s-s, ts-s-s! All right, all right!" he pacified her. "Gregorio is only kidding. You are only kidding, hey, Gregorio?"

"No," said Gregorio.

Trini spat at him but missed. "*Que se vaya!*" she screamed, drumming on the floor with her heels.

"Yes, go to the kitchen, Gregorio, and get the gentleman his lunch. Put it through the window—do not come back in here!"

Not until El Relicario again broke loose in the kitchen did he release his hold on Trini. She brought out mirror and a couple of lipsticks and went to work on her face. "Ees peeg," she said, jerking her head toward the sound. "Ees dirty Chino peeg."

The tacos came. Arthur would have enjoyed them more if he hadn't found a fly in one of them, but Tijuana is Tijuana and he could think of worse places. To silence Pío's apologies, he invited him and Trini to have some beer.

Pío went to the refrigerator, shaking his head moodily. "That guy," he grumbled. "Oh, but that guy is—difficult! Even when we are kids together, working in the slaughterhouse in Torreón and learning of the bulls, he is difficult. Same when we are *peones* in Gaona's *cuadrilla*. Same later, when we go to Spain. Gregorio have great skill and get to be matador, and I am only his *banderillero*. But I have the brain and is always I who must tell him exactly how to do."

"And he wouldn't always listen?"

Pío opened the bottles and thumped them down upon the table. "Listen? Unh! Did he listen, that day in Barcelona? Did he listen when I say him, 'Look out for this bull, Gregorio—he has a blind right eye and he hook to the left'? No, no, he did not listen! Damn' fool, he put his cape behind him and try to make a *mariposa*. *Pom!*—the bull get him, like you saw."

HE POURED the beer and watched the foam climb up in the glasses. "Think!" he murmured, "we were making, then, fifteen, twenty thousand dollars the season!"

"Fifteen, twenty thousand dollars?" repeated Trini, wistfully. "Ay, ay, aye-e-e, ees too bad you do not meet me in that time!"

"You would have marry me then, hey, Trini?" He reached over and patted her hand.

"Sure, okay—then!" she said. "Then, you would be very lucky man!"

"But now?"

She laughed. "Pío love me," she explained. " 'Marry, marry, marry' ees all he talk. But now he have no money, not even for pay for this lousy little *loncheria,* where the cook ees noots and put flies in the tacos."

Just then a car drew up in a dust cloud at the curb and from it emerged a portly middle-aged Mexican wearing a wilted linen suit and a wide black hat. He

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barged in, bringing a gust of heat with him.

"Oh, ees Don Esteban!" squealed Trini, arranging her mantilla. "You come take me to the bullfight so early?"

"No!" said Don Esteban, tragically, puffing out his cheeks and looking from one to another of them. "No!" He sank into a chair, removed his hat and mopped his bristly gray hair with Arthur's napkin. "A one hell of a thing is happen! This Manuelito de Valladolid—this matador—last night he go across of the border to San Diego. He get drunk. He smash a car with his car, *pam!* He retreat in the back direction and smash two more cars, *pom!* Oh, my God!"

"Ees kill?"

"No, ees arrest. This morning I pay for him a bail of two thousand dollars and think is all okay. But just now he telephone from San Ysidro, on the American side, that he cannot come back through the gate of the *frontera* or they will keep my two thousand dollars by the American law! And so the bullfight will not!"

"EH? Oh! Aye-e-e-e!" Trini burst into tears. "But—it must, it must! Everyone is coming to look me! The newsreel, the *periodistas*, the Americanos of San Diego—all, all are coming to look me! If is no bullfight, they cannot. *Que desgracia!* Aye-e-e-e!" But just then, an obvious solution of the difficulty—which Arthur could see had occurred to Pío and which he suspected was the real reason for Don Esteban's visit—suddenly dawned upon her. She bit off her wail in the middle. "Pío!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck. "*Cariño mio!* You will do this bullfight? For me?"

"I never kill a bull in my life," said Pío. "I am *banderillero*, not matador."

"Ees for five hundred dollars," said Don Esteban, softly, as though talking to himself.

"I could use this money," said Pío. "God knows I could use it. But—I do not know to kill a bull, so that is all."

"But this other fellow—this lunatico—your cook—eh? What about him, Pío?"

"Yes!" cried Trini. "Gregorio! He must! Gregorio! Hi! *Ven aqui, muchachito!*"

"No! Trini! Trinidad! He cannot! He will get kill!"

"Tsst! Ees kill already! He say so! Yes!" She turned to the cook, who stood watching Don Esteban vacantly. "You are dead, Gregorio, dead—I know you say true! You cannot be kill again. Will you make a bullfight today for five hundred dollars?"

"No," said Gregorio.

"But Pío need the money," she pleaded. "Pío, your friend, who have always be good to you. You need this money very much, don't you, Pío?"

"Sure, but . . ."

"Pío will make the bullfight with you, Gregorio. He will tell you exactly how to do. Say yes, Gregorio, say yes!"

"No," said Gregorio.

"But *think!* Five hundred dollars!"

"I want six hundred," said Gregorio, placidly. "I give all this money to my good friend Pío. I am dead. I do not need it."

"Hey! *Bueno!* Ees okay!" cried Don Esteban. He pulled out his watch. "Come! Ees not much time!"

Pío looked at Arthur, shook his head and drew a long breath. "Mister," he said, grimly, "you better come and see it. You don't want to miss this one!"

Well, Arthur didn't want to see it but, with Trini going, he couldn't stay away.

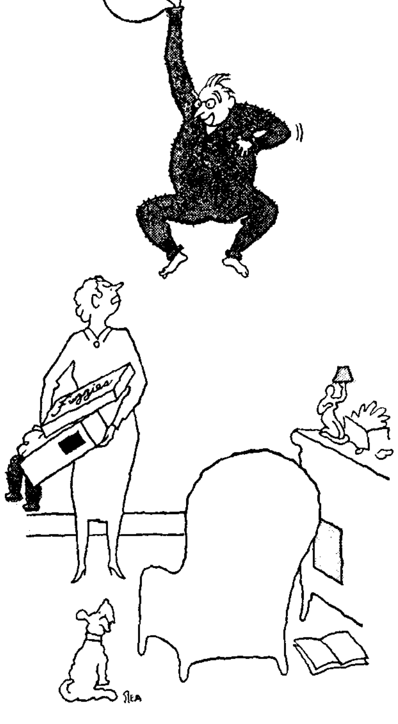
The Tijuana bull ring is a sun-scorched wooden structure in the middle of a dusty field at the edge of town. When Arthur got there, the field was full of parked cars; from within the arena came the popping snarl of motors and the banshee wail of sirens; evidently, the comic fight was over and the motorcycle cops were doing their stuff. He bought a ticket and then slipped the usher something to let him into the *callejón*, the passage between the barrier and the first row of seats. Above and behind him was a box lined with flowers and draped with red, white and green bunting. This was for Trini. She wasn't there yet, so Arthur turned his attention to the arena.

The cops were good. They drove their bikes through flaming hoops, they roared up ramps and hurtled through the air for incredible distances, they stood on their heads, and on one another's shoulders. It was a perilous business and when it was over the audience was loud in its regret that not a single policeman had fallen and broken his neck.

The dust had scarcely subsided when the band—the same band, but now slightly drunk—played the national anthem and the Queen of Tijuana made her entrance. Escorted by the *alcalde*, Don Esteban and several army officers, she took her place in the royal box and stood bowing, smiling and throwing kisses with her fan. The crowd cheered, and the newsreel boys unlimbered their cameras.

Then several ratty youths in caps and tennis shirts appeared with *banderillas*, water jugs and baskets filled with folded fighting capes and deposited them just outside the *barrera* where Arthur was standing. The capes were torn, faded and splotched with stiff, dried blood; stenciled on their yellow linings were the names of Ortega, El Estudiante and other noted matadors who had discarded them in a more prosperous day. One of the young men took the swords out of a leather case; the blades had been bent and restraightened so often that they had a wavy look.

THE gate at the far side opened and into the ring came a sprinkling cart. The cheers that greeted it were gravely acknowledged by the old Yaqui driver, who had one leg missing and the other left over from the wars of Pancho Villa. Within the open gate you could catch glimpses of the bullfighters, puffing cigarettes and nervously smoothing their parade capes around their left arms. The cart made two circuits and went out, leaving a smell like that after a sun shower. The loud-speaker announced that, due to wounds received at his previous engagement, Manuelito de Valladolid was unable to appear; however, the management had succeeded, at enormous expense, in securing the services of Gregorio Salazar, "El Chino," *freshly returned from a triumphal* season in the plazas of Bogotá, Caracas, Lima, Mérida and Mexico City.



"All right, Douglas, you needn't rub it in! I'll return them tomorrow!"

GARDNER REA

THEN the band lurched into El Relicario again and in marched the *cuadrilla*. Their costumes were faded and darned; spangles and bullion had worn away in great patches and in their place were only dangling threads; the mounted *picador*, for there was only one, wore tattered chaps instead of chamois breeches and you perceived that his hat had been cut down from an old gray Stetson. Several of the *toreros* still showed traces of the clown make-up they had worn in the comic fight. But somehow, despite the shabbiness, the shoddiness, the squalor, despite the fact that El Chino walked as though in a trance and Pío kept glancing at him, Arthur says that the *paseo* was a stirring sight. Maybe it was because he hadn't seen a real one for so long.

They halted, doffed their *monteras* to Trini and bowed from the waist; then they broke formation and came over to the barrier, shedding their parade capes. El Chino tossed his to a policeman, who carried it up the steps and draped it over the ledge of the queen's *palco*.

Arthur moved along to where Pío was shaking the folds out of the fighting capes, trying to find a good one. "Well, how is he?" he asked, nodding toward El Chino.

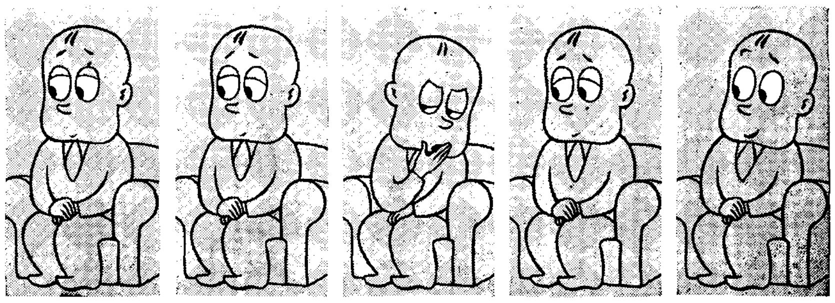
"Him? Oh, I should not ever have let him!" Pío groaned. "He does not know where he is!"

Just then the bugle sounded. Pío crossed himself and ran to the center of the ring while the others stationed themselves around the edges. The door of the chute slammed up and in rushed the bull. As he stood blinking in the blinding sunlight and pawing at the sand, Arthur saw that though he wasn't as heavy as the Miuras of Spain or the Baroncellis of the French Camargue, he was big—plenty big. And he had the heaviest, widest and sharpest horns Arthur had ever seen on a fighting bull.

Holding his cape shoulder high in front of him, Pío walked slowly forward, pausing from time to time to stamp his foot and cry, "*Toro! Toro!* Huh! Huh-huh! Huh!" in the guttural grunt used to attract a bull's attention. The animal tossed his head, measured him for a moment and charged. Pío scurried for the barrier, trailing his cape behind him and looking back over his shoulder. Another *peon* ran out and tried to turn the bull, but he wasn't having any. As Pío cleared the fence, the bull crashed into it, splintering the red-painted boards with his horns. He stood there snorting; then, spying the abandoned cape, he ripped and trampled it, bellowing a mournful organ note.

"Well, he run good and straight, anyway," panted Pío, climbing back over the barrier.

While the *picador* was adjusting the blindfold over his nag's right eye, El Chino strolled out into the ring. He was smiling to himself and his lips were moving. In a dreamy sort of way, he shook his cape at the bull and stood there as it rushed him. If he hadn't pulled in his belly to let the horn brush past, it would have plowed clear through. He pivoted on his toes, the cape slowly rippling out from his waistline and the



Raconteur CROCKETT JOHNSON

bull following it around him. He did this three times in either direction. He should have died six deaths. But he didn't. He was good.

There was a burst of applause and cries of "Ole!" He glanced up at Trini. So did Arthur, to see her reactions, but she was too busy being beautiful to have any. El Chino shrugged and turned once more to the bull. "Huh! *Toro!*" he challenged, "Huh-huh-huh!" As the animal prepared to charge, he passed the cape behind his back and held it outspread, like the wings of a butterfly. He was going to try the *mariposa*—on a bull with horns like scythe blades!

Pío ran toward him. "No, no, Gregorio! *Cuidado, hombre!*"

EL CHINO glared at him sidewise, straightening his right forefinger from around the cork grip on the cape and pointing toward the *barrera*. *"Fuera, mamarracho!"* he ordered, harshly. As Pío hesitated, the bull charged. Slowly, gracefully, beautifully, El Chino swung his cape behind him. For an instant, Arthur thought the bull would pass; then man and cape shot into the air and landed in a heap on the sand, where they lay like empty sacks dropped from a second-story window. The bull wheeled in his tracks, throwing up the dust as his hind legs skidded. He bellowed and went back at the limp pile, head down. Arthur thought of what he had seen in Barcelona and closed his eyes. He didn't open them until a new note in the shouting told him that something unexpected was happening. He was just in time to see El Chino vaulting the barrier at his side. Out in the ring the bull was plunging his horn into Pío's left thigh.

There was yelling and flapping of capes; then the bull took off after somebody else and a couple of the ratty youths in caps and tennis shirts ran out and gathered up Pío. He was unconscious and bleeding badly. As they carried him past, Arthur looked at El Chino. He was leaning with his elbows on the barrier, cleaning his nails with a splinter which the bull had broken from it and humming El Relicario. Then Arthur looked up at Trini, the queen of Tijuana. She was still busy looking beautiful and making a splendid job of it. But in that instant Arthur was cured. It had left him as suddenly as it had come. He says the relief was like one time in the army when a boil on his neck let go after giving him a week of pain.

As he went out to get his car, the Agua Caliente ambulance and two motorcycle cops came bumping across the field, their sirens going. Next morning, he read in the Los Angeles Examiner that Pío Martinez, bullfighter, age 33, had been painfully but not seriously gored in the Tijuana ring.

Well, Arthur felt like a new man. He says that in the succeeding weeks and months the sun shone brighter, food tasted better, and just to be alive was a conscious and perpetual pleasure. He could think about Trini without the slightest pain; in fact when he thought of her conceit, her stupidity, her callousness, her duotone lips, he could almost laugh at himself for his madness over her. Almost, but not quite. For the memory of having once been such a damned fool destroyed his confidence in himself and made him wonder if he mightn't go haywire again. He had known drunks who had sworn off and stayed off liquor for years, until suddenly, one day, some circumstance or temptation, emotion or chemical craving or whatnot had breached the barrier and, whoopee! off they went on the souse of the century. He wondered if he might not be like that about Trini. The only way to find out was to go to Tijuana and see her. He went.

It was then the middle of September, and he ran into another fiesta. This time, according to the red-white-and-green posters, it was Independence Day; *Loor Eterno a Los Héroes, y Viva Mexico!* Arthur turned into the Calle Argüello and walked down the shady side to Pío's Lonchería. But it wasn't Pío's Lonchería any more; it was Manuel's Barberia. Inside, a shirtsleeved gentleman whom he took to be Manuel was busy shampooing an Indian. Arthur leaned through the window and inquired after Señor Martinez.

"Pío Martinez? Oh, ees now at the Café del Norte, big new place around the corner on the Avenida."

Arthur thanked him and headed back toward the main stem, glad that prosperity had come to a man he felt deserved it. Evidently, those six hundred dollars earned at the bullfight had turned the tide of fortune!

HE FOUND the Café del Norte without difficulty. He went in, took a table and was looking around him for the boss, when:

"Hello, Mister!" said a waiter. *"Que tal?"*

"Why—hello, Pío!" They shook hands. "How goes it, Pío? How're you feeling?"

Pío shrugged and grimaced.

"Get over your *cornada* all right?"

"Oh, that!" Pío slapped his leg. "Oh, sure!"

"And how is the Señorita Trinidad?"

"Well, I hear she is making out pretty good. They are up in Hollywood."

"They?"

"Sure. She and Gregorio."

"In—Hollywood?"

"Sure. They beat it up there that night."

"You mean—the night of the bullfight?"

"That's right. With the six hundred dollars. She have now a job in the movies in a bathing suit for seventy-five dollars a week, and he stay home and cook."

"Well!" Arthur says he couldn't think of anything else to say, so he just said, "Well!" and reached for the menu.

"Well, is funny, hey?" Pío smiled, but not too bitterly. "Funny! What you want to eat, Mister? The tacos here is really pretty good."

"Okay," said Arthur. "Tacos, beans and a bottle of Mexicali."

After lunch, he went down the street to the Aguilar Hermanos store and bought some perfume to take home to his wife.

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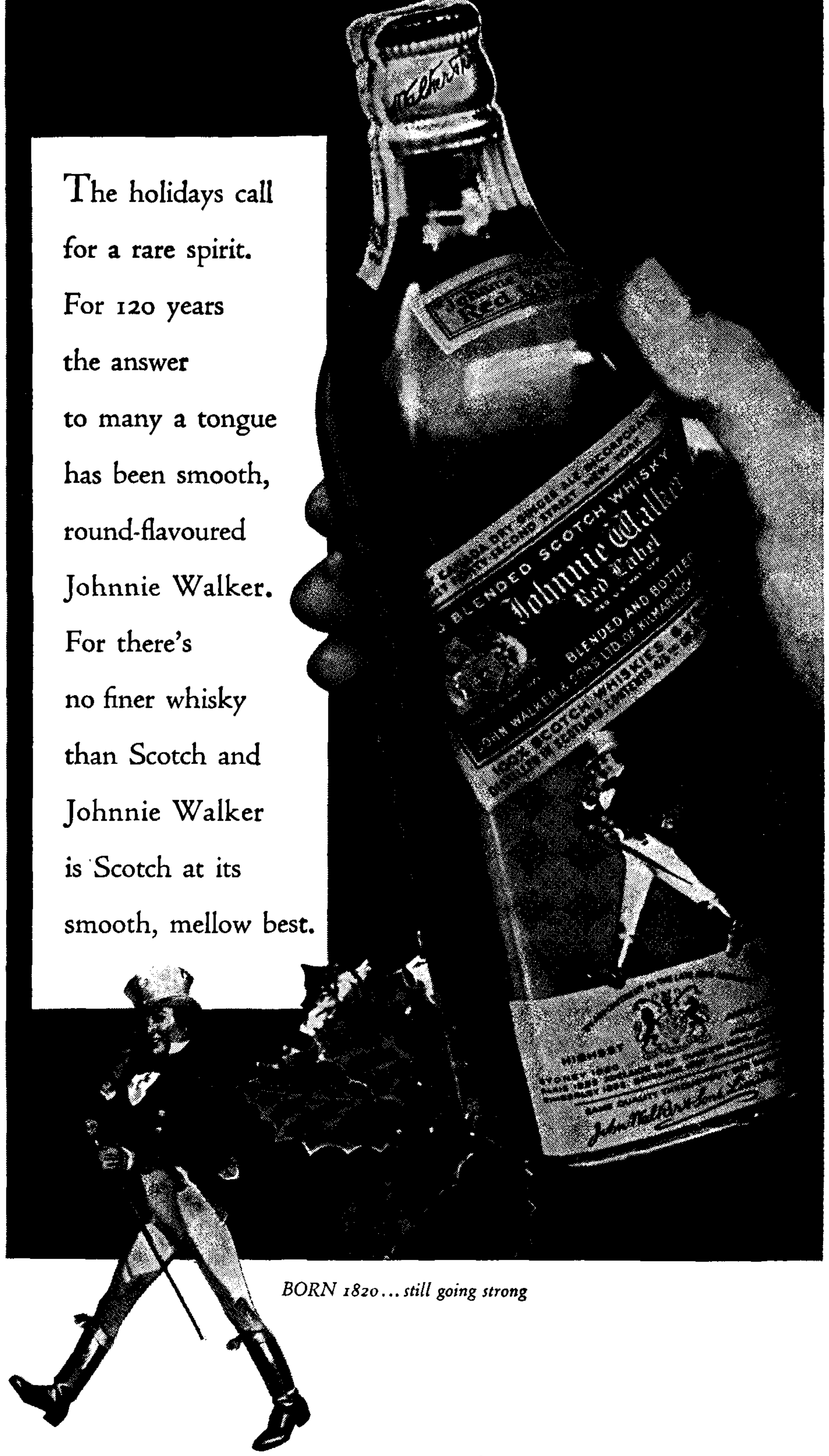
Holiday Spirit



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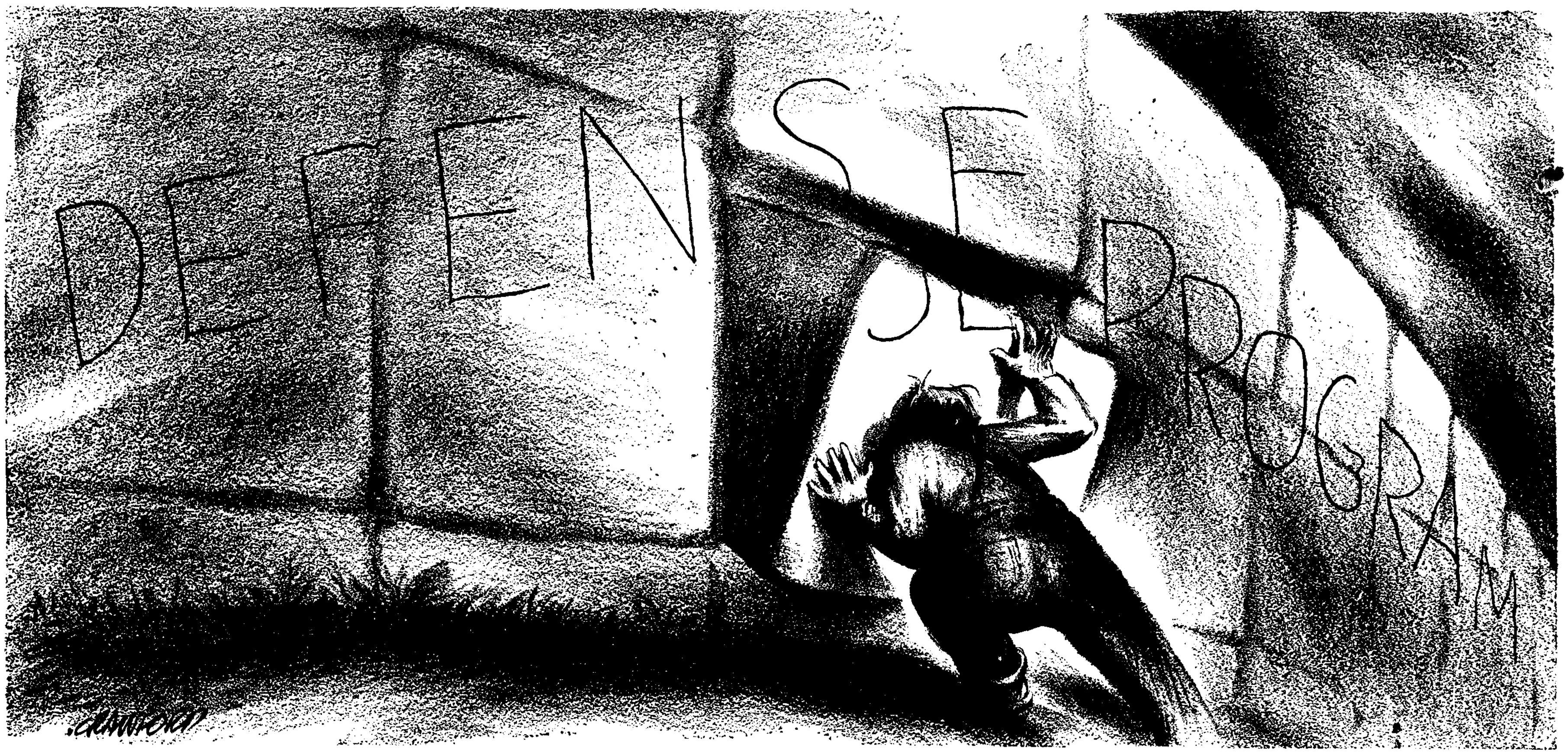

Labor Turns a Corner

WE FEEL better about the future of organized labor in the United States than we felt six weeks ago.

For one thing, John L. Lewis has resigned as president of the C.I.O. For another, there is the President's appointment of the wise and moderate Harry A. Millis as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board in place of the stormy petrel, J. Warren Madden. The two episodes seem to fit together, somehow.

Not that we think Lewis' influence on the labor movement was bad. Many who dealt with him think it was mainly good, dynamic, healthy.

John L. of the bearskin eyebrows, when he started the C.I.O. about five years ago, unquestionably jolted a lot of the complacency out of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor. Anybody who hands anybody else's complacency a wallop does a good day's work; and the A.F.L. is the better today for the wallop the C.I.O. handed it.

And Lewis' basic idea of vertical unionism—one big union for each of the mass-production industries—has points in its favor. We don't see how it can eventually embrace all the industries. We think there is a place for craft unionism and a place for industrial unionism in the multiplex American business setup. But it took a volcanic character like Lewis to get industrial unionism off to a good start in this country.

Lewis proved himself a man of integrity and of courage when he made good on his pre-election promise to resign as head of the C.I.O. if Wendell L. Willkie should lose. He could have forgotten that promise. He chose not to; and so he takes with honor and credit a middling back seat in labor councils.

John L.'s big mistake, we believe, was his persistent effort to take organized labor too far into politics. He thought he had bought himself into the New Deal with the $500,000 he siphoned from his United Mine Workers' treasury into the Roosevelt campaign fund in 1932. Mr. Roosevelt didn't want Lewis to have as much power as Lewis thought this contribution entitled him to. Or so we read in the long and involved story of the cooling off of cordiality between the two men.

Labor's Nonpartisan League, a Lewis brain child fondly talked of as the beginning of an American Labor party, never has gotten very far. A thing called the American Labor party actually functions in New York State, and has some nuisance value in close elections. It is another Lewis brain child. But no such thing is discernible on the horizon now as an American Labor party comparable to the British Labor party.

A good thing, too, we think; and this is the reason why we believe John L. Lewis' C.I.O. resignation was as timely as it was courageous. If there is to be an American Labor party, why not an American Catholic party, Protestant party, Capitalist party, White Collar party, Lawyers' or Engineers' party?

We hope the Lewis resignation means, among other things, a general labor-movement return to Sam Gompers' principle as regards labor and politics. That principle was to tie labor up to no political party, make it beholden to no clique of politicians, but to depend on lobbying and finagling among both Republicans and Democrats for the things labor wanted—just as every other organized group in this democracy does. And Sam Gompers got results.

We hope, too, that the A.F.L. jolted by Lewis & Co. into enterprise and watchfulness, will rid itself as fast as it can of its too numerous racketeers and monopolists. There has been and is too much of that stuff in the A.F.L., and we all know it, and no amount of A.F.L. cursing of the government and the C.I.O. will clean up the situation. The only things that will clean it up are courage and action among the A.F.L. leaders.

From the appointment of Dr. Harry A. Millis as head of the NLRB, we look for great things.

Dr. Millis has had wide experience in the fields of economics and of practical labor-dispute mediation. Those are two indispensable qualifications for an NLRB chairman. They were two qualifications that were conspicuous mainly by their absence in the ex-chairman, J. Warren Madden, whom President Roosevelt finally eased into a judgeship on the Court of Claims. Mr. Madden was a zealot who attracted zealots to his staff. Result: Far too many NLRB rulings under the Wagner Labor Act warmed up instead of cooling off friction between employers and employees.

This situation was complicated by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins' general inaptitude for her job, which became evident soon after she took office. A fine and admirable person, a splendid social-service worker, and possessed of a truly great record as New York State Industrial Commissioner, Miss Perkins nevertheless was not cut out to be a successful Secretary of Labor.

With Dr. Millis now heading the NLRB, and with Sidney Hillman capably handling the labor end of the National Defense Advisory Commission's work, it ought to make less difference henceforth whether the Labor Department is headed by a misfit or by a person adapted to the job. And with John L. Lewis out of the spotlight and the A.F.L. stung to action against its barnacles and pirates, American organized labor ought to get along reasonably well during the next few years whether the C.I.O. and A.F.L. get together or go on feuding.

Altogether, we think the labor movement in this country has got well around an important corner, after the excursions and alarms of the last few years. From here on out, labor ought to be able to co-operate to the full in the national-defense effort, as we are sure the rank and file of labor is more than anxious to do.

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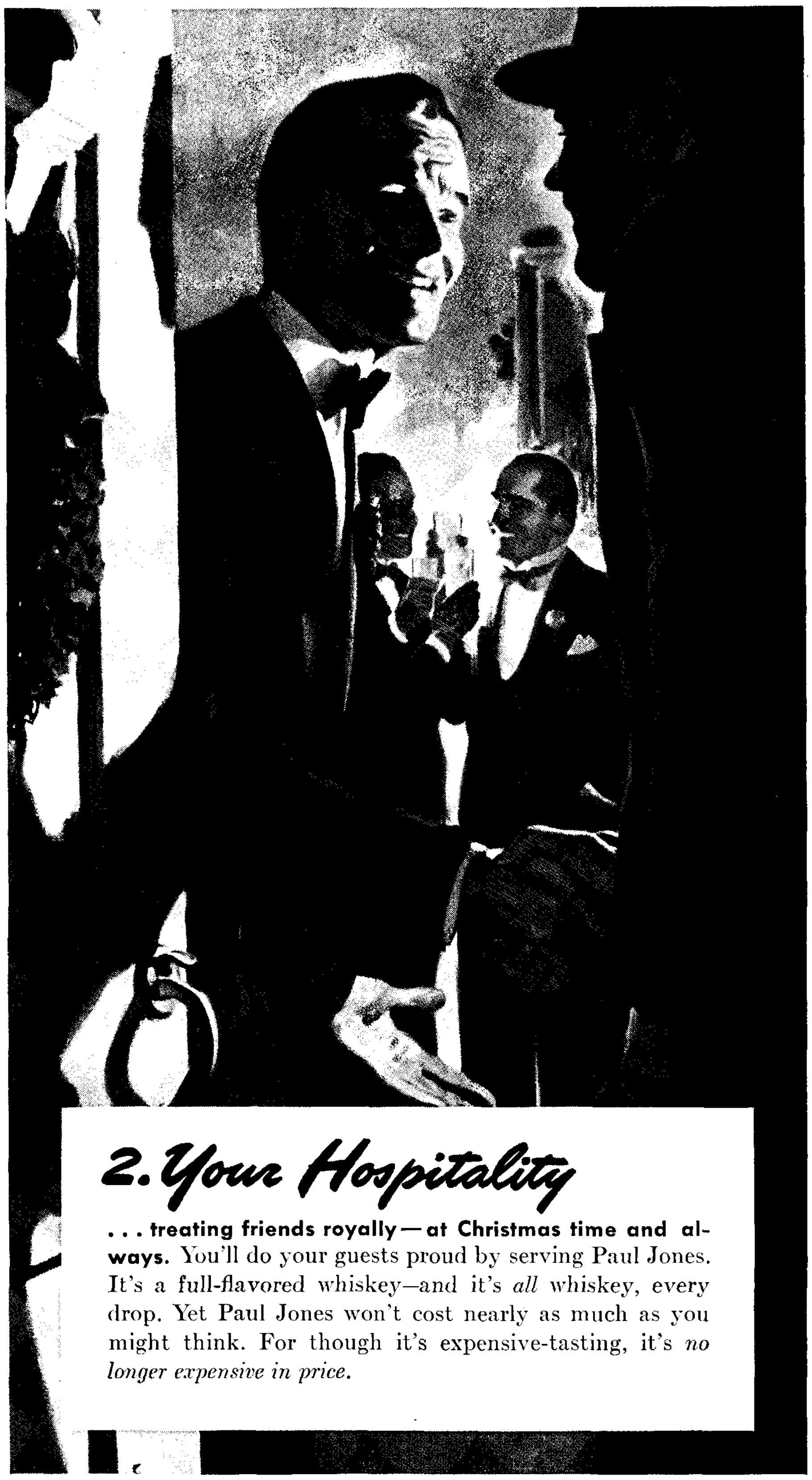

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